

## Cuming's Tour to the Western Country (1807–1809)

Early Western Travels 1748–1846 Volume IV

Early Western Travels 1748–1846

A Series of Annotated Reprints of some of the best and rarest contemporary volumes of travel, descriptive of the Aborigines and Social and Economic Conditions in the Middle and Far West, during the Period of Early American Settlement

Edited with Notes, Introductions, Index, etc., by Reuben Gold Thwaites, LL.D.

Editor of "The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents," "Wisconsin Historical Collections," "Chronicles of Border Warfare," "Hennepin's New Discovery," etc.

Volume IV Cuming's Tour to the Western Country (1807–1809)

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Sketches of a Tour to the Western Country, through the States of Ohio and Kentucky; a Voyage down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, and a Trip through the Mississippi Territory, and part of West Florida. Commenced at Philadelphia in the Winter of 1807, and concluded in 1809. *Fortescue Cuming*.

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### PREFACE TO VOLUME IV

We devote the fourth volume of our series of Western Travels to the reprint of Fortescue Cuming's *Sketches of a Tour to the Western Country*—the tour having been made in 1807–1809, the publication itself issuing from a Pittsburg press in 1810.

Of Cuming himself, we have no information save such as is gleaned from his book. He appears to have been an Englishman of culture and refinement, who had travelled extensively in other lands—notably the West Indies, France, Switzerland, and Italy. It is certain that he journeyed to good purpose, with an intelligent, open mind, free from local prejudices, and with trained habits of observation. Cuming was what one may call a good traveller—he endured the inconveniences, annoyances, and vicissitudes of the road, especially in a new and rough country, with equanimity and philosophic

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patience, deliberately making the best of each day's happenings, thus proving himself an experienced and agreeable man of the world.

The journeys narrated were taken during two succeeding years. The first, in January, 1807, was a pedestrian tour from Philadelphia to Pittsburg. Arriving in the latter city on the second of February, after twenty-seven days upon the road, the remainder of the winter, the spring, and the early summer were passed at Pittsburg. On the eighteenth of July following, our traveller took boat from Pittsburg, and made his way down the Ohio to the Kentucky entrepôt at Maysville—where he arrived the thirtieth of the month. Mounting a horse, he made a brief trip through Kentucky as far as Lexington and Frankfort, returning to Maysville 8 on the fifth of August. The following day, he crossed the Ohio, and after examining lands in the vicinity, proceeded partly on foot, partly by stage and saddle, over the newly-opened state road of Ohio, through Chillicothe, Lancaster, and Zanesville to Wheeling; thence back to Pittsburg, where he arrived the evening of August 21.

The following year (1808), Cuming begins his narrative at the point on the Ohio where he had left the river the previous year—at Maysville, whence he embarked on the seventh of May for Mississippi Territory. With the same fulness of detail and accurate notation that characterize his former narrative, Cuming describes the voyage down the Ohio and the Mississippi until his arrival at Bayou Pierre on the sixth of June, after a month afloat.

Starting from Bruinsbury, at the mouth of Bayou Pierre, August 22, he took a horseback trip through the settlements of Mississippi Territory lying along the river and some distance inland on its tributaries—Cole's Creek, St. Catharine's Bayou, the Homochito, etc.—penetrating the then Spanish territory of West Florida as far as Baton Rouge, and returning by a similar route to Bruinsbury, where he arrived the fifteenth of September.

At this point Cuming's tour is concluded. In order to give completeness to the work, however, the first editor added the journal of a voyage taken in 1799 “by a gentleman of accurate observation, a passenger in a New Orleans boat.” From just above Bayou Pierre,

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this anonymous author departed on the ninth of February for New Orleans, where he arrived on the twenty-third of the same month. Embarking therefrom March 12, he reached Philadelphia after a month's voyage via Havana and the Atlantic shore. His narrative is far less effective than that of Cuming.

Like a well-bred man of affairs, Cuming never intrudes his private business upon our attention; but incidentally we learn that his first Western journey from Pittsburg was undertaken at least in part to observe some lands in Ohio, which he had previously purchased in Europe, and with whose situation and location he was agreeably surprised. The journey to Mississippi appears to have been undertaken with a view to making his home in that territory. The place and date signed to the preface—"Mississippi territory, 20th Oct. 1809"—would indicate that he had decided upon remaining where he had found the social life so much to his taste, and some of his former friends and acquaintances had settled.

It is the natural impulse of almost every traveller to record the events of a somewhat unusual tour. Cuming wished, also, to afford information to Europeans and Eastern men of "a country, in its infancy, which from its rapid improvement in a very few years, will form a wonderful contrast to its present state." His attitude was sympathetic towards the new and raw regions through which he travelled; nevertheless this fact does not appear to have unduly affected his purpose of giving an accurate picture of what he saw. He does not slur over the disadvantages, nor extenuate any of the crudeness or vulgarity; but at the same time portrays the possibilities of the new land, its remarkable growth, its opportunities for development, and the vigor and enterprise of its inhabitants.

In plain, dispassionate style, he has given us a picture of American life in the West, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, that for clear-cut outlines and fidelity of presentation has the effect of a series of photographic representations. In this consists the value of the book for students of American history. We miss entirely those evidences of amused tolerance and superficial criticism that characterize so many English books of his day,

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recounting travels in the United States—a state of mind sometimes developing into strong prejudice and evident distaste, such as made Dickens's *American Notes* a caricature of conditions in the new country.

It is essentially a backwoods life to which Cuming introduces us, although not in the first stages of its struggle for existence. Indian alarms are a thing of the past, a large percentage of the land is cleared, the people have better dwellings than in the log-cabin days, there is now rude abundance and plenty, and the beginnings of educational opportunities, social intercourse, and the amenities of civilized life. The pioneers themselves—Indian fighters and skilful hunters—have become rare. Here and there Cuming encounters a former Indian captive, like Andrew Ellison, or a scout and ranger, like Peter Neiswonger; but as a rule it is the second generation whom he meets, or members of the second title of emigrants that came in after the Revolution—officers in the army, younger sons of the better classes, who by energy and capacity bettered their fortunes in the West, built for themselves good homes, laid out towns, developed orchards, farms, and plantations, and were living in that atmosphere of prosperity which heralded the ultimate fortunes of the new land.

Nevertheless, the inheritances of the older days of struggle and primitive society are still in evidence—the lack of facilities at the small country inns, the coarseness and rudeness of the manner of living, the heavy drinking and boisterous amusements of the young, the fighting, the incivility to travellers, the boorishness of manners. All these are relics of the early days when the rough struggle with the wilderness developed the cruder rather than the finer virtues of men. On the other hand, as we have already pointed out, Cuming shows us the hopeful elements of this new land: not only its wonderful material prosperity, its democratic spirit and sense of fairness, but its adaptability, its hospitality for new ideas, the beginnings of the fine art of good living, and eagerness to promote schools, churches, and the organizations for the higher life.

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Some of the particular features recorded by Cuming, that are now obsolete, are the use of lotteries for raising money for public purposes, and the prevalence of highway robbery in the unsettled parts of the country. The restlessness of the population is also worthy of note—the long journeys for trivial purposes, the abandoned settlements in Kentucky and Illinois.

Especially valuable for purposes of comparison, is Cuming's accurate account of the towns through which he passed—their size and appearance, number and kind of manufactures, business methods and interests. Characteristic of the period also, is the enterprise of the inhabitants—townsites laid out at every available position, speculation in lands, and large confidence in the future of the region. In that confidence Cuming appears fully to have shared. Already, he tells us, food-stuffs were being exported to Europe, the growth of the cotton industry promised large returns, the richness of the soil and the resources and fertility of the land fostered high hopes.

In regard to social conditions, our author writes at a time when the formerly uniform and homogeneous character of the Western population was beginning to break up, especially in the slave states and territories, and when the professional classes and large land-owners were taking a leading position in affairs. He notes particularly the importance and assumption of leadership on the part of the lawyers. The virulent excitement of political life is one of the features of his observations that his first editor attempted to excuse and modify. It was doubtless true that the incidents attendant upon the arrest and trial of Burr had especially aroused the section through which Cuming passed. It is probable, however, that his portrayal of the animosity of political divisions is substantially accurate; and that not only did “politics run high” at the tavern and political club, but it controlled the social coterie, and in early American society adjusted lines of relationship more strictly than is evident today.

The areas which Cuming visited were those, with the exception of Tennessee, in which were to be found the most characteristic features of Western life. Western Pennsylvania

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and Northwestern Virginia comprised a homogeneous population, living under similar conditions. Closely allied was Kentucky, although it was beginning to be modified by settled conditions, the prosperity of low, rich pasture lands, and its distance from Eastern markets. In Ohio, however, Cuming encountered the New England element—but well mixed with Southerners on the Virginia bounty-lands, French of the Gallipolis settlement, and New Jersey and Middle States emigration to the region of the Miamis. His narrative, continued down the Ohio, shows the scarcity of population in Indiana and Illinois, and in Kentucky below Louisville; also the frontier character of that region as far down the Mississippi as the Natchez district. Here again, Cuming meets with an area of settlement begun under the British rule of West Florida, and continued under Spanish authority, until a few years before his voyage. In Mississippi, he portrays to us the beginnings of plantation life—the large estates, with gangs of negroes; the hospitality, cultivation, and charm of the upper classes, jostled by the rude waifs and strays that the river traffic wafted to their landings. In spite of diversities, the characteristics of Western life had much sameness—the mingling of the population, the shifting of people from all sections, and the dependence upon the rivers as the great arteries of Western commerce, with its ultimate outlet by way of the Mississippi and New Orleans.

Cuming's work was not immediately published after writing. The manuscript passed into the possession of Zadok Cramer, a Pittsburg printer who was particularly interested in Ohio and Mississippi navigation, for which he published a technical guide called *The Navigator*, that ran through numerous editions. Cramer annotated Cuming's manuscript, adding thereto a considerable appendix of heterogeneous matter—collected, as he says in his advertisement, “from various sources while the press was going on with the work, and frequently was I hurried by the compositors to furnish copy from hour to hour.” This material, much of it irrelevant and reprinted from other works, the present Editor has thought best to omit. It ranges from a description of the bridge at Trenton to Pike's tour through Louisiana—embracing such diverse matter as “Of the character of the Quakers,”

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“Sculptures of the American Aborigines,” and “Particulars of John Law's Mississippi Scheme.”

The hope of Cramer that a second edition would soon be called for, was not fulfilled. Put forth in 1810, the book has never been reprinted until the present edition, which it is believed will be welcomed by students of American history.

As in former volumes of the series, Louise Phelps Kellogg, Ph.D., of the Wisconsin Historical Library, has assisted in the preparation of the notes. The Editor desires, also, to acknowledge his obligations to Mrs. Frances C. Wordin, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, for valuable information concerning her grandfather, Dr. John Cummins, of Bayou Pierre, Mississippi.

R. G. T.

Madison, Wis. , April, 1904.

### **CUMING'S SKETCHES OF A TOUR TO THE WESTERN COUNTRY—1807–1809.**

Reprint of the original edition (Pittsburgh, 1810). The Appendix, being composed of irrelevant matter, is herein omitted.

SKETCHES OF A TOUR TO THE WESTERN COUNTRY, THROUGH *THE STATES OF OHIO AND KENTUCKY* ; A VOYAGE DOWN THE OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI RIVERS, AND A TRIP *THROUGH THE MISSISSIPPI TERRITORY, AND PART OF WEST FLORIDA*.

COMMENCED AT PHILADELPHIA IN THE WINTER OF 1807, AND CONCLUDED IN 1809.

BY F. CUMING.



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WITH NOTES AND AN APPENDIX, CONTAINING SOME INTERESTING FACTS,  
TOGETHER WITH A *NOTICE OF AN EXPEDITION THROUGH LOUISIANA*.

*PITTSBURGH*, PRINTED & PUBLISHED BY CRAMER, SPEAR & BICHBAUM,  
FRANKLIN HEAD BOOKSTORE, IN MARKET, BETWEEN FRONT & SECOND  
STREETS—1810.

DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA, TO WIT:

BE it remembered, That on the first day of May, in the thirty-fourth year of the  
Independence of the United States of America, A.D. 1810, Zadok Cramer, of the said  
district, hath deposited in this office, the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as  
proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

*Sketches of a Tour to the Western Country, through the States of Ohio and Kentucky; a  
Voyage down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, and a Trip through the Mississippi territory,  
and part of West Florida. Commenced at Philadelphia in the winter of 1807, and concluded  
in 1809. By F. Cuming. With Notes and an Appendix, containing some interesting Facts,  
together with a notice of an Expedition through Louisiana.*

In conformity to an act of the congress of the United States, intituled, “An act for the  
encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the  
authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned.” And also to  
the act, entitled “An act supplementary to an act, entitled an act for the encouragement of  
learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors  
of such copies during the time therein mentioned,” and extending the benefits thereof to  
the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints.”

D. CALDWELL, *clerk of the district of Pennsylvania*.

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## PREFACE

The writer of the following tour would not trouble the reader with a Preface, did not some circumstances render it in a certain degree necessary.

It might be asked why he had not commenced the tour with a particular description of Philadelphia. His reasons for not doing so were, in the first place, Philadelphia is a city so minutely described in every modern geographical publication, that few readers are unacquainted with its local situation between the rivers Delaware and Schuylkill, its regularity of plan, its rapid progress, &c. Whereas the country through which the author travelled has been very little treated of by tourists, of course is little known to strangers; though an account of its appearance, its natural properties, its improvements, and the manners of its mixed population, perhaps merits a place on the shelves of the literati, as much as the numerous tours and travels through Europe, Asia and Africa with which they are loaded. Indeed, in one point of view, such a book may be much more useful, as



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it may serve for a record of the situation of a country, in its infancy, which from its rapid improvement in a very few years, will form a wonderful contrast to its present state, while the trans-Atlantick travellers have to treat of countries either arrived at the highest state of improvement, or of others buried in the gloom of ignorance and barbarity, and of course both stationary, and therefore not affording any variety of consequence, during the two last centuries, (in which time they have been the theme of so many able pens) excepting the style of writing and manner of description.

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In the second place—It was the author's wish to condense as much into one cheap volume as he could make it contain, and had he entered into minute descriptions of places the best known, he would [have] had so much the less room for the original matter, with which he intended to constitute the bulk of the work.

It was intended to have put the work to the press in the winter of 1807, the year in which the tour commenced, but a series of disappointments essayed by the author, has unavoidably postponed it, and has given him an opportunity of adding to the original plan, some account of the lower parts of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, and the countries washed by them, particularly the Mississippi territory, which has become of great importance to the United States, and is not without its value to Europe, from its immense supply of cotton to the European manufacturers.

[viii] As the intention of the author was the increase of information, he makes no apology for the plainness of his style, and he expects, on that account, to be spared any criticism. Should however any one think proper to bestow a leisure hour in the remarking of his inaccuracies, or the incorrectness of his language, he can have no possible objection, as criticism of that kind always tends to general improvement.

THE AUTHOR

Mississippi territory, 20th Oct. 1809.

## SKETCHES OF A TOUR CHAPTER I

Commencement of journey—Schuylkill bridge—Schuylkill river—Downingtown—Brandywine creek—Pequea creek—New Holland—Conestoga creek and Bridge—Lancaster.

On 8th January 1807, I left Philadelphia on foot, accompanying a wagon which carried my baggage. I preferred this mode of travelling for several reasons. Not being pressed for time I wished to see as much of the country as possible; the roads were in fine order, and I had no incentive to make me desirous of reaching any point of my intended journey before my baggage. With respect to expence, there was little difference in my travelling in this manner, or on horseback, or in the stage, had I been unincumbered with baggage; for the delay on the road, awaiting the slow pace of a loaded wagon, which is not quite three miles an hour, and not exceeding twenty-six miles on a winter's day, will occasion as great expence to a traveller in a distance exceeding two such days' journey, as the same distance performed otherwise in less than half the time, including the charge of horse or stage hire.

The first object which struck me on the road, was the new bridge over the Schuylkill which does honour to its inventor for its originality of architecture, and its excellence of mechanism. There are two piers, the westernmost of which is a work perhaps unexampled in hydraulick architecture, from the depth to which it is sunk; the rock on which it stands being forty-one feet nine inches below common [10] high tides. Both piers were built within cofferdams: the design for the western was furnished by William Weston, esq. of Gainsborough in England, a celebrated hydraulick engineer. Eight hundred thousand feet of timber, board measure, were employed in and about it. Mr. Samuel Robinson of Philadelphia, executed the work of the piers under the directions of a president and five directors, who also superintended the mason work done by Mr. Thomas Vickers, on

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an uncommon plan, which has answered the intention perfectly well. The walls of the abutments and wings are perpendicular without buttresses, and supported by interior offsets. The eastern abutment is founded on a rock, the western on piles. There are near eight thousand tons of masonry in the western pier, many of the stones in it, as well as in the eastern, weighing from three to twelve tons. Several massive chains are worked in with the masonry, stretched across the piers in various positions; and the exterior is clamped and finished in the most substantial manner.

The frame of the superstructure was designed and erected by Mr. Timothy Palmer of Newburyport in Massachusetts, combining in its principles, that of ring posts and braces with a stone arch. The platform for travelling rises only eight feet from a horizontal line. The foot ways are five feet in width, elevated above the carriage ways, and neatly protected by posts and chains.

The whole of the bridge is covered by a roof, and the sides closed in, to preserve the timber from the decay occasioned by exposure to the weather. The side covering is done in imitation of masonry by sprinkling it with stone dust, while the painting was fresh: this is a novel mode of ornamenting and protecting the surfaces of wooden work exposed to weather, which from its goodness and cheapness will probably be brought into general use. The work of the [11] roof and covering was done by Mr. Owen Biddle, house carpenter in Philadelphia.

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The bridge was six years in building, was finished in 1805, and cost in work and materials two hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars. The scite was purchased from the corporation of Philadelphia for forty thousand dollars.

This is the only covered wooden bridge we know of, excepting one over the Limmat in Switzerland, built by the same carpenter who erected the so much celebrated bridge of Schaufhausen, since destroyed, the model of which I have seen, and I think this of

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Schuylkill deserves the preference both for simplicity and strength. It is 550 feet long, and the abutments and wing walls are 750, making in all 1300 feet; the span of the middle arch is 195 feet, and that of the other two 150 each; it is 42 feet wide; the carriage way is 31 feet above the surface of the river, and the lower part of the roof is 13 feet above the carriage way; the depth of the water to the rock at the western pier is 42 feet, and at the eastern 21 feet.—The amount of the toll, which is very reasonable, was 14,600 dollars the first year after it was finished, which must increase very much in a country so rapidly improving. The proprietors are a company who have built commodious wharves on each side of the river, both for protection to the abutments of the bridge, and for the use of the city.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> For a statistical account of the Schuylkill permanent bridge, the reader is referred to a new and valuable work, the “Memoirs of the Philadelphia Agricultural Society,” vol. i, and to Biddle's “Young Carpenter's Assistant.”

As a specimen of the difficulties, and uncommon perseverance of the company in building the Schuylkill bridge, we give the following instance: The British troops when at Philadelphia had formed a bridge of boats over the Schuylkill, one of which had been accidentally sunk in 1777, twenty-eight feet below common low water. It occupied a part of the area of the western *coffer dam*, with one end projecting under two of the piles of the inner row, and had nearly rendered the erection abortive. It was first discovered on pumping out the dam, in 1802; and was perfectly sound, after the lapse of 25 years. The iron work had not the least appearance of rust, or the wood (which was common oak) of decay. The taking this boat to pieces, the straining the dam, and the leaks in consequence, were the chief causes of an extra expenditure, by the company, of more than 4000 dollars, hardly and perilously disbursed in pumping (which alone cost from 500 to 700 dollars weekly) and other labour, during forty one days and nights in the midst of a most inclement winter. *Mem. Phila. Ag. Soc.*—Cramer.

[12] The Schuylkill is a fine river nearly two hundred yards broad at the bridge. It rises in the Cushetunk mountains about a hundred and twenty miles to the N. W. of Philadelphia. It is navigable for flat boats from the populous town of Reading about fifty miles above Philadelphia, but its navigation is impeded by falls about eight miles above the city, and by others about five miles above it, to which latter ones the tide flows, from its conflux with the Delaware four miles below Philadelphia. It supplies the city with water, pumped by steam<sup>2</sup> from a reservoir, with which [13] the river communicates by a canal near the bridge, into a cistern, from whence it is conveyed by pipes through the streets and to the houses, plugs being fixed at convenient distances for supplying the fire engines, for which there are too frequent use, from the quantity of timber still used in building, and from the fuel, which is chiefly wood.

<sup>2</sup> This water steam engine, otherwise called the waterworks, is a work of great magnitude. It cost 150 thousand dollars, and is capable of raising about 4,500,000 gallons of water in 24 hours, with which the city is daily supplied through wooden pipes. The reservoir, into which the water is thrown, is capable of holding 20,000 gallons, and is of a sufficient height to supply the citizens with water in the upper stories of their highest houses. The first stone of this building was laid on the 2d May, 1799, and it was completed in 1801–2. The works belong to the city, and the citizens pay a water tax equal to the expence of keeping the engine in motion, which amounts to about 8,000 dollars annually. The building stands in the centre square, and consequently spoils the view down Market street. The trees and houses adjacent, look as black and gloomy as those in Pittsburgh, arising from the smoke of the mineral coal burnt in the works.— Cramer.

The banks of the Schuylkill being hilly, afford charming situations for country houses, in which the wealthy citizens of Philadelphia find a secure retreat from the unhealthy air of the town during the heats of summer. A good house, a spacious green house, fine gardens and a demesne formerly<sup>29</sup> owned by the late Robert Morris, esq.<sup>3</sup> are a fine termination to the view up the river from the bridge.

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There is a turnpike road of sixty-six miles from Philadelphia to Lancaster, which my wagonner left at Downingstown about half way, keeping to the right along a new road, which is also intended for a turnpike road to Harrisburgh, and which passes through New Holland, where he had some goods to deliver. Downingstown is a village of about fifty middling houses.<sup>4</sup> The east branch of Brandywine creek crosses the road here, as the west branch does about eight miles further.—These two branches unite twelve or fourteen miles below, and fall into the Delaware near Wilmington, about twenty miles below their junction. The Brandywine is noted for a battle fought on its banks near its confluence with the Delaware, between the British army under Sir William Howe and the American under General Washington, who endeavoured to oppose the progress of the enemy to Philadelphia, from the head of Chesapeak bay where they had

<sup>3</sup> This estate of Robert Morris, who died the year before Cuming's tour, was purchased in 1770, and had formed part of the manor of Springetsbury. It is now within Fairmount Park. Morris, known as the “financier of the American Revolution,” was an Englishman who, emigrating to Pennsylvania in 1747, became a prominent merchant of Philadelphia. After serving as a delegate to the Continental Congress, and signing the Declaration of Independence, he was assigned the difficult task of procuring funds for the war. To his support was due the maintenance of an army in the field during the disastrous years of 1776 and 1777; while his chief accomplishment was financing the campaign that led to the battle of Yorktown. After retiring from the superintendency of finance in 1784, Morris served in the Pennsylvania legislature (1786), the Constitutional Convention (1787), and the United States Senate (1789–95), declining the position of Secretary of the Treasury in Washington's cabinet. In later life his affairs became involved, and he spent four years (1798–1802) in a debtor's prison. See Sumner, *Robert Morris* (New York, 1892).— Ed.

<sup>4</sup> Downingtown, Chester County, took its name from Thomas Downing, who bought the location in 1739 and bequeathed it to his son. A mill had been established on the

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Brandywine at this place as early as 1716, and the town was indifferently called Milltown or Downingtown until finally incorporated under the latter title in 1859.— Ed.

30 landed. The conflict was obstinate, but the British being in great force, the Americans [14] were obliged to retreat, after heavy loss on both sides.

The Brandywine runs through a rich and well settled country, and abounds with mills, where a vast quantity of flour is manufactured for exportation.—Pequea creek which falls into the Susquehannah, crosses the road about four miles from the west branch of Brandywine. Five miles further accompanying my wagonner, I turned to the left from the Harrisburgh turnpike road, and in six miles more came to New Holland, which is a long straggling town of one hundred and fifty houses in one street, from whence it is seven miles to Conestoga creek. From the hill just above, I was struck with the romantick situation of a fine bridge over the creek below, more particularly as I came upon it unexpectedly. The creek is about eighty yards wide, tumbling its rapid current, over an irregular rocky bottom and disappearing round the foot of a wooded hill, almost as soon as seen. The man who built the bridge lives on the opposite side. The toll not answering his expectations, he would have been a great sufferer, had not the state taken it off his hands and reimbursed his expences; since when, the toll has been taken off.—It is five miles from this bridge to Lancaster.

The face of the country between Philadelphia and Lancaster is hilly, and variegated with woods and cultivated farms. It is extremely well inhabited and consists of almost every variety of soil, from sandy and light, to a rich black mould, which last quality is observable generally between New Holland and Lancaster, except on the heights on each bank of the Conestoga. The first settlers of all this tract were English, Irish, and German, but the latter have gradually purchased from the others, and have got the best lands generally into their possession. They [15] are 31 frugal and industrious, are good farmers, and consequently a wealthy people.

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Lancaster is supposed to be the largest inland town in the United States. It is in a healthy and pleasant situation, on the western slope of a hill, and consists of two principal streets, compactly built with brick and stone, and well paved and lighted, crossing each other at right angles. There is a handsome and commodious courthouse of brick in the centre, which, in my opinion is injurious to the beauty of the town, by obstructing the vista of the principal streets. There are several other streets parallel to the principal ones the whole containing about eight hundred houses. The houses for publick worship are a German Lutheran, a German Calvinist, a Presbyterian, an Episcopalian, a Moravian, a Quaker, and a Roman Catholick church, amongst which the German Lutheran is the most conspicuous from its size and handsome spire: it has also an organ.—There is a strong jail built with stone, and a brick market house. What in my opinion does most honour to the town is its poor house, which is delightfully situated near Conestoga creek about a mile from the town on the right of the turnpike road towards Philadelphia. It is a large and commodious building, and is supported partly by the labour of those paupers who are able to work, and partly by a fine farm, which is annexed to it. There are several private manufacturies in Lancaster, amongst which are three breweries and three tanyards, but it is principally noted for its rifles, muskets, and pistols, the first of which are esteemed the best made in the United States. The inhabitants are chiefly the descendants of the first German settlers, and are a quiet, orderly people—They are estimated at about four thousand five hundred.

This has been the seat of government of Pennsylvania since 1799, but it is not rendered permanently [16] so by an act of the legislature, which occasions attempts being made annually at every session of that body to remove it.<sup>5</sup> The eastern members advocating Philadelphia on account of its trade and population, and the western members endeavouring to have it placed as near to the centre of the state as possible, which they contend will also shortly be the centre of population, from the rapid manner in which the country to the westward of the Allegheny mountains is settling. I was present at a very animated debate, on the subject in the house of representatives, during which much good argument, mixed with several sprightly and keen flashes of genuine wit, was used, but it all



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terminated, as it has hitherto invariably done, in favour of Lancaster—Of many situations proposed, Harrisburgh seemed to have the greatest number of advocates.

5 During the session of 1809–10 the legislature passed a law for the removal of the seat of the state government to Harrisburgh in the year 1812, and appropriated the sum of \$30,000 for the erection of publick buildings in that place.— Cramer.

Notwithstanding Lancaster is so populous and the seat of government besides, it is but a dull town with respect to society. The manners and taste of the inhabitants are not yet sufficiently refined by education, or intercourse with strangers, to make it a desirable situation for the residence of a person who wishes to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate*. An alteration in that respect will doubtless take place with the rising generation, whose education, the easy circumstances of the present inhabitants, enable to pay a proper attention to, particularly as they seem desirous to balance their own deficiencies in literature and the polite accomplishments, by their attention to their children in those particulars. There is no theatre, no assemblies, no literary societies, nor any other publick entertainment, except occasionally an itinerant exhibition of wax-work, or a puppet-show: [17] but there are taverns without number, at 33 some of which I have been informed, private gambling is very customary.

There are horse races here annually, which last a week on a course on the common to the westward of the town, which like most other races in this country, are for the mere purposes of jockeying horses, and betting, and are not followed by balls and other social meetings of both sexes, as at amusements of the same kind in Europe. Shooting with the rifle, is a favourite amusement, at which they are very dexterous, meeting at taverns at short distances from town, to shoot, sometimes at a mark for wagers, and sometimes at turkeys provided by the tavern keeper, at so much a shot, the turkey being the prize of the killer of it—the distance is generally, one hundred yards, and always with a single ball.

## CHAPTER II

Indian bridges over Chickey creeks—Elizabeth-town—Cheapness of living—Swatara creek and ferry—Middleton—Susquehannah river—Chambers's ferry—Harrisburgh.

On Thursday 29th January I left Lancaster on foot, proceeding along the Harrisburgh road, at a steady pace of about three miles and a half an hour. The weather was remarkable fine, and the road in excellent order, and what was remarkable for the season, a little dusty. About a mile and a half from Lancaster, I past a turnpike toll gate, from a little beyond which I got the last view of the steeples of that town, and soon after I crossed a stone bridge over a branch of Conestoga creek. The road continued [18] fine, and the country rich, laid out in large farms, with good dwelling houses of brick and stone, and immense barns. Though hill and dale, woods and cultivated farms, presented themselves alternately yet there was nothing very striking in the scenery.

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The road continued fine, nine miles, to a rivulet called Big Chickey, which I crossed over on an Indian bridge, which is a high tree cut down so as to fall across the stream from bank to bank, and then its branches lopped off. The banks being high, and the bridge long and narrow, my nerves were so discomposed when I reached the middle, that I had like to have fallen off, but balancing and tottering, I at length reached the end.

Two miles further I had to cross another Indian bridge over Little Chickey creek, which I did boldly, without any difficulty; which is one proof of the use of practice and experience.

The road now became very bad, the turnpike intended from Lancaster to Harrisburgh not being as yet finished any further.<sup>6</sup> The country also is not so highly improved as in the neighbourhood of Lancaster, the inhabitants still residing in their original small log houses, though they have generally good and spacious stone barns.

<sup>6</sup> This turnpike is now completed, I am informed, as far as Middleton, and another extends from Lancaster to York, and is progressing on that route to Chambersburgh.— Cramer.

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After four hours walking, I arrived at Elizabethtown eighteen miles from Lancaster,<sup>7</sup> and stopped at the sign of General Wayne, where for a five penny bit (six cents and a quarter) I got a bowl of excellent egg punch, and a crust of bread.

<sup>7</sup> The site of Elizabethtown was secured by an Indian trader in 1746, who sold it seven years later to Barnabas Hughes. The latter, a noted tavern-keeper, laid out the town and named it in honor of his wife. On the highway between Lancaster and Harrisburg, Elizabethtown soon became an important stopping place, the original log-cabin tavern having been extant until 1835.— Ed.

It is surprising that at so short a distance from Lancaster, the necessities of life should be at least a third cheaper, which on enquiry I found them here.

This village contains about thirty tolerable houses—has 35 a meeting house, and a school, when a master [19] can be got, which is not always the case, the place having now been some months vacant, to whom the trustees ensure twenty-five scholars, at two dollars each per quarter, which being only two hundred dollars per annum, I would have supposed insufficient for his support, if at the same time I had not been informed that his board and lodging in the most respectable manner, will not cost him above eighty dollars a year, in this cheap and plentiful country.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>8</sup> Cuming here describes one of the neighborhood or voluntary schools, organized chiefly in the frontier districts, which afterwards (1834) became the basis of the common school system of Pennsylvania. See Wickersham, *History of Education in Pennsylvania* (Lancaster, 1886), pp. 178–182.— Ed.

After resting about an hour, and not feeling at all fatigued, at half past four, I proceeded for Middleton, eight miles further, first loading one of the barrels of my gun with a running ball, as I had to pass near where one Eshelman was robbed and murdered last fall.

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The road over Connewago hills was bad, and by the time I arrived at the bridge over Connewago creek, three miles from Elizabethtown, my left foot began to pain me, so that I was forced to slacken my pace, which made it dark before I arrived at Swatara creek, when the pain had much increased, which was occasioned by my stepping through the ice up to my knees in a run which crossed the road, which the darkness prevented my seeing.

The boat was at the other side of the creek, and the German family at the ferry house let me kick my heels at the door until I was quite chilled, before they invited me in, which old Mrs. Smith did at last with a very bad grace, and she almost scolded me for risking the dropping on her very dirty floor, the spirits of turpentine, with which I was wetting the feet of my stockings to prevent my catching cold, a phial of which I carried in my pocket for that purpose. 36 In about half an hour, which appeared to me an age, the boat returned, and I gladly left the dirty, boorish, inhospitable mansion, crossed the creek in a canoe, hauled over by a rope extended from bank to bank, about 70 yards, and in a few minutes after [20] I found myself in Mrs. Wentz's excellent inn, the sign of general Washington in Middleton. My foot being much blistered, I bathed it in cold water, and then injudiciously opened the blisters with a lancet, and spunged them with spirits of turpentine: I then got a good supper and an excellent bed, but my foot pained me so much as to prevent my sleeping, so I arose early, unrefreshed, and breakfasted with my landlady, an agreeable, well bred woman.

The view down the Susquehannah from Mrs. Wentz's back piazza is very fine. The town contains about a hundred houses and is well and handsomely situated about half a mile above the conflux of Swatara creek with Susquehannah river, the former of which forms a good harbour for boats, which it is in contemplation to join to the Schuylkill by a canal, in order to give Philadelphia the benefit of the navigation of the Susquehannah through its long course above Middleton. If this is carried into effect, it will draw to Philadelphia a vast quantity of produce, which now goes to Baltimore.<sup>9</sup>

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9 Middletown was so named from being half way between Lancaster and Carlisle. It is older than Harrisburg, and was first known as "South End of Paxtang township." It flourished until 1796, when an enterprising merchant discovering that the Susquehanna could be navigated, trade was diverted hence to Baltimore.— Ed.

The Susquehannah is a noble river, here about a mile wide, with fine sloping wooded banks, and abounds with rock-fish, perch, mullet, eels, suckers, cat-fish and white salmon, which last is described as a fine fish from seven to fifteen pounds weight, but a distinct species from the red salmon of the northern rivers. Notwithstanding their 37 plenty, Mrs. Wentz assured me that she was seldom gratified with a dish of fish; for though there are many poor people in the town and neighbourhood, who might make a good living by fishing, she says they are too lazy to do any thing more than will procure them some whiskey, in addition to a miserable subsistence, which a very little labour will suffice for in a country where work is so well paid for, and where the necessities of life are so abundant and cheap.

Was it not that the Susquehannah abounds with [21] falls, shallows and rapids which impede the navigation, it would be one of the most useful rivers in the world, as its different branches from its different sources, embrace a wonderful extent of country, settled, or rapidly settling, and abounding in wheat and maize (Indian corn,) which most probably will always be staples of the large and flourishing state of Pennsylvania.

The road to Harrisburgh leads parallel to the Susquehannah, in some places close to the river, and never more distant from it than a quarter of a mile, along a very pleasant level, bounded on the right by a ridge of low, but steep wooded hills, approaching and receding at intervals, and affording a fine shelter from the northerly winds, to the farms between them and the river; which perhaps is one reason that the orchards are so numerous and so fine in this tract.

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I have rarely seen in any country, a road more pleasant than this, either from its own goodness, or the richness and variety of prospect. The Susquehannah on the left about three quarters of a mile wide; sometimes appearing, and sometimes concealed by orchards, groves or clumps of wood. The fine wooded islands in the river. The mountains which terminate the ridge called the South mountain (which crosses part of Virginia, and the southern part of this state) rising abruptly from the margin of the river, in 38 which they are charmingly reflected, altogether form a scenery truly delightful.

About three miles below Harrisburgh the mountains terminate, and the south bank of the river becomes more varied, though still hilly; and here on an elevated promontory, with a commanding view of the river, from above Harrisburgh to below Middleton, is a large, and apparently fine stone house, owned by general Simpson who resides in it on his farm, and is proprietor of a ferry much frequented by the western wagonners, as the road that way is [22] shorter by two miles, than that by Harrisburgh.—He farms out the ferry on his side for about three hundred dollars per annum, while on this side the proprietor rents it at four hundred and seventy. The value of this ferry called Chambers's, may serve to convey some idea of the state of travelling in this country, particularly if one reflects that there are many other well frequented ferries where publick roads cross the river, within thirty miles both above and below this one, and which are all great avenues to the western country.

When two miles from the ferry I observed a long line of sleds, horses, men, &c. crossing on the ice; which scene, at that distance had a curious and picturesque appearance, as the ice was glassy, and in consequence they appeared to be moving on the surface of the water, in which their shadows inverted and reflected as in a mirror, struck the eye with very grotesque imagery.

Some labourers who were at work in a barn at the ferry house, and of whom I was asking some questions relative to the country, were much astonished at my double barrellled gun, admiring its work and lightness, and calling it a *curious creature*.

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When within a mile and a half of Harrisburgh,<sup>10</sup> the white

<sup>10</sup> For the early history of Harrisburg, see Post's *Journals*, vol. i of this series, p. 237, note 73.— Ed.

39 cupola of its court-house, and the roofs of the houses of the town are seen peeping over the trees, and have a good effect.

At one o'clock I entered that town, turning to the left over Paxton creek bridge. I stopt at the ferry-house, which is also a tavern, but appearance of accommodation not being very promising, I continued my walk along the bank of the river, and stopt at another tavern, where I asked if I could have a bed that night. A dirty looking girl at the stove drawled but that she believed I might. I then asked for some mulled wine. She said eggs were scarce, and she could not get any. From these symptoms of [23] carelessness, I thought it best to try my fortune a little further; so putting on my shot belt and taking my gun, I quietly walked out in search of a place of more civil reception, and fortunately I entered Bennet's, the sign of the white horse, fronting the river, at the corner of the principal cross street, which leads to the market place. I say *fortunately*, for I found it an excellent, plentiful and well frequented house, and Mr. and Mrs. Bennet, two fine girls, his daughters by a former wife, and a Mr. Fisher an assistant, and apparently some relation, all attentive and studious to please.

After getting some refreshment I wrote some letters, and carried them to the post-office. The office being shut, the postmaster very civilly invited me into his parlour, to settle for the postage, where seeing a large map of Pennsylvania, I took the opportunity of tracing my journey, which the postmaster observing, he very politely assisted me in it, pointing out the most proper route. There were some ladies in the room, apparently on a visit, and there was an air of socialty and refinement throughout, which was very pleasing.

Leaving the post-office I walked through the town. It contains about two hundred and fifty houses, most of them very good, some of brick, some of stone, and some of wood. <sup>40</sup> The

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principal street runs nearly east and west, and has two small market-houses in the centre, where the street is widened purposely into a small square. Parallel to this main street is a street charmingly situated on the bank of the Susquehannah, open to the river on the side next it, and tolerably well built on the other, having a wide foot way, in some parts paved, and marked in its whole length by a row of Lombardy poplars regularly planted, which serves also to shade the houses from the scorching rays of the summers sun. This street, though at present wide enough, has not been laid [24] out sufficiently so to provide against the gradual encroachment of the river, on its steep gravelly bank of about twenty feet high above the common level of the water. The view from every part of this street is very beautiful, both up and down the river, about five miles each way—terminated upwards by the long ridge of the Blue mountains, through a gap in which of about three miles long, which is also open to the view, the river rolls its rapid current, contracted there to less than half a mile wide. While downwards the eye rests on the South mountain, impending over general Simpson's house, which in its turn seems to overhang the river, from the high promontory on which it is situated. Several islands add to the beauty of the view, particularly one, on which is a fine farm of nearly one hundred acres just opposite the town.

The court-house is near the market square on the principal cross street, and is a handsome plain brick building of two lofty stories, with a cupola rising from the centre of the roof, remarkable for its vane of copper gilt, representing an Indian chief, as large as the life, with a bow in his left hand, and a tomahawk in the act of cutting, in the right. The house is about seventy feet by fifty, with two small receding wings. The hall for the court is very neat, spacious and convenient; doors opening from it into the record and 41 prothonotary's offices in the wings. A fine easy double staircase leads to the great room over the hall for the courts. This room is now used as a temporary place of worship by the English Presbyterians, until their own meeting house is finished, which is of brick and in great forwardness. From each corner of this room a door opens into the register office, the library and two jury rooms.



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There is as yet no other place of publick worship in Harrisburgh, except an old wooden house used as such, by a congregation of German Lutherans.

[28, *i.e.* , 25] This town which is now the capital of Dauphin county was laid out twenty-three years ago by the late proprietor, Mr. Harris, whose father is buried near the bank of the river, opposite the stone house he lived in, under a large old tree, which, once during his life, concealed and saved him from some Indians, by whom he was pursued.

I observed in the office of a Mr. Downie, a magistrate, a newly invented patent stove, made of sheet iron, consisting of two horizontal parallel cylinders, about a foot apart, one over the other and communicating by a pipe; the upper one is heated by the smoke from the lower, which contains the fuel. Mr. Downie informed me that it saved much fuel. The patentee lives here.

On returning to my inn, I found there a Mr. W. P—, of Pittsburgh, just arrived. In the course of the evening he gave me much good information of the western country, accompanied by a friendly invitation to call on him in Pittsburgh, should I be detained there until his return from Philadelphia, where he was now going. He had formerly lived in Harrisburgh for some years after his arrival from Ireland, his native country. The joyful eagerness with which numbers of his old acquaintance flocked to Bennet's to visit him, evinced his having been much esteemed and respected.

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### [26] CHAPTER III

Harrisburgh ferry—Old Jameson—The Conestoga massacre—Militia riflemen—Carlisle and Dickenson college.

On Saturday 24th, I arose early, but the ferry-boat not being ready, I partook of an excellent breakfast with my friendly host and his family, and at ten o'clock I embarked in a large flat, with the western mail and several passengers and horses. The flat was worked

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by nine stout men, with short setting poles shod and pointed with iron, to break the ice and stick in the bottom. Only one set or pushed on the upper side, while eight set on the lower side, to keep the boat from being forced by the current against the ice, while a tenth steered with a large oar behind. A channel for this purpose had been cut through the ice, and was kept open as loaded wagons could cross the river in a flat with more safety than on the ice.

In twenty-two minutes we were landed on the western shore of the Susquehannah in Cumberland county; and I trudged on, my foot painning me very much, until half past twelve o'clock, when I stopped at a tavern seven miles from the ferry and got some refreshment. Here I found a tall active old man of the name of Jameson, seventy-six years of age, who had crossed the ferry with me, and had afterwards passed me on the road, on horseback. He had accompanied his parents from the county Antrim in Ireland when only six years old, had resided thirty-six years at Paxton, near where Harrisburgh has since been built, (where he had been on business) and had afterwards removed to a part of Virginia about two hundred miles distant, where he has a large farm and distillery. He insisted on treating me, as he said, he liked to encourage the consumption of whiskey; of which, and the telling of old stories he was so fond, that he appeared to forget he had so [27] long a journey before 43 him, until reminded by seeing some travellers pass on horseback, whom he hastened to overtake for the sake of their company. He did not however neglect finishing his whiskey, which he swallowed with great gout, and on mounting his horse, cracked jokes about a buxom widow, at whose tavern beyond Carlisle, he proposed sleeping that night. Among other stories with which he had entertained me, he told me the particulars of the massacre of the Indians at Lancaster, and he took a good deal of pride to himself, for having been one of the heroes who had assisted on that memorably disgraceful expedition. In justice however to the old man, I must observe that he related with pleasure that the party he accompanied, arrived too late in Lancaster to assist in the carnage.<sup>11</sup>

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11 The character here given of old Mr. Jameson, puts us in mind of an old man of a similar character in Washington county, Pennsylvania, of the name of *Foreman*, who at this time is *ninety-eight* years of age. I had a curiosity in seeing this old gentleman, and about two years ago called on him for the purpose of conversing a few minutes with him. I was fully paid the trouble, for I found him talkative and considerably worldly minded. Among other things he observed that 'The fashions of the day had injured society, and had lead astray the minds of young men and young women from the paths of simple and rustick honesty they used to walk in fifty or sixty years ago. That there was much hypocrisy in the shew of so much religion as appeared at present. That people were too fond of lying in their beds late in the morning, and drinking too much whiskey. That he himself used to take a frolick now and then to treat his friends of a Saturday night, after working hard all the week, but that he had not drank any spirituuous liquors for twenty-five years. That he had been always an early riser, having been in the habit when he first settled where he now lives (having come from Virginia about thirty years ago) of going around to all his neighbours before or about day-light, to waken them up, and bid them *good morning*, and return home again before his own family would be out of bed. I asked him why he never came to Pittsburgh; he replied that he could ride there he supposed, but that he had no business in that place, but that he should like to move to Kentucky or to the state of Ohio, if he went any where. On speaking of his great age and the probable number of years he might yet live, he seemed inclined to believe he would live at least four years longer, (being then ninety-six) wishing as appeared to me, to make out the round number of *one hundred years*. He is quite a small man, somewhat emaciated, but erect in his carriage, can see tolerably well, and walks about the house without a cane, milk and vegetables have been, through life, his principal diet, and water his beverage. His present wife, being his second, is quite a smart woman, and is about eighty-six years old. The old gentleman observed that he had never to his recollection been sick, so as to have required the aid of a physician.' Happy old man thought I, thou hast been happy, and art still so!—Peace to the remainder of thy lengthened days!— Cramer.

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[28] As this is a circumstance not generally known, it may not be amiss to introduce here a short account of it.—The Conestoga Indians, as they were called, from their residence near the banks of Conestoga creek, were the remains of a tribe of the Six nations, who entered into a treaty with William Penn the first proprietor of the then province of Pennsylvania, towards the close of the seventeenth century, by which they had a thousand acres of land assigned them in 44 the manor of Conestoga for their residence. This treaty had been frequently renewed afterwards, and was never violated on either part until their extermination by the surrounding settlers. It is remarked that the Indians diminish rapidly, in proportion to the increase of European settlers in the neighbourhood of any of their towns. This was very observable here, where from a tribe, they had decreased in about seventy years, to seven men, five women, and eight children.

An Indian war had commenced through the intrigues of the French, in the year 1754, at the commencement of which, many of the frontier inhabitants being murdered or driven in by the aborigines, aided by the French, a general panick followed. The Conestoga Indians, notwithstanding their weakness, their local situation, and their peaceable and innocent habits of supporting themselves by making of wicker [29] baskets, brooms and other wooden ware, which they sold to their white neighbours, as well as the skins of the wild animals which they killed in hunting, became objects of terror to the panick struck whites. To be an Indian, was enough to excite both the passions of fear and revenge. This poor defenceless remnant of a once powerful tribe, had but just sent an address, according to their custom on the 45 occasion of every new governor, to John Penn, esq. who then held that office; welcoming him on his arrival from Britain, and praying a continuance of that favour and protection they had hitherto experienced; when at the dawn of day of the 14th December 1763, the Indian village was attacked by about sixty men well mounted and armed. Only three men, two women and a boy were found at home, the rest being out among the whites vending their little wares. Those poor wretches were butchered and scalped in the manner of the savages, by those more savage descendants of the civilized Europeans: Even the hoary locks of the venerable and good old chief Shebaes, who

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had assisted at the second treaty between the whites and Indians in 1701, and who had always since been the avowed friend of the former, could not excite the mercy, much less the respect of his barbarous assassins:—he was cut to pieces in his bed, and scalped with the rest, and the huts were then committed to the flames. The magistrates of Lancaster collected the remaining Indians, and brought them into that town, condoling with them on the late misfortune, and promising them protection; with which intent they were put into the jail, as the strongest building in the town.

Their merciless blood hounds not satiated with the blood already spilt, and increased to the number of five hundred well armed men, marched into Lancaster. No opposition was made to them, though the first party which arrived did not consist of [30] more than fifty, who without awaiting any of the rest, forced the jail, dragged their victims into the yard, and there immolated them, while clinging to their knees, and supplicating mercy. In this manner they all, men, women, and children, received the hatchet, amid the exultations of their murderers, who after the tragedy, paraded the streets, huzzaing, and using every other mark of self-approbation for the glorious deed they had achieved. How weak must have been the government, which dared not attempt any publick investigation of an act so disgraceful to humanity, and in such direct violation of the laws; but it is a fact that not even the name of one of the perpetrators was ever published; they were however generally known by the appellation of *Paxton boys*, though the township of Paxton was only one of many concerned.

At the tavern where I overtook Jameson, I saw some young men in blue jackets with scarlet binding, the uniform of a volunteer corps of militia riflemen. They had been with their rifles in search of squirrels, but unsuccessfully, the weather being too cold for those animals to come out of their hollow trees.

Apropos of the rifle.—The inhabitants of this country in common with the Virginians, and all the back woods people, Indians as well as whites, are wonderfully expert in the use of it: thinking it a bad shot if they miss the very head of a squirrel, or a wild turkey, on the top

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of the highest forest tree with a single ball; though they generally load with a few grains of swan shot, with which they are equally sure of hitting the head of the bird or animal they fire at.

Ten miles further brought me to Carlisle,<sup>12</sup> at six o'clock in the evening; the whole road from Harrisburgh [31] being very fine and level, the houses and farms good, and the face of the country pleasant. The view on the right is all the way terminated by the Blue mountains—the longest north eastern branch of the Allegheny ridge, from six to ten miles distant.

<sup>12</sup> For an account of Carlisle, see Post's *Journals*, vol. i of this series, p. 237, note 75.—Ed.

I observed about a mile from Carlisle on the left, and about a half a mile from the road, a large handsome stone house belonging to a Mr. Jackson of Baltimore, which was formerly owned by General Arden; and about half way <sup>47</sup> between it and the town, and also to the left of the road, the large barrack, magazine, and depot of arms, built during the revolutionary war. Dickenson college, a spacious stone building with a cupola was directly before me, with the town of Carlisle on the left of it extending to the southward on an elevated plain: the whole having a very good effect on the approach. The twilight shutting out further view, I hastened through a tolerable compact street to Foster's, to which I had been recommended as the best inn. I asked if I could have a bed that night, and was answered rudely, by an elderly man, in the bar who I took for the landlord, after he had eyed me with a contemptuous scrutiny—that I could not. The house appeared a little *would be stylish*—and I was afoot—so not of consequence enough for Mr. Foster. I turned on my heel, and entered the next tavern kept by Michael Herr, an honest and obliging German, where I found nothing to make me regret my being rejected as a guest at Foster's, except want of bed linen, sheets not being generally used in this country in the inns, excepting at English ones, or those of fashionable resort. A very good bed otherwise, and an excellent supper, with attentive treatment, well compensated for that little deficiency.

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After supper, I received both pleasure and information from the conversation of a philosophick German gentleman, an inhabitant of Carlisle, who favoured [32] me with his company, and who discoursed fluently on opticks, pneumaticks, the French modern philosophy, and a variety of literary topicks, evincing great reading, and a good memory.

Before I retired to rest, I walked to the tavern, where the wagons generally stop, and had the pleasure of finding, that arrived, which carried my baggage, which I had not seen since I left Lancaster.

48

Carlisle is a post town, and the capital of Cumberland county. It contains about three hundred houses of brick, stone, and wood. The two principal streets cross each other at right angles, where there is a market-house, a neat brick court-house and a large stone meeting-house. There are besides in the town, a German, an Episcopalian, and a Roman Catholick church. The streets are wide, and the footways are flagged or coarsely paved. Dickenson college on the north, was founded in 1783, and was so named in compliment to Mr. John Dickenson, formerly president of the supreme executive council of Pennsylvania, and author of the Pennsylvania Farmer's Letters, and other writings of much merit. It has a principal,<sup>13</sup> three professors, and generally about eighty students. It has a philosophical apparatus and a library, containing about three thousand volumes. It has £4000 in funded certificates, and the state has granted it ten thousand acres of land: [33] On the whole it is esteemed a respectable seminary of learning, and is extremely well situated for that purpose, in a healthy and plentiful country, and about equidistant from the capital of the state, and the capital of the United States, one hundred and twenty miles from each.<sup>14</sup>

<sup>13</sup> By a letter from Mr. Robert Lamberton, postmaster at Carlisle, it appears Dickenson college was burnt down by accidental fire, February 3d, 1803, and rebuilt in 1804. Doctor Nesbit, a Scotch gentleman of great learning, and much celebrated for his application to his studies, and particularly for the uncommon retentiveness of his memory, had been several years president of this college; he died 18th January, 1804. The Rev. Mr Atwater,

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from Middlebury, Vermont, took his place as principal at the last commencement, on Wednesday the 27th September, 1809, and from his known abilities and piety, we may safely calculate that the college is again in a flourishing condition.— Cramer.

14 Dickenson has had many well known alumni; but after the death of its first president, Dr. Nesbit, a period of decline set in, lasting until 1833, when its founders, the Presbyterians, sold it to the Methodists, who have since maintained the college.— Ed.

49

### CHAPTER IV

Different roads to Shippensburg—Foxes—South mountain and pine woods—  
Shippensburg—Strasburgh—North or Blue mountain—Horse valley and Skinner's tavern.

On the 25th January at 8 A.M. I left Carlisle, having previously taken an egg beat up in a glass of wine. There are two roads, one called the Mountrock road which goes from the north end of the town, and the other called the Walnut-bottom road, which leads from the south end. They run parallel to each other about three miles apart. I took the latter, which is the stage road, as the wagon with my baggage was to go that way, though I was informed that the first led through a better country. I found mile-stones on the right hand all the way to Shippensburg, placed at the expence of the proprietors of the lands on this road, to prove it shorter than the other, they having before been computed at the equal length of twenty-one miles each; but now this one is marked only nineteen. The first five miles are through a very poor and stony country, thinly inhabited, and covered, except on the cultivated parts of the few miserable looking farms, with short, stunted, scrubby wood. The next seven miles are through a better improved country, and a better soil, with large farms [34] and good houses; then there are three miles over the northern skirt of the South mountain, through gloomy forests of tall pines, with here and there a log cabin surrounded by a few acres of cleared land, and abounding in children, pigs, and poultry. The last four miles improve gradually to Shippensburg.



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At eleven o'clock I stopt and breakfasted at a large tavern on the right, seven miles from Carlisle, I got coffee, bread and butter, eggs and excellent honey in the comb, for which I was charged only nineteen cents. My landlord presented me one of the largest and finest apples I had ever seen: it was the produce of his own orchard, where he had several trees of the same species, raised by himself from the pippin, and neither grafted nor budded. He had the manners of a New Englandman, being desirous both of receiving and of communicating information, but I soon gathered from him that he was a native of that part of Pennsylvania, and of English extraction. On my entrance he had laid down a book, which taking up afterwards, I found to be a volume of Robertson's *Charles V.*

As I proceeded from hence, two very beautiful red foxes playfully crossed the road about a hundred yards before me; they then recrossed it, and seeing me, made up a hill to the right with incredible swiftness, leaping with ease a Virginia worm fence above six feet high.

At half past four I arrived at Shippensburg, which was laid out for a town, about fifty years ago, and named after the first proprietor and settler, the father of judge Shippen of Philadelphia.<sup>15</sup> It contains between 150 and 200 straggling houses, in one street, nearly a mile in length: with nothing else interesting to recommend it to notice. I stopt at Raume's, a German house about the middle of the town, and apparently the best tavern in it. I bathed my feet in cold water, and dressed the left one which was [35] much blistered and very painful: Soon after which, my wagonner Jordan, with three others in his company arriving, we all sat down together, according to the custom of the country, to a plentiful and good supper; after which, the wagonners spread their mattresses and blankets round the stove in the bar room, and I retired to a good bed, but without an upper sheet.

<sup>15</sup> See note on Shippensburg in Post's *Journals*, vol. i of this series, p. 238, note 76.— Ed.

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Monday, 26th January, at half past ten; I proceeded towards Strasburgh, in preference to keeping the stage road to the left through Chambersburgh, 16 as I shortened the road eight miles in a distance of thirty-eight, to where the two roads again met.

16 Chambersburgh is a thriving town, capital of Franklin co., Pennsylvania, 162 miles east of Pittsburgh, the mail route, and 11 beyond the Big Cove mountain. The Philadelphia and Baltimore mail stages meet here, the former three times a week, the latter twice a week, this circumstance, with other advantages, makes it a tolerable lively place. It contains about 250 houses, has two paper mills, a grist mill in the town, and several others within a short distance, all turned by a spring which heads about two miles from the town. An original bank has been lately established here, with a capital of a quarter of a million of dollars, Edward Crawford, president, A. Colhoun, cashier. Two weekly papers are published here, one of which is German. It has a number of mercantile houses, and taverns in plenty, some of which are well kept, and principally by Germans. The stage-master here is a Mr. Davis, formerly of M'Connellstown—He is well spoken of for his attention and politeness to passengers, a very necessary qualification for a stage-master. — Cramer.

The country to Strasburgh, eleven miles, is well inhabited, and the soil is tolerably good; and the Blue mountains are full in front, extending to the right and left as far as the eye can reach. Those mountains are not higher than the highlands on Hudson river above New York, about 2500 feet perpendicular from the plain below, from which they rise abruptly, and the road is seen winding up their side to a small gap near the top, which separates from the main ridge a pyramidal knob, which, apparently higher [36] than the ridge, seems to hang directly over Strasburgh. I met on the road, two wagons with six horses each, from Zanesville in the state of Ohio, going to Philadelphia for goods:—They had been a month on the road. At two miles from Strasburgh, I past a direction post on the left pointing to Cummins's mills, and at 1 o'clock I entered that town and stopt at Bell's, the last tavern on the left. As there was no beer in the house, they had to send for it to Merkel's,

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a 52 German house. And here it may not be amiss to observe that the German taverns on these roads, are generally better provided with both liquors and provisions, than the English or Irish, but their manners are not the most agreeable, they being very inattentive to any of the wants of a traveller, except the providing his meals, and the bringing him what liquor he calls for.

It is twelve years since Strasburgh was laid out. It contains about fifty indifferent houses, and does not seem to be thriving.

At two o'clock, I began to ascend the North or Blue mountains, immediately from Strasburgh.—After ascending about a mile, I stopped and rested at a hut, the only dwelling on the passage over the mountain. Proceeding from hence, I was overtaken a little higher up by a man driving before him his horse loaded with a bag of wheat. We entered into conversation, and he entertained me with his exploits, in killing bears,<sup>17</sup> wolves, racoons, and foxes, [37] which abound on these mountains, as well as deer, wild turkeys, pheasants, and squirrels. I stopped occasionally, to observe the view behind me, which though a good deal impeded by the trees, is nevertheless very extensive, over a woody country, terminated by the long range of the South mountain, extending

<sup>17</sup> In the New York Medical Repository, vol. 5, page 343–4, we find the following curious facts concerning the mode of generation in the American bear.

“The singular departure from the common course of nature in the procreation of the opossum and the shark, are already known; but the manner in which the foetus is matured by the female bear is not so generally understood. The following information was given to Mr. Franklin, senator of the United States from North Carolina, by the hunters. This animal hybernates, and, during the winter, retires to hollow trees and caverns, but does not become torpid, or sink into the sleeping state. Though found often in great numbers on the frontier settlements, and frequently killed and eaten by the inhabitants, there has never been an instance of a female killed in a pregnant condition, or big with young. The reason is, that almost immediately after conception, the foetus, while shapeless, and resembling

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merely a small animated lump, is excluded from the womb. Thus born, and exposed to the open air, it has no connection with the teat like the opossum, nor with an egg like the shark. There is no trace of a placenta nor umbilical vessels. The growth of this rudiment of a future bear is supposed to be promoted by licking; and the saliva of the dam, or some other fluid from her mouth, appears to afford it nourishment. In the course of time, and under such management, the limbs and organs are evolved, the surface covered with hair, and the young cub at length rendered capable of attending its parent. Thus far the inquiries of the hunters have gone. The facts are so curious, that the subject is highly worthy of further investigation. And when the entire history of the process of generation in this animal shall be known, new light will be shed upon one of the most obscure parts of physiology. It is to be hoped that gentlemen whose opportunities are favourable to the prosecution of this inquiry, will furnish the learned world shortly with the whole of these mysterious phenomena.”— Cramer.

53 from the banks of the Susquehannah below Harrisburgh to the S.W. as far as the eye can reach. Though extensive, it is however an uninteresting prospect, as though I saw many patches of cleared land, the town of Shippensburgh twelve miles distant, and Strasburgh directly under me;—wood with its (at this season) brown, sombre hue, is the prevailing feature. After ascending a mile and a half from Strasburgh, I came to the top of the mountain, and looked down on the other side into a dark narrow romantick vale called Horse valley, with the two Skinner's good farms, still house and mill, and Conodogwinnet [38] creek gliding through the middle towards the N.E.; while the middle mountain, rose immediately opposite me, from the other side of the valley, the summit of it apparently not a mile distant from where I stood, though in reality it is three miles, so much is the eye deceived by the depth of the intermediate vale.

At 4 o'clock, I stopped at Skinner's, where at my particular request, I was gratified with hasty pudding or mush, as it is called in this state, with plenty of good milk and apple pye for supper. My host was born near Woodbridge in Jersey, from whence his father had removed to this country many years ago. There are now about twenty families settled in

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the valley, which extends from the south end 54 twelve miles above Skinner's, to a gap in the Blue mountains five miles below, through which the Conodogwinnet flows from its source at the upper end of the valley, which it waters in its whole length of seventeen miles, to join the Susquehannah near Harrisburgh, forty miles distant.

One Wagstaff, formerly an English soldier, who had been wounded and made a prisoner at the battle of Monmouth, and now a farmer near Pittsburgh, and a lad returning home to the same neighbourhood, after assisting to drive a herd of a hundred and fifty hogs to Philadelphia, which had employed him a month, put up here for the night, and I was much amused with the anecdotes of the old soldier and my host, who had also been a soldier on the patriotick side, during the revolutionary war. They had been opposed to each other in several battles, and reminded each other of many incidents which happened at them. My landlord was a politician, but his system of politicks and his general ideas were completely original. Amongst other topicks, Col. Burr's present situation and intentions were discussed, when our host gave it as his decided opinion, that he had secured [39] the friendship and assistance of a warlike and powerful nation of Indians, inhabiting a country on the banks of the Missouri about 1500 miles in circumference, where is the celebrated mountain of salt. That they fought on horseback and were armed with short Spanish caribines; and that with their aid he meant to conquer Mexico, and erect an empire independent of both Spaniards and Americans.

Mrs. Skinner was confined to her bed in an advanced stage of a consumption: I recommended her inhaling the steam of melted rosin and bees-wax, and wrote directions for her accordingly. When I retired to rest, I had once more the luxury of clean sheets and a good bed.

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Another traveller—The middle mountain—Fannetsburgh—Good effect of hunger in destroying fastidiousness—Tuscarora mountain and fine view—Ramsey's—Change my mode of travelling—Hull's—Fall from my horse—Sideling hill—Coyle's good tavern—Curious scene at another tavern—Ray's hill—River Juniata—Bloody run—Bedford.

On the morning of the 27th January, I took leave of my friendly host Skinner, and passing his brothers about a mile distant, I was joined by another pedestrian traveller, who had left Strasburgh that morning, and had stopped here to rest previous to ascending the middle mountain. He walked on stoutly, and I limped after him, my foot paining me very much. He was a plain countryman from Downpatrick in the north of Ireland, who had formerly [40] resided near Carlisle, from whence he had removed to the western part of the state, where his health having suffered through a general debility, he had returned two hundred miles to his former residence for medical aid, had remained there since the fall under a course of medicine and diet, and his health being now re-established, he was again going to the western country.

When on the top of the middle mountain about two miles from Skinner's, our eyes were regaled with a charming birds-eye view of some fine cultivated farms in Path valley just below us, with the village of Fannetsburgh of thirty houses in the midst, watered by a fine mill stream called the Conogocheaque in its southerly course towards the Potomack.

The scenery here reminded me of some of the vales of Switzerland, but appetite for breakfast urging me on towards the village below, I did not bestow much time in contemplating it.

56

I now proved that "hunger is a good sauce," for I made a hearty meal at M'Callum's, spite of a dirty room, a sickly woman, and bad tea, which last even when good, I disapprove of, especially for breakfast, but having always had coffee hitherto, without ordering it, I had neglected doing so now, and I was too hungry and too scrupulous of giving trouble to

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direct or await a change. This was the second sickly landlady I had seen amongst these mountains, which has impressed me with an idea, that the air is too keen and trying for delicate constitutions.

When I returned into the bar room, from the breakfast parlour, if a small dirty room with a bed in it deserves that appellation, I found a traveller in it, who had two horses at the door, the use of one of which he had offered to my fellow pedestrian (who, as he carried provision in a knapsack, had not breakfasted with me,) on condition of his being at the expence of feeding him on the road. He was [41] just declining the offer as I entered, so I embraced it gladly, and the young man agreed to take me up as soon as he should overtake me on the road, as he had to await his brother who was to accompany him, and I expressed a wish to walk before over the Tuscarora mountain, both to enjoy the scenery, and to avoid the danger of riding over it three miles, with the road in many parts like glass, from the freezing of the snow after a partial thaw. I set off with my former companion, who I had regaled with a gill of whiskey, but as I occasionally stopped to admire the beauties of nature in that mountainous and romantick district, he not being equally struck with them, preferred making the best of his way, so walked on before, and separated from me without ceremony, which I was not sorry for, as it left me more at liberty and leisure to proceed as I pleased.

As I ascended, the views of the valley behind were very 57 fine, through and over the large heavy pines which cover the face of the mountain; but when near the top, the prospect to the southward was really sublime, of the valley in its whole length that way, finely cultivated and watered, bounded by distant pyramidal mountains, isolated and unconnected with either of the ridges divided by the valley in a long vista, about two miles wide. From the summit of the Tuscarora ridge, the view to the westward, though extensive, was cheerless and gloomy, over a broken and mountainous or rather hilly country, covered with forests, chiefly of the dark and sombre pine, which would have rendered me quite dispirited, if I had not anticipated a speedy journey through it on horseback.

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At the western foot of the mountain I stopped at Ramsey's, an innkeeper, farmer, saddler and distiller, who has a fine farm, and a good house (I mean literally, but not as a tavern) —It was noon, Mr. Ramsey with a stranger, seated himself to dinner, while [42] his wife in the patriarchal mode, very common in this country, attended table. I contented myself with a tumbler of egg punch, which I had just swallowed, as my horsemen rode past, calling out that they would await me at the distillery, where I accordingly joined them, drank a dram of new whiskey with the hospitable distiller, mounted my mare, threw away my cudgel, and trotted off briskly with my new companions.

The road was good, but the country broken, thinly inhabited and poor; pine woods on each hand—a red gravelly soil, and a wretched looking log hut at every two or three miles with a few acres cleared round it, but the stumps, or girdled trees still standing. We stopped to feed our horses at one, about six miles from Ramsey's, which was the residence of an old man named Hull, who had removed here from Lancaster a few years ago. The large fire, cleanliness, and air of plenty, which I found within, was the more 58 enjoyed, from the contrast with the wretched appearance without.

On remounting, my mare started, and a bag of rye and corn for provender which was on the saddle under me, falling off, I fell with it. One of my companions checked his horse suddenly and threw himself off to assist me, and I was under both horses' feet for some seconds; but seizing the forefeet of the horse from which I apprehended the greatest danger, I pulled them towards me, threw him down, and at the same time scrambling from under him, I providentially escaped with only a slight bruise on my left leg, and a rent in my pantaloons. My gun which was loaded, and which I carried slung at my back, was thrown some distance from me without injury.

We soon after overtook my late foot companion, who I believe now regretted that he had not prevented my ride, as he seemed a good deal fatigued. We advised him to bargain for a ride with a packer with [43] two light horses, who we had past a little way behind, and we pushed on to a mountain called Sideling-hill, eight miles from Hull's; which we ascended a



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mile, and then put up for the night, at a very good tavern, kept by Daniel Coyle, who also owns a fine farm between the ridges of the mountain.

I got an excellent supper alone, my fellow travellers carrying their provisions with them: I had also a good bed with sheets, but the pain of my blistered foot, which had been augmented by hanging from the saddle in riding, prevented my closing my eyes to sleep until three o'clock, when as exhausted nature was just beginning to induce a temporary oblivion of pain, James Wilson the oldest of my fellow travellers called us to horse, as he said, we must this day make a journey of upwards of forty miles. His brother William, who like myself had never travelled that road 59 before, was obliged to acquiesce, though unwillingly, so rather than lose my horse I complied also, and we were on the road in half an hour after.

After riding four miles on a continued ridge of Sideling-hill, we stopped at a log tavern to pick up the old soldier Wagstaff, whose stories had amused me so much at Skinnet's in Horse valley, and who was a neighbour of Wilson's. He had the hog-driving lad still with him, and one horse between them which they rode alternately.

It was not yet day, and the scene in the tavern was, to me, truly novel. It was a large half finished log house, with no apparent accommodation for any traveller who had not his own bed or blanket. It was surrounded on the outside by wagons and horses, and inside, the whole floor was so filled with people sleeping, wrapped in their blankets round a large fire, that there was no such thing as approaching it to get warm, until some of the travellers who had awoke at our entrance, went out to feed their horses, after doing which, they returned, drank whiskey under [44] the name of bitters, and resumed their beds on the floor—singing, laughing, joking, romping, and apparently as happy as possible. So much for custom.

About four miles from hence, we descended the western side of Sideling-hill mountains, here called Rays-hill, at the foot of which we forded the river Juniata, a beautiful stream,

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about sixty yards wide, which after meandering in a wonderful manner through this mountainous part of the country upwards of 200 miles, through a space of not more than 100 of a direct line, falls into the Susquehannah about twenty miles above Harrisburgh; in all which distance it is navigable for large flat boats, of which considerable numbers are employed transporting the abundant produce of those remote regions to the Susquehannah, and down that 60 river to Baltimore, from whence it finds its way to Europe, destined to assist in feeding those countries, which gave birth to the ancestors of the cultivators of this.

After crossing the Juniata, we pursued our road through a broken country, very hilly, with the river almost always in sight, sometimes on one hand and sometimes on the other, as its bends approached or receded from the road, and sometimes directly under us at the foot of terrifick precipices, down one of which, about twenty years ago, a wagon was carried by the horses, falling 3 or 400 feet perpendicular—The wagonner and horses were killed, and the wagon was dashed to pieces.

At three miles and a half from the ford, we stopped to feed our horses at a small log tavern, where was a large family, with three or four very pretty girls, who forfeited the admiration they would otherwise have commanded, by being covered with the itch, which made me cautious how I ordered any thing to eat or drink, although I could have done justice to a good breakfast.

The same kind of country continues to Bedford, [45] the road leading through two remarkable defiles between the mountains, which as well as the river sometimes approach and sometimes recede, the country gradually improving both in population and quality of soil as we advanced.

At three miles from where we fed our horses, we passed through a village of a dozen houses, called Bloody run, in memory of a massacre by the Indians of about 250 militia,

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while escorting a convoy of provisions to the western frontier, soon after Braddock's defeat near Pittsburgh.<sup>18</sup>

<sup>18</sup> Jones, *History of Juniata Valley* (Philadelphia, 1856) gives a different origin for the term "Bloody Run." He derives it from the attempt of the inhabitants, in the spring of 1765, to arrest a convoy that was being sent by the Pennsylvania authorities to Pittsburg with presents for the Indians. An English officer reporting the action, said that the creek "ran with blood." For the effect of this affair on the pacification of the Indians, see *New York Colonial Documents*, vii, p. 716. For the history of Bedford, see Post's *Journals*, vol. i of this series, p. 240, note 81.— Ed.

61

Three miles further, we passed a hamlet of three or four houses, called Snake-spring, from an immense number of snakes discovered there in a hole and killed: And in four miles more, at 11 o'clock, we entered Bedford, crossing two bridges half a mile from the town, one over Crooked creek, and the other over the west or Raystown branch, which uniting a little below, form the Juniata.

We put up at Fleming's and fed the horses while I breakfasted. When ready to proceed, I mounted, but found my mare so lame, that I was obliged to remain behind, while my companions endeavoured to get her along by driving her before them.

## CHAPTER VI

Bedford—Travellers and travelling—Whiskey preferred to victuals and necessities—Obliging disposition of inhabitants—A musical and social judge—Departure in the stage—The Allegheny mountains—Somerset—Good inn—A murder—visit to the gaol.

Making a virtue of necessity, I consoled myself under my disappointment, by restoring to my constitution the equilibrium of rest, which it was deprived [46] of last night, by the anguish of my foot, and the impatience of the elder Wilson; I accordingly went to bed,

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and enjoyed an hour's refreshing repose, after which I arose and sauntered about the house until supper was announced, which I partook of with my civil and attentive host and hostess Mr. and Mrs. Fleming.

Soon after supper, five travellers from the N. W. part of the state, arrived on horseback, with whom I conversed until bed time. They were on their way to Baltimore, and were plain Irishmen, uninformed of any thing beyond their own business, which appeared to be that of packers, or travelling merchants, who vend groceries and various merchandize through the country.

62

The travelling on these roads in every direction is truly astonishing, even at this inclement season, but in the spring and fall, I am informed that it is beyond all conception.

Apropos of travelling—A European, who had not experienced it, could form no proper idea of the manner of it in this country. The travellers are, wagonners, carrying produce to, and bringing back foreign goods from the different shipping ports on the shores of the Atlantick, particularly Philadelphia and Baltimore;—Packers with from one to twenty horses, selling or trucking their wares through the country;—Countrymen, sometimes alone, sometimes in large companies, carrying salt from M'Connelstown, and other points of navigation on the Potomack and Susquehannah, for the curing of their beef, pork, venison, &c.;—Families removing further back into the country, some with cows, oxen, horses, sheep, and hogs, and all their farming implements and domestick utensils, and some without; some with wagons, some with carts and some on foot, according to their abilities:—The residue, who made use of the best accommodations on the roads, are country merchants, [47] judges and lawyers attending the courts, members of the legislature, and the better class of settlers removing back. All the first four descriptions carry provisions for themselves and horses, live most miserably, and wrapped in blankets, occupy the floor of the bar rooms of the taverns where they stop each night, which the landlords give them the use of, with as much wood as they choose to burn, in consideration of the money they pay them for

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whiskey, of which they drink great quantities, expending foolishly, for that which poisons them, as much money as would render them comfortable otherwise.—So far do they carry this mania for whiskey, that to procure it, they in the most niggardly manner deny themselves even the necessaries of life; and, as I was informed by my landlord Fleming, an observing and rational 63 man, countrymen while attending the courts (for they are generally involved in litigation, of which they are very fond) occupy the bar rooms of the taverns in the country towns, for several days together, making one meal serve them each day, and sometimes two, and even three days—but drinking whiskey without bounds during the same time. The latter description of travellers—the merchants, lawyers, &c. travel as in other countries—making use of and paying for their regular meals, beds, &c.

The pain of my foot having been much alleviated, by an application of bran and vinegar all night, the next morning after my arrival in Bedford, I walked out into the town, and having occasion to call at some tradesmen's shops, and at another excellent tavern where the stage from the eastward stops, as that from the westward does at Fleming's, I was much gratified with the civility and desire to please, which I observed throughout, which impressed me much in favour of the place, and the impression was heightened by another circumstance that forenoon. I had sat down to write, and while engaged at it, the bar [48] keeper, who had been amusing himself with an octave flute, of which I had made a pocket companion, opened the door, and introduced a gentleman of the middle age, who I supposed to be a traveller; but he soon undeceived me, by telling me that he had been informed I was fond of musick, and that I had a German flute with me, which was also his instrument, and he had taken the liberty of calling on me to inform me, that there was a musical society in Bedford, of which he was a member, and that he would convene it that evening for my amusement, if I would assist them by taking a part. I excused myself on account of the pain of my foot, and also on my flute being an octave. He then hoped a glass of punch would be acceptable, which I declined, saying, I never drank spirits of any description. There was something 64 perhaps ungracious in my refusal of his proffered civilities, for he appeared hurt, and made a movement to depart, but I made my peace,

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and prevailed on him to give me half an hour of his company, by observing that although I was a bad fellow with respect to the bottle, I nevertheless enjoyed very much the society of the well bred and well informed, and felt myself much obliged to him for his polite attention. He proved to be a man of good theoretick information, but with little practical worldly knowledge. From a desire to appear to merit the compliment I had paid him, he was particularly studious of his language, measuring each word, and weighing every sentence before he gave it utterance;—prefacing each speech with “If I may be permitted to hazard an opinion,”—“According to my local ideas,” and other set phrases to fill up the vacuum, while considering what he should next say on the subject under discussion. We talked of the country—of robberies—murders and accidents, and at last he bade me good morning; setting me down, no doubt, as a poor devil without soul, who would [49] not drink spirits. On his taking leave, “my name, Sir, said he is S—it would perhaps be an unwarrantable liberty to ask yours,” “Not at all, Sir, mine is—.” Mrs. Fleming afterwards told me that he was one of the associate judges of the county, “a very clever and fine spoken man,” but rather over fond of the universal enemy;—that he had lost considerable property, but that his wife's fortune being secured to herself, enabled him to still enjoy some of the comforts of life.

This afternoon my wagonner arrived, and went on, appointing to be in Pittsburgh on the Friday or Saturday evening of next week.

Bedford the capital of a county of the same name, is very romantically situated—being hemmed in on all sides by low mountains covered with woods except on the north, 65 towards which point is a long vista, so that it has not unaptly been compared to a barber's bason, with the rim cut out on one side for the chin. It was considered as a frontier only about twenty years ago; when some of the stoccado which had defended it when it had a garrison, was still to be seen.<sup>19</sup> It now contains about 80 houses, of brick, stone and logs. It has a court-house, a gaol, and school-house, and I was informed that a house is used as a place of worship for any Christian sect, and that sometimes a travelling minister of one or

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other of the various divisions into which, to its disgrace, Christianity is split, stops to remind the inhabitants of their religious duties.<sup>20</sup>

19 Part of the log building, which formed the garrison here, and which was erected by the troops of Geo. III. king of Great Britain, still exists, and has been newly weatherboarded lately, and now forms a kitchen to a tavern.— Cramer.

20 In the summer of 1809, the foundation of a new Presbyterian church was laid in Bedford opposite the court-house for the Rev Mr Boyd's congregation, a young clergyman of handsome talents, and who had settled here a short time before.— Cramer.

[50] Apropos of religion.—Asking for a book last night, my landlord sent me Richard Brother's prophecies, with which farrago of enthusiastick madness, I read myself to sleep. The town is supplied with water from a spring half a mile distant, by means of wooden pipes, which conduct it to a reservoir in the centre: And some chalybeate springs strongly impregnated with sulphur, have lately been discovered in the neighbourhood; to which, according to custom, whether with justice or otherwise, great medicinal virtues are attributed.<sup>21</sup> This town was incorporated in

21 It is perhaps worth while for the sake of a curious and important fact, to mention the extraordinary effects of the water on a gentleman who had visited this spring in the summer of 1809, and who before he left it, discharged from his bowels a *living monster*, described by some who saw it, as a *lizard*, by others a *crab*, with legs, claws, &c. and of considerable size.—The unhappy man had been ill for several years, without being able to get any relief by the aid of skilful physicians. Immediately after this, he began to recover, and is now in a fair way of regaining his health.

Of the four classes of mineral waters known, the water of this spring unites the qualities of at least *three* of them, viz. The *saline*, the *sulphurous*, and the *martial*- but of the second it is lightly tintured. Its usual effects on people in health, are those of an immediate and powerful *diuretick*, a gentle *cathartick*, with a consider, able increase of *perspiration*, and

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sometimes a slight *emetick*, this last happening but very seldom. The water may be drank in great quantities with safety, from two to thirty half pints, being the usual quantity in the course of an hour before breakfast. Some indeed drink fifty half pints, while others are considerably incommoded by drinking a gill, which was the case with Mrs. Snyder, wife of governor Snyder, whose death was lately announced. She was at the spring, August 1809, but her case, which was of the consumptive kind, was too far gone to admit of recovery. Not being able to take the water, she tarried but a few days, and returned to Lancaster with her companion, Miss—

The following Latin poem written by James Ross, teacher of the languages in the Philadelphia academy, formerly of Chambersburgh, and author of an excellent grammar, with its translation in prose by the Rev. Mr. Willson, teacher of the languages in Bedford, descriptive of this spring, and the quality of its waters, &c. will be read with pleasure.

J. Anderson, M. D. Hos versiculos symbolum amicitiae inscribit, JA. ROSS, IN PONTEM BEDFORDIÆ SALUTAREM.

Monte decurrens, velut amnis, alto, Fons, loquax nunquam, tacitus recedis, Abditus terris, catebrasque celans Fluminis unda.

Non alis campos virides vel agros; Non greges pascis, vitulosque vaccas; Non tuæ ripæ generant leones Dente furentes.

Sed tuas undas celebrant Puellæ, Femulæ et Matres, Puerique Sponsi, Has Senes undas adamant Anusque Ore bibentes.

Hisque gaudentes Homines levabunt Pectoris morbos, capitis dolores; Aurium sensus, laterumque pœnas Sæpe lavando.

Has bibant isti quibus est podagra; Has quibus tussis mala, nec fuganda Artibus, cura aut Medici periti; Namque levabunt.



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Quin et afflicti, ac oculisque lumbis Has bibant undas, stomacho dolentes; Pauperes, dites, recreentque corpus Sæpe bibendo.

Has bibant undas vacui, salubres; Nil nocent salus Puerisve Nymphis: Pauperes multi hæc, simul atque dites, Dicere possunt.

Bedfordiæ, (Pennsylvanorum) quarto Kal. Septembres, A.D. 1809. *Bedford Gazette*.

### TRANSLATION

*To John Anderson, M. D. the following Verses are inscribed, as a token of Friendship, by the Author James Ross*

### ON THE MEDICINAL SPRING OF BEDFORD

From the base of a lofty mountain issuing, O fountain, thy profusion of waters, thou sendest forth in silence, from thy fountain, deep in earth's womb embowled, them mingling with the stream, which murmurs below, thou loosest. No verdant plains, nor verdant fields are nourished by thy stream irriguous. Nor flocks, nor younglings of the herd dost thou with food supply. To no prowling beasts of prey, do thy shady, thy romantick banks, afford shelter or refuge. *Hence*, blooming virgins gay, matrons old, and aged sires, and youths lately in wedlock joined: greatly delight to saunter along thy streams; *and, in the cool refreshing shade*, to quaff thy healing waters.

While, with heartfelt satisfaction, the valetudinarian, in the waters of this fountain, laves himself, the diseases of the breast—the pains of the head—the distresses of the side—and deafness, *which prevents the ear from drinking in the rich melodies of musick*, all shrink from the healing efficacy of the healthful element. Let those drink whom the gout torments, and those whom the distressing cough annoys, diseases, which yield not to the art or care of the physician, however learned. In drinking, they certain aid shall find. The humble cottager, and wealthy lord, however weakened by disease shall re-invigorate their

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systems, by drinking these waters. Tender eyes shall regain their strength—lost powers of digestion shall again return—and the enfeebled loins, with new strength be girded. Let the sons of leisure, and votaries of amusement, on these health preserving waters regale themselves. The vigorous young man, and the rosy cheeked, from them receives no harm. Rich and poor innumerable, can well attest the truths I sing.

*Ibid.*— Cramer.

66 1794, and is governed by two burgesses, a constable, a town clerk and three assistants.

[51] The 31st day of January at 4 in the morning, I left 67 Bedford in the stage with three gentlemen and a young girl passengers. It had snowed all night, [52] and the ground was covered some inches deep, so we had to proceed 68 slowly to break the road, crossing the West branch of the Juniata twice in the first three miles. As day dawned, the country appeared to be in general rather better settled and cultivated than on the eastern side of Bedford, but it was still very hilly, and wood was the prevailing feature. At half past 10, we had reached the foot of the Allegheny [53] ridge, where we breakfasted; and here I found one of the advantages of travelling in the stage, was to be charged a sixteenth of a dollar more per meal, than if one travelled in any other way.

We were now in Somerset county, and having changed stages, horses, and drivers, we ascended by a very easy road of one mile to the top of the highest ridge of land in the United States, to the eastward of which all the rivers flow to the eastward, to empty themselves into the Atlantick ocean, while to the westward, they flow westerly to unite with the Mississippi, which is their common aqueduct to the gulph of Mexico.<sup>22</sup>

<sup>22</sup> The Allegheny Ridge is in fact but twenty-five hundred feet in height. The White Mountains of New Hampshire and the Cumberland Mountains of North Carolina and Tennessee exceed it in altitude.— Ed.

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The face of the country before us now changed for the better; not being broken as to the eastward, but fine extensive levels and slopes, well inhabited and cultivated; and the ridges of hills, though long, not so steep, and finely clothed with heavy wood. This was the general appearance of the country, until we arrived at Somerset, the capital of the county, 14 miles from the top of the Allegheny ridge.

This is a new town, having been laid out and built within twenty years: It contains about seventy tolerably good houses, with a court-house, where upstairs, is the present place of worship, common to all sects like Bedford, until a church, which is to be in common also, is erected, for which 69 the town has petitioned the assembly to enable them to raise \$3000 by lottery.

We stopped at Webster's excellent, comfortable, and well furnished inn, where we found good fires, a good supper, and a series of the Baltimore Daily Advertiser.

Since I had come over the three mountains between Strasburgh and Ramsay's, the principal subject of conversation along the road, was concerning the murder by two Frenchmen of a Mr. David Pollock, on the 23d of this month, on Allegheny mountain. [54] They had shot him, and when he fell in consequence from his horse, they dragged him off the road into the wood, and stabbed him with a knife in several places. He was soon after discovered dead by a company of packers, who had seen two men but a little while before, and had heard soon after, the reports of a double barrelled gun carried by one of them. This, and the meeting of a horse with a saddle and saddle-bags, and no rider, gave them a suspicion, and induced them to search in the wood, following the tracks of men from the road into the wood, to the body. After returning to the road they again saw the two men whom they suspected come out of the woods before them. They pursued them, but lost sight of them at a turning in the road, where they again took into the woods. The packers rode on to the next house and gave an alarm, which soon mustered the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, who arming themselves, went in pursuit of the murderers. One of them

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resisting, when discovered, was shot, and the other apprehended, and lodged in Somerset gaol.

I had been informed that the prisoner neither spoke, nor understood English, and that since his apprehension, he had no interpreter with him, except a German farmer, who understood French but badly. Impelled by humanity, I asked my landlord to accompany me to visit him. He was 70 a poor, ignorant, abject, pusillanimous wretch of the name of Noel Hugue, and had lately arrived in America from Marseilles, where he had been a traiteur or cook. He denied the murder or any knowledge of it, but his story was inconsistent and dissatisfactory. On my informing him of the motives of my visit, he was very grateful. I advised him to write to any persons at New York or Philadelphia, where he had staid some time after his arrival, who might have it in their power to send him any testimonial of character; [55] and, as I thought his case desperate, to write to his friends or connections in France, and that the court before which he would be tried, or whatever lawyer was charged with his defence, would forward his letters. On my return to the inn a Mr. Leiper, a young gentleman just called to the bar, requested me to accompany him to the gaol, to interpret between him and the prisoner, as he intended voluntarily to undertake his defence, although it was so unpopular as not to be unattended with personal danger, in the irritated state of mind of the country. I complied with his request, but from the interview, I had no reason to expect his humane attempt would be, or ought to be successful.<sup>23</sup>

<sup>23</sup> This man was hung at Somerset after April court, 1807. He positively denied to the last of having any knowledge of the crime for which he was about to suffer death. He also declared his companion, who was shot in taking him, innocent, and as having no knowledge of the circumstance of the death of Pollock.— Cramer.

## CHAPTER VII

Proceed on journey—Political parties—Laurel-hill—Chesnut-hills—Greensburgh—Bad road—Fine prospect—Pittsburgh.

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The 1st February at 4 A. M. I left Somerset in a sleigh, a good deal of snow having fallen the day before. One of the gentlemen and the little girl having quitted the stage, my companions now were only a Mr. M'Kinley, of West 71 Liberty near Wheeling in Virginia, one of the representatives in the state assembly, returning home from Richmond, and a Mr. Archer of Centreville in Ohio, returning home also, from a circuitous voyage and journey to New Orleans [56] and Baltimore; during which he had visited the Havanna, and New Providence in the Bahamas.—As we all possessed some information different from each other, we beguiled our journey by conversation pleasantly enough, except when politicks were introduced, on which, my fellow travellers being of opposite sentiments, I was sometimes under the necessity of starting some new subject, to prevent their being wrought up to an irritation of temper, which not only prevented cool argument, but sometimes in spite of my endeavours to the contrary, arose to such a height as to nearly approach to personalities.

Politicks, throughout the whole of this country, seems to be the most irritable subject which can be discussed. There are two ruling or prevailing parties; one, which styles itself *Federal*, founded originally on the federal league or constitution which binds the states to each other; in contradistinction to a party which attempted to prevent the concurrence of the states to the present constitution, and after it was agreed to, made some fruitless attempts to disorganize it, and was called *Antifederal*. The opposite party is one which has since sprung up and styles itself the Democratick Republican. Since the federal constitution has been established, the first party exists no longer except *in name*. *That* which assumes it, stickles for the offices of government being executed with a high hand, and is therefore accused of aristocratick and even of monarchick sentiments by its opponents, who in their turn are termed factious, and disorganizers, by the federalists. They nickname each other *Aristocrats* and *Democrats*, and it is astonishing to what a height their mutual animosity is carried. They 72 are not content with declaiming against each other in congress, or in the state legislatures, but they introduce the subject even at the bars of the judicial courts, and in the pulpits of the places of religious worship. In some

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places, [57] the males who might otherwise be on terms of friendship with each other, are, merely on account of their diversity of sentiment on politicks, avowed and illiberal enemies; and the females carry the spirit of party into their coteries, so far as to exclude every female whose husband is of a different political opinion, however amiable, and ornamental to society she may be. The most illiberal opinions are adopted by each party, and it is sufficient with a federalist that another man is a republican, to pronounce him capable of every crime; while the republican takes care not to allow the federalist the smallest of the attributes of virtue.—Their *general* difference of opinion, at last becomes *particular*, and a mistaken point of honour frequently hurries the one or the other maniac into a premature grave.—The political wheel is kept in constant motion by those two parties, who monopolize it to themselves, to the exclusion of the moderate, well disposed, and best informed part of the community; who quietly pursue their several avocations, lamenting at, yet amused by the bickerings, disputes and quarrels of the turbulent and ambitious leaders of the parties, and their ignorant, prejudiced and obstinate tools—satisfied with the unexampled prosperity they enjoy as a people and a nation—and equally watchful perhaps to guard against tyranny or licentiousness, with the violent and avowed opponents of both.

After travelling seven miles through the glades, a rather barren and thinly settled plain, we crossed a bridge over Laurel hill creek, a mile beyond which we began to ascend Laurel hill, which we continued to do two miles further to Evart's tavern, where we breakfasted. Six miles more, 73 brought us to the beginning of the descent westerly, there being several settlements on each side the road between the ridges of the mountain in that distance. From this point we had an extensive view as far west as the eye could [58] reach, over and beyond Chesnut hills. After descending two miles, we crossed Indian creek at the foot of the mountain. I now remarked that the woods were much thicker, and the trees larger and taller, than the same species to the eastward. A mile from Indian creek, Mr. M'Kinley pointed out one of the finest farms between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, owned by one M'Mullen, an Irishman.

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At 10 A. M. we changed horses and our sleigh for a stage-wagon, two miles from M'Mullen's, at M'Ginnis's, perhaps the dirtiest tavern on the whole road. We then continued ten miles over a very broken hilly country, with rich valleys, crossing a high ridge called Chesnut hills, from whence the western country is spread out under the view, like an immense forest, appearing flat from the height we were at, though it is in fact, as we found it, very hilly. We crossed the river Sewickly, a fine mill stream, by a bridge, ten miles from M'Ginnis's, and eight miles further we arrived at Greensburgh, the capital of Westmoreland county, which we had entered at the eastern foot of Laurel hill.

Greensburgh is a compact, well built, snug little town, of about a hundred houses, with a handsome court-house, a Presbyterian meeting-house, and a market-house.<sup>24</sup>

<sup>24</sup> For an account of Greensburgh, see Michaux's *Travels*, vol. iii of this series, p. 153, note 16.— Ed.

On entering Habach's tavern, I was no little surprised to see a fine coal fire, and I was informed that coal is the principal fuel of the country fifty or sixty miles round Pittsburgh. It is laid down at the doors here for six cents a bushel.

After supper we were joined by a Mr. Holly, a doctor, and another gentleman, residents of the town, according <sup>74</sup> to the custom of the country, where the inhabitants are in habits of collecting what information they can from travellers. We had a long political discussion, originating on the subject of Col. Burr's projects; and amongst the six present, there [59] were no two who agreed in sentiment. Indeed, in this country every man thinks for himself, or at least he imagines he does, and would suppose himself insulted, was another to attempt *openly* to bias his opinion; but notwithstanding this supposed liberty of sentiment, superior talents when united to ambition, seldom fail of drawing the mass after them. The conversation of this evening was both amusing and instructive; some of the party, particularly Mr. Holly, a New England man, being possessed of very good information, and the arguments were conducted with cool, dispassionate reasoning.

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About 8 o'clock, the landlord, who was a German, came into the room and offered to light us to bed: My fellow travellers complied, but I told him I should sit up two hours longer. The old man repeated my words, "two hours," shrugged up his shoulders and went off, while I literally kept my word, amused by a series of three or four of the last Baltimore Federal Gazettes. On going to bed, and finding the bed clothes very light, I added the covering of another bed in the room to mine, which I left so in the morning as a hint to the house.

At five o'clock next morning, we resumed our journey, and found very little snow on the road, though there was so much on the mountains behind us.

The aspect of the country is similar to what it is between the Laurel hills and Greensburgh. Hills running in ridges from north to south, heavily wooded with white oak, walnut, sugar tree and other timber natural to the climate; and the valleys narrow, but rich and all settled.

At eight miles from Greensburgh, we passed on our right 75 an excellent house and fine farm of a Col. Irwin, one of the assistant judges; and three miles further we stopped to change horses and breakfast at [60] Stewart's, where we were charged only a quarter of a dollar each.

We soon after entered Allegheny county. The weather was cold and clear, and very pleasant for the season, but the country afforded no variety, being still, hill, dale, woods, and scattering farms. At nine miles from Stewart's, we descended a very long and steep hill, by a shocking road, crossed Turtle creek at the bottom, which runs to the southward to join the river Monongahela, 12 miles above its confluence with the Allegheny; we then ascended another hill by an equally bad and dangerous road. It is astonishing that in so fine and so improving a country more attention is not paid to the roads. A turnpike is projected from Pittsburgh to Harrisburgh, which I am clearly of opinion, might be kept in repair by a reasonable toll;—and then wagons with goods may travel between the two places in a third less time than they do now, and without the present great risks of breaking down, and the mails may be delivered at the post-offices one half sooner.



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When about seven miles from Pittsburgh, we had a picturesque view of the Monongahela on the left, which was soon hid again by the intervening hills; and when within three miles of that town, the view was beautiful over the fine low cultivated level, or bottom, as it is called, which skirts the river Allegheny from thence to Pittsburgh, which is seen at the confluence of that river with the Monongahela; beyond which, the high and steep coal hill crowned by a farm house most romantically situated, seems to impend directly over the glass manufactory, on the bank of the river opposite the town.

The last two miles was along the fine level above mentioned, passing on the right, between the road and the 76 Allegheny, the handsome seat of Mr. John Woods, a respectable lawyer;<sup>25</sup> and immediately after, [61] we passed Fort Fayette, a stockaded post on the right<sup>26</sup> —entered Pittsburgh, and put up at Wm. M'Cullough's excellent inn.

<sup>25</sup> John Woods was one of the two first lawyers in Pittsburg, being admitted to the bar from Allegheny County in 1786. He represented the city in Congress from 1815–17.— Ed.

<sup>26</sup> For Fort Fayette, see Michaux's *Travels*, vol. iii of this series, p. 32, note 12.— Ed.

### CHAPTER VIII

Unprepossessing appearance of Pittsburgh—Causes—Comfortable situation—Abundance of coal—M'Cullough's inn—Confinement there by indisposition—Attention of some of the inhabitants—Memoirs of an uncommon character—Apollonian society—Dramatick societies—Lawyers—Clergymen—State of society injured by politicks and other causes—Physicians.

The appearance of Pittsburgh in the winter, is by no means pleasing, notwithstanding its fine situation, as, none of the streets being paved except Market-street,<sup>27</sup> they are so extremely miry, that it is impossible to walk them without wading over the ankle, except during frosty weather, which rarely continues many days successively, from its lying so low, and being so well sheltered, by the surrounding hills. This, though unpleasant now,

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is in reality in favour of the place, as when the streets are all paved, that inconvenience will be obviated, and the advantage of shelter from the bleak wintry winds will still remain, without its being followed by an exclusion of fresh air during the summer, as the rivers, at that season act as ventilators, a refreshing breeze always drawing up or down one of them, increasing [62]

27 Since the above was written the greater part of Wood street has been paved, Front and Third streets from Market to Wood, Diamond alley gravelled, and Chancery lane paved from the river to Second street, and preparations are making to pave others this season, 1810.— Cramer.

77 with the elevation of the sun until noon, and then gradually subsiding into a calm towards sunset; while at a little distance from those air conductors (the rivers) even in high situations, an oppressive heat not rarified by the most gentle zephyr, prevails during the same time.

Another cause of the unprepossessing appearance of Pittsburgh, proceeds from the effect of one of the most useful conveniences and necessities of life, which it enjoys in a pre-eminent degree; namely, fuel, consisting of as fine coal as any in the world, in such plenty, so easily wrought, and so near the town, that it is delivered in wagons drawn by four horses, at the doors of the inhabitants, at the rate of five cents per bushel.

A load of forty bushels which costs only two dollars, will keep two fires in a house a month, and in consequence, there are few houses, even amongst the poorest of the inhabitants, where at least two fires are not used—one for cooking, and another for the family to sit at. This great consumption of a coal abounding in sulphur, and its smoke condensing into a vast quantity of lampblack, gives the outside of the houses a dirty and disagreeable appearance—even more so than in the most populous towns of Great Britain, where a proportionably great quantity of coal is used; which must be caused by a difference of quality, which appears in the grate to be in favour of the coal of this country.

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The winter being too far advanced for boats to descend the Ohio, I preferred remaining in Pittsburgh, until I should have an opportunity of continuing my journey to the westward by water, to going on immediately by land, as I wished to see the banks of that celebrated river, as far as it lay in my route.

I therefore became a weekly boarder and lodger at M'Cullough's, which though an inn much frequented by travellers, I found to be as quiet, as regular, [63] and as orderly, as any 78 private lodging house; the beds equally cleanly, the table more plentiful, and the charge as moderate. As M'Cullough lays himself out to accommodate travellers, or regular lodgers, he applies himself solely to that, and discourages every thing which might subject his house to the noise, revelry, and confusion of a tavern. His wife an amiable and obliging woman, and three daughters, fine and good girls just grown up, attend to the business of the house, and the accommodation of their guests, so well, that a man must be fastidious to a fault, who would not be perfectly satisfied with such quarters.

The streets being extremely dirty, and my foot still paining me much from the consequence of its being blistered on my journey between Lancaster and Middleton, I confined myself to the house for several days after my arrival, going out only once during that time, to call on general O'Hara<sup>28</sup> and Mr. Abner Barker on business. Confinement is at any time unpleasant; but at an inn, however good the accommodation, in a strange place, without a single acquaintance, and suffering continued torture from an inflammation in a limb, the pain of which would have prevented my enjoying a book, even had there been a library within my reach, was to me excessively so.

<sup>28</sup> General James O'Hara embarked in the Indian trade near Fort Pitt about 1773. On the outbreak of the Revolution, he enlisted in the ninth Virginia regiment, but was soon employed as quartermaster, also serving in that capacity in the Whiskey Insurrection (1793), and Wayne's Campaign against the Indians (1794). His business talents and enterprise were employed in building up the new town of Pittsburg, where at its inception he had purchased much land. In 1797, he built the first glass manufactory west of the

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Alleghenies; about the same time he made arrangements to transport salt by water from Onondaga, New York, greatly cheapening the price of that necessity. In 1804, O'Hara was made director of the branch of the Bank of Pennsylvania established at Pittsburg; and on his death (1819) left a large estate to his heirs. General O'Hara was generous and patriotic as well as enterprising. He was a friend of Washington, and served as elector when the latter was chosen president in 1788.— Ed.

A few neighbouring gentlemen hearing that a stranger <sup>79</sup> was at M'Cullough's confined by indisposition, did me the favour of calling on me, and the attentions of doctor Andrew Richardson, Mr. James Mountain, a learned practitioner at the bar, and Messrs. Anthony Beelen and Nicholas Cunningham respectable merchants, prevented my being able to charge Pittsburgh with an *absolute* want of hospitality. The two former offered me the use of their judiciously selected libraries, when I should become sufficiently convalescent to go out, and the perusal of any of their books in the interim, and the first supplied [64] me with the Philadelphia and Baltimore newspapers as they arrived by post, twice weekly.

A few evenings after my arrival, the daughters of my host had a numerous party of young people of both sexes to spend the evening and practice vocal musick under the directions of a Mr. Tyler who had taught them. They displayed taste and harmony enough to do honour to their venerable teacher, and I was tempted to join the sounds of my flute to the sweet treble of some of the young ladies. This led to a degree of confidence to me from Mr. Tyler, who on retiring to bed in the same room, imparted to me his little history, which though not replete with incident, was singular and affecting, exhibiting generous benevolent simplicity, a victim to vice and ingratitude. He was an Englishman, and had been one of the choristers of a cathedral in England from whence he had emigrated to America, when a young man. He had exercised his talent in teaching sacred musick, in the eastern part of Pennsylvania, until he had acquired a sufficiency to purchase a farm in the neighbourhood of Carlisle, where he and his wife settled. They were childless—an infant foundling which they chanced to see, impressed them with the idea of supplying themselves with what nature had denied them. They took the boy home, adopted him as

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their son, and spared neither 80 pains nor expence to give him the best education the country afforded. He grew up a most promising youth, and bid fair to reward them for their parental cares, by smoothing their decline of life, with a return of those attentions which they had lavished on him from his helpless childhood. The lad was a good accomptant, and was placed with a storekeeper in Carlisle, until he was supposed by his benefactors sufficiently versed in business, to manage for himself. Tyler then expended the savings of many years industry to furnish for him a respectable country store. The young [65] man commenced business with the fairest prospects, but he had unfortunately contracted habits of drinking and gambling. His business was neglected, one loss followed another, but he had the art of still imposing on the unsuspecting simplicity of his blindly partial and generous patron, until he prevailed on him to be his security for larger sums than his remaining stock of goods would pay. He then absconded, his creditors sued the old man, who to save himself from prison was obliged to dispose of his farm, and after paying the debts of the ungrateful prodigal, with the very small sum which remained to him, he and his wife last year at upwards of sixty years of age each, crossed the mountains, at an inclement season, and purchased a small tract of land about seven miles from Pittsburgh, on which he has since erected a cottage, and where he has cleared and cultivated a few acres, and to enable himself to make his payments, he has taught sacred vocal musick in this town and the surrounding country these two successive winters. His enthusiasm for vocal harmony, and his innocent unsuspecting simplicity, untainted during a long life, by worldly craft, and still believing the mass of mankind as honest and virtuous as himself, notwithstanding the trying proof he had experienced of its baseness, rendered him a singular and original character; I say *original*, for I much question, 81 whether any person into whose hands these sheets may fall, can turn his eye inwardly, and exclaim with a conscience void of offence and selfishness, I too am a general philanthropist, like the good old English singing master.

Several musical amateurs are associated here under the title of the *Apollonian Society*. I visited it by invitation at the house of Mr. F. Amelung the acting President, and was most

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agreeably surprised to hear a concert of instrumental musick performed by about a dozen gentlemen of the town, with a degree [66] of taste and execution, which I could not have expected in so remote a place. I was particularly astonished at the performance on the violin of Mr. Gabler, a German, employed at Gen. O'Hara's glass house, and who is one of the society. His natural talents for musick were so great, that he could not bear the trammels of a scientifick acquisition of it, and therefore never learned a note, yet he joins a correct extempore harmony, to the compositions of Hayden, Pleyel, Bach, Mozart and the other celebrated composers, particularly in their lively movements; he is not quite so happy in his accompaniments of Handel, or of grand or solemn musick generally. His execution of Waltz's is in a sweet and tasty style, and he has composed by ear and committed to memory several pieces, which impress the hearer with regret, that they must die with their author. Indeed he now (when too late) regrets himself, that he had not in his youth, and when he had great opportunities, added science to natural taste.

The Apollonian society is principally indebted for its formation to the labours of Mr. S. H. Dearborn,<sup>29</sup> a New England man, who came here about a year ago, to exercise the profession of a portrait painter, and being a very versatile genius, and having some knowledge of, and taste for

29 Son of Mr. Benjamin Dearborn, of Boston, much celebrated for his mechanical and inventive genius.— Cramer.

82 musick, he soon discovered all the respectable people who were harmoniously inclined, and succeeded in associating them into a regular society, which meets one evening every week, and consists not only of those who can take parts, but also of many of the most respectable inhabitants of the town, who do not play, but who become members, for the sake of admission for themselves and families to the periodical concerts.

There are also two dramattick societies in Pittsburgh, [67] one composed of the students of law, and the other of respectable mechanicks. They occasionally unite with each other in order to cast the pieces to be performed with more effect. The theatre is in the

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great room of the upper story of the courthouse, which from its size, and having several other contiguous apartments which serve for green room, dressing rooms, &c. is very well adapted to that purpose. It is neatly fitted up under the direction of Mr. Dearborn, whose mechanical genius has rendered him a useful associate of the disciples of Thespis; whether as machinist, dresser, scene painter and shifter or actor; particularly in the part of the garrulous Mrs. Bulgruddery in *John Bull*, which he performs with much respectability. Mr. W. Wilkins<sup>30</sup> excels in genteel comedy; Mr. Johnston does justice to the part of an Irishman; Mr. Haslet to that of a Yorkshire farmer or country squire; Mr. Linton in low comedy is the Edwin of Pittsburgh, and Mr. Van Baun would be an ornament to any established theatre, either in the sock or the buskin, he being equally excellent in Octavian

<sup>30</sup> William Wilkins, at this time but a young lawyer, afterwards became distinguished in American political circles. He served as state and federal judge from 1820–28; three years later he was elected to the United States Senate; and in 1834, was sent by President Jackson as minister to Russia. Wilkins was in Congress again in 1842; and when Upshire and Gilmer were killed (1844), President Tyler appointed him Secretary of War.— Ed.

<sup>83</sup> as in Fribble. The female characters being sustained by young men, are deficient of that grace and modest vivacity, which are natural to the fair sex, and which their grosser lords and masters vainly attempt to copy. On the whole however, the dramattick societies, exhibit in a very respectable manner, a rational entertainment to the inhabitants of Pittsburgh about once monthly through the winter. They have hitherto confined themselves to the comick walk, but I have no doubt, that if they appear in the buskin, they will do equal credit to tragedy.

Some of the gentlemen of the bar resident here, are very respectable in the profession of the law. Mr. Ross, formerly a senator, and set up in unsuccessful opposition to Mr. M'Kean, for governor of the state, is an orator of the first abilities—his oratory [68] being clear, intelligible and impressive.<sup>31</sup> Mr. Mountain, to deep learning, adds careful investigation of the cause of his client, and is apt and happy in his quotations. Mr. W. Wilkins is by nature an orator. His person, action, and gesture are favourable to him—

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his words flow at will in a style of manly and bold oratory which commands attention.— He has no occasion to study his periods, they form themselves—he enters in earnest into the cause of his client, and rarely fails to give it its full weight—but perhaps he sometimes works himself up into too great warmth of language, which may be occasioned by the glowing impulse of youth operating on a fertile fancy—

31 James Ross was one of the most eminent of Pittsburg's early lawyers. Born in 1761, he was admitted to the bar in 1791, and three years later chosen to fill out Gallatin's term in the United States Senate, wherein by re-election he served until 1803. Ross was a staunch Federalist, and ran three times unsuccessfully upon that ticket for governor of Pennsylvania, twice (1799 and 1802) against McKean. Although a Federalist, he had sufficiently imbibed Western views to advocate, while a senator, the forcible seizure of New Orleans from the Spaniards. After retiring from politics (1803), he practiced law until his death in 1847, being considered the leader of the Pittsburg bar.— Ed.

84 he apparently not exceeding twenty-five years of age. Mr. Addison,<sup>32</sup> Mr. Semple, Mr. Woods, Mr. Baldwin, and Mr. Collins<sup>33</sup> are spoken of as very able practitioners, but as I had not the pleasure of witnessing their exertions at the bar, I cannot take it upon me to describe their talents, even was I adequate to it.

32 Since dead.— Cramer.

33 Cuming has here given a summary of the noted members of the Pittsburg bar at the time of his visit. Steel Semple made a specialty of land cases, and had great influence with juries. Henry Baldwin was afterwards distinguished in politics, serving in Congress 1817–23; seven years later he was appointed to the supreme court of the United States, wherein he served until his death in 1846. Thomas Collins was an able and successful lawyer, with high social connections. For a sketch of Judge Addison, see Harris's *Journal*, vol. iii of this series, p. 363, note 46.— Ed.



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There are five societies of Christians, which have each an established minister—Mr. Steele<sup>34</sup> the pastor of one of the Presbyterian societies, possesses all that liberality of sentiment and Christian charity inculcated by the divine founder of his religion, and dignifies the pulpit by his clear and pleasing exposition of the scriptures. Mr. Taylor the Episcopal minister, is an able mathematician, a liberal philosopher, and a man of unaffected simplicity of manners. His discourses from the pulpit are good moral lectures, well adapted to the understanding of his hearers. He is an assistant teacher in the academy. Of Mr. Boggs,<sup>35</sup> the minister of the other Presbyterian society, [69] or of Mr. Black, the minister of a large society of a sect of Presbyterians called covenanters, I am not adequate to speak, not having yet heard either officiate. Mr. Sheva,<sup>36</sup> pastor of a congregation of German Lutherans, is a man of liberal morality, and a lively social companion. There are here

34 Mr. Steele died March 22, 1810.— Cramer.

35 Removed to near Fredericksburgh, Virginia. His place has been filled by the Rev. Mr. Hunt, who officiates to the second Presbyterian congregation.— Cramer.

36 Removed to St. Louis, Louisiana.— Cramer.

85 several Roman Catholics,<sup>37</sup> Methodists,<sup>38</sup> and Anabaptists—who have as yet no established place of worship, but who occasionally meet to profit by the exhortations of some of their spiritual directors, who travel this way. On the whole, the religious sects appear to be more free here than in most places I have visited, from those illiberal and anti-christian prejudices, which render Christianity the scoff of even the ignorant Indians, whom we term savages.

37 The Catholics have lately erected a small but handsome brick church of one story at the north east end of Liberty street, the ground for which, I understand, was gratuitously presented to them by Gen. O'Hara. The inside work of the church is yet in an unfinished state.— Cramer.

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38 The Methodists are now engaged in collecting a voluntary subscription for either the building, or the purchase of a house for the use of their society.— Cramer.

But though difference of religious opinions does not cause any animosity here, politicks have reduced society to a most deplorable state. There are two parties, which style themselves Federal republicans, and Democrattick republicans, but who speaking of each other, leave out the word *republican*, and call each other Federalists and Democrats. I have already described their opinions, which are argued with more warmth, and are productive of more rancour and violence in Pittsburgh than perhaps in any other part of America.<sup>39</sup> There are very few neutrals, [70] as it requires a bold independence of sentiment, to prevent a person from attaching himself to one or other party, and besides, to a man who has not resources for the employment of time within himself, the alternative of not being of one or other

<sup>39</sup> Our author was here at a time when politicks ran high the colouring he has given the rancour, in consequence, among the inhabitants, may be a little too deep. Be this as it may, party politicks, or at least, political rancour, has subsided, and the citizens generally, intermingle in social societies, and interchange the various offices of friendship and of trade without interruption, however they may differ in political sentiment, or be opposed to each other in the election of the various candidates to publick office. Conceiving, perhaps, that a moderate difference of political opinion, is a natural consequence of our political institutions, and a requisite to their existence in the purity in which they were at first established.— Cramer.

<sup>86</sup> party is insupportable, as he is shunned equally by both, and in this populous town lives with respect to society, as though he were in a desert. This may be one cause that Pittsburgh is not celebrated for its hospitality, another, (which is equally applicable to most new settled towns,) is that it is inhabited by people who have fixed here for the express purpose of making money. This employs the whole of their time and attention, when they are not occupied by politicks, and leaves them no leisure to devote to the duties of

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hospitality. Another cause, which one would scarcely suspect, is pride. Those who from the adventitious circumstance of having settled here at an early period, and purchased, or became possessed of landed property, when from its very low value, it was obtained in the most easy manner, for a mere trifle, now find themselves rich suddenly, from its rapid increase in value. Those who came after them, had not the same opportunities, and of course were not so fortunate. Wealth acquired suddenly, generally operates on the ignorant, to make them wish to seem as if they had always been in the same situation; and in affecting the manners and appearance of the great, they always overact their part, and assume airs of superiority [71] even over the really well born and well bred part of the community, who have been reduced from a more affluent situation, by misfortune, or who have not been so fortunate as themselves in acquiring what stands the possessor in lieu of descent, and all the virtues and accomplishments. This accounts for the pride which generally pervades the fortunate first settlers, but it is carried to such extravagant excess, that I have been credibly informed that some of the females of this class have styled themselves and their families the *Well born*, to distinguish them from those not quite so wealthy, forgetting that some among them could not tell who had been their ancestors in the second generation. 87 This is all matter of ridicule and amusement to a person possessed of the least philosophy. There is also a very numerous class, which assumes a certain air of superiority throughout this whole country—I mean the lawyers. They (even their students and pupils) arrogate to themselves the title or epithet of esquire, which the uninformed mass of the people allow them; and as, by intrigue, they generally fill all the respectable offices in the government as well as the legislature, they assume to themselves a consequence to which they are in no other way entitled.

The profession of physick is also on a very respectable footing in this town. There being four established physicians.—Doctors Bedford, Richardson,<sup>40</sup> Stevenson, and Mowry,<sup>41</sup> all of considerable practice, experience, and reputation.<sup>42</sup>

<sup>40</sup> Died, August 1809.— Cramer.

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41 Of these early Pittsburg physicians, Dr. Nathaniel Bedford came out as a surgeon in the British army, and located here in 1765; his colleague, Dr. Stevenson, arrived about the same time and later served as a Revolutionary soldier. Dr. Mowry entered the office of Bedford as an apprentice (1786), attended lectures under Dr. Rush at Philadelphia, and attained high rank in his profession.— Ed.

42 There are three others established here lately, a German, a French, and an English physician, the latter of whom is of the Friends' society, of the name of Pennington, considerably advanced in years. He came to this place in the fall of 1809, and is said to be skilful.— Cramer.

I shall defer an account of the situation, history and present state of Pittsburgh, until I have finished [72] my tour to the westward, when I shall have obtained more information on so important a subject.

### CHAPTER IX

Departure from Pittsburgh—The Allegheny, Monongahela, and Ohio rivers—Brunot's island—unfortunate death of two gentlemen—Baldwin's mill—Neville's island—Middletown—Logstown—Beaver creek—Beaver town—Fort M'Intosh.

On the 18th July, 1807, accompanied by my intelligent and valuable friend A—, I departed from Pittsburgh, in 88 a batteau, or flat bottomed skiff, twenty feet long, very light, and the stern sheets roofed with very thin boards, high enough to sit under with ease, and long enough to shelter us when extended on the benches for repose, should we be benighted occasionally on the river, with a side curtain of tow cloth as a screen from either the sun or the night air. We had a pair of short oars, or rather long paddles, for one person to work both, and a broad paddle to steer with; and a mast, and a lug or square sail to set when the wind should favour us; we had a good stock of cold provisions and liquors. The river being neither flooded, nor very low, was just in that state, to promise a pleasant passage

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to its navigators. The current running between two and three miles an hour, allowed time to examine every thing worthy of curiosity, and the water was sufficiently high to prevent delays through grounding on any of the numerous flats, which impede the navigation of the first two hundred miles, during the principal part of the summer and fall, and yet not so high as to prevent our being able to see and remark all the shoals or rocks of any consequence, which gave us an opportunity [73] of proving Mr. Cramer's Navigator which we had with us, of correcting it in a few places, and of adding to it a sketch of the river, in its very winding course, between Pittsburgh and Limestone or Maysville, in Kentucky.<sup>43</sup>

<sup>43</sup> *The Navigator or Trader's useful Guide to Navigating the Monongahela, Allegheny, Ohio and Mississippi Rivers* was published by Zadok Cramer at Pittsburg—the same house that produced Cuming's *Western Tour*. Cuming doubtless had the fifth edition, issued in 1806. The work was useful and popular, and ran through twelve editions.— Ed.

In a quarter of an hour after embarking on the Monongahela we passed its confluence with the Allegheny, and entered the Ohio formed by the other two.

The Allegheny rises between two and three hundred miles following its different meanders, N. E. of Pittsburgh. <sup>89</sup> Its current runs about three miles an hour except in floods, when it is sometimes impelled at the rate of six or seven. Its banks were uninhabited except by the aborigines, and a line of distant posts fortified by the French, to preserve the communication by this route between Canada and Louisiana, previous to the conquest of the former country by the British in 1759; also to prevent the extension of the Anglo American settlements to the westward of this river; and to command the friendship and trade of the Indians; and to prevent as much as possible the English from participating with them in those advantages. Within the last twenty years, the Indians disliking the extension of the American settlements into their neighbourhood, have abandoned this whole tract of country, and have retired to Sandusky, about three hundred miles further west, with the exception of a tribe under a celebrated chief called the Cornplanter, which has a town and

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settlement near the Allegheny about 120 miles from Pittsburgh,<sup>44</sup> and which is gradually falling into an agricultural life.<sup>45</sup>

44 The former villages of the Shawnees and Delawares in the vicinity of Pittsburg were removed at the close of the French and Indian War to the neighborhood of the Muskingum.

Cornplanter, the chief of a large band of Senecas, was for many years a much dreaded hostile. He is known to have been with the French at Braddock's defeat; later, influenced by the British agents, he took part in the massacre at Wyoming and in many border raids. Brodhead led out an expedition in 1779, which burned the towns of this chieftain; and at the close of the Revolution, becoming impressed with the growing power of the Americans, the wily warrior professed peace, assisted in securing the treaties of Fort Stanwix (1784) and Fort Harmar (1789), and had an interview with Washington in 1790. His professions secured him a large reservation in the present county of Warren, Pennsylvania, where he lived quietly until his death in 1836.— Ed.

45 In 1798, the Quakers of Philadelphia sent out a committee of three or five, men and women, among the Cornplanters Indians, with implements of husbandry, to instruct the poor natives in the arts of agriculture and comfortable living. In these, with much good example, industry, and perseverance, they have succeeded wonderfully in bringing their red brethren to a considerable advanced state of civilization, to a knowledge of agriculture, the mechanick arts, and a practice of the social virtues. I had the pleasure of conversing with *Joel Swain*, one of the members of the committee not long since, who observed, that the farms of the natives extended several miles on both banks of the Allegheny river, well stocked with cattle, horses, and hogs. That one or two of the Indians had already learnt how to make their own plough-irons, axes, hoes, &c. while others were learning to make tubs and buckets, and that he expected to learn an ingenuous boy to make spinning wheels the ensuing year, for which he was then hunting irons. That a tanyard was about to be sunk for the purpose of learning them the art of tanning. That the Indian women had spun and wove about seventy yards of flaxen linen that year, 1808, and was able to

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knit their own stockings. That they, the committee, had got both men and women to quit the habit of drinking whiskey, or any other kind of ardent spirits, either at home or abroad—This circumstance has been frequently witnessed among those who came down to Pittsburgh with skins, trading, and who uniformly refuse *whiskey* when offered to them by those to whom they sell their skins, shaking their heads, saying, *too scos, too scos*, meaning, *not good*, repeating in broken English, “may be *scos*, good, for white man, but *too scos*, bad, for Indian.”

The Quakers of Baltimore, under the same Christian, and highly laudable spirit, sent out in 1805, a deputation among the *Shawaneese*, *Delawares*, and *Wyandots*, and such other tribes as they could find it practicable to visit, to see what might be wanting to forward the interests and happiness of the natives, to some of whose tribes they had forwarded a few articles of farming utensils in 1798, particularly to those situated on the banks of the Tuskarowas river; since which, ploughs, hoes, axes, &c. have been forwarded to Fort Wayne as presents to the Indians on the Wabash, where considerable clearings and improvements have been made under the particular direction of Philip Dennis, agent of the Friends' society.

The Western Missionary society are also laudably engaged in this Christian like work, and we hope and flatter ourselves, that much good will be done, and the poor natives be advanced to a state of rational life. The Rev. Joseph Badger resides on the Sandusky, where no doubt his indefatigable industry will be turned to the best advantage for the welfare of the Indians in that quarter. He has one farm already stocked with cattle, &c. a tolerable crop was raised last year—and a school is kept to teach the children the English language. Divine service is also held among them frequently, where men, women, and children attend, to receive the instruction of their worthy pastor. Mr. Badger was among us not long ago, and he gives a flattering account of the aptness of the Indian children, and their willingness and desire for learning, and states that they do not want for capacity.—

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This subject opens a wide field for the humane and philosophick citizen, and we hope the minds of many will be drawn to pay it that attention it so richly merits.— Cramer.

90

[74] The Europe-American settlements (as I call them from their consisting principally of emigrants from Britain, Ireland, and Germany, particularly the two latter) now extend not only to the banks of the Allegheny, but crossing 91 that river, the country has become [75] populous, and many thriving towns have been erected throughout the whole country south of lake Erie, not only in Pennsylvania, but in the adjoining new state of Ohio, which latter has been settled in that tract, by emigrants from the state of Connecticut,<sup>46</sup> to whom Pittsburgh is indebted for a good supply of cheese<sup>47</sup> not inferior to English.

<sup>46</sup> This refers to the Western Reserve, often called New Connecticut. By the terms of her charter, Connecticut claimed the land west of her boundaries to the Mississippi; upon her cession of this claim to Congress (1786), she reserved a tract of 3,250,000 acres on the shores of Lake Erie, in which settlement was begun (1796) at Cleveland. In 1800 this reserve was surrendered to the United States, and finally incorporated in the state of Ohio. — Ed.

<sup>47</sup> It is not an uncommon thing for some of our New Connecticut farmers to make from two to three tons of good cheese in one season, for which they generally get at our market twelve cents per pound.— Cramer.

The navigation of the Allegheny is easy for boats called *keels* from fifty to seventy feet long, sharp at both ends, drawing little water, carrying a good burthen, and calculated to be set against the stream, so as to surmount it from eight to twenty miles a day in proportion to the strength of the current operating against them. The water of this river is uncommonly clear, occasioned by its gravelly bottom and the rapidity of its current; and the fish are harder, firmer, and more delicious, than those caught in the Monongahela, which rising in the Laurel mountain in Virginia, pursues a northern course about two



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hundred miles, (the last half of which is through a rich and populous country) until it unites with the Allegheny at Pittsburgh. Flowing generally through a more level country than the Allegheny, its current [76] is much more placid, but its waters are always muddy, from which circumstance it derives its name, which in the Indian dialect signifies *muddy from the mouldering in of banks*. Both it and the Alleghany abound in fish, of which 92 the white salmon, the perch, the pike and the catfish are most esteemed; there are however several other species.<sup>48</sup>

48 Such as the sucker, sturgeon, buffaloe, missouri, eel, herring, and sometimes the flat soft shelled turtle are caught—The branches of the Allegheny, especially French creek, abound in fine trout.— Cramer.

The Ohio into which we had now entered, takes its name from its signifying *bloody* in the Indian tongue, which is only a modern appellation bestowed on it about the beginning of the last century by the five nations, after a successful war, in which they succeeded in subjugating some other tribes on its banks.<sup>49</sup> It was called by the French *La belle Riviere*, which was a very appropriate epithet, as perhaps throughout its long course it is not exceeded in beauty by any other river. It was always known before as a continuation of the Allegheny, though it more resembles the Monongahela, both in the muddiness of its waters, and its size: the latter being about five hundred yards wide, whereas the former is only about four hundred yards in breadth opposite Pittsburgh.

49 Cuming is following the *Navigator* in his signification of the term “Ohio,” which in its turn quotes from Brackenridge's *Gazette Publications* (Carlisle, 1806). Both are incorrect, as philologists now agree that the word Ohio signifies “beautiful stream.”— Ed.

Leaving the glass house on the left, we passed on the same hand Saw-mill run, a mill stream with a long wooden bridge crossing it to Elliot's mills, the bridge forming a handsome object in the view. Elliot has here a delightful spring, bubbling its cool pelucid

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water from the side of the rocky bason which receives it, from which it is conveyed by a pipe through his spring-house, the roof of which joins the shed which covers the spring.

We passed Robinson's point on the right with a fine level, or bottom, as I shall in future according to [77] the language of the country call all the flats between the hills and the banks of the river. This bottom well settled and 93 cultivated, extends to about four miles below Pittsburgh, having Brunot's island opposite its lower extremity. This island contains near three hundred acres of a most luxuriant soil, about half of which has been cleared by Dr. Brunot, a native of France, who adds hospitality and sociality to the abundance which he derives from his well cultivated farm.<sup>50</sup> He has judiciously left the timber standing on the end of the island nearest Pittsburgh, through which, and a beautiful locust grove of about twelve acres, an avenue from his upper landing is led with taste and judgement about half a mile to his house, which is a good two story cottage, with large barns, and other appropriate offices near it, and an excellent garden and nursery. He has fenced the farm in such a way, as to leave a delightful promenade all round it, between the fences, and the margin of the river, which he has purposely left fringed with the native wood about sixty yards wide, except where occasional openings are made either for landings, or views, the latter of which are very fine, particularly that of M'Kee's romantick rocks opposite, impending over the narrow rapid which separates them from the island. M'Kee's fine farm between the rocks and the mouth of Chartier creek, and the creek itself, which meanders through a great part of the rich and plentiful county of Washington, affording also fine subjects for the landscape painter.<sup>51</sup>

<sup>50</sup> Dr. Felix Brunot was a foster brother of Lafayette. Embarking in the latter's enterprise to aid the American colonists, he served efficiently in the Revolution, especially at the battle of Brandywine. At the close of the war he settled at Annapolis, Maryland; but in 1797 removed to Pittsburg, where he developed the island estate which Cuming describes. Dr. Brunot died in 1838; his descendants have been equally public-spirited—his grandson, Felix Brunot, being an eminent Pittsburg philanthropist.— Ed.

51 The original owner of the farm from which McKee's Rocks took their name was the notorious Tory Indian agent, Alexander McKee. This tract he bought of Bouquet in 1764, and lived upon his property until the outbreak of the Revolution. McKee had (1772) been appointed by Sir William Johnson, deputy for Indian affairs, and was listed by Lord Dunmore (1775) as one whose loyalty to the British could be relied upon. He became, therefore, an object of suspicion to his neighbors, and General Hand, commandant at Fort Pitt, placed him upon parole. The night of March 28, 1778, McKee with Matthew Elliot and Simon Girty, broke his parole and fled to the British at Detroit. There he was rewarded with a captaincy, and employed in leading Indian raiding parties against the American settlements. After Hamilton's capture (1778) he was made Indian agent for the Western department, and throughout the Revolution, and the entire period of Indian wars, his influence with the savages was exerted to maintain their enmity to the Americans. After the battle of Fallen Timbers (1794), Wayne burned the store-house and goods of McKee at the Maumee Rapids, the renegade having himself retired to Detroit, where he received a letter of commendation from the governor-general of Canada, and promotion in the British service. When the latter evacuated Detroit (1796), McKee retired to Sandwich, where he continued his official duties until his death (January 14, 1799). His services had been rewarded by large grants of land on the Canadian side of the Detroit River, upon which his descendants established themselves. His Pittsburg property passed into the hands of a brother, whose descendants were living thereon in 1847.— Ed.

94

On entering the channel to the right of Brunot's island, I could not avoid a sensation of melancholy, from its reminding me of the death of my valued friend George Cochran, esq. of Natchez, who about three years ago was drowned here together with a Mr. M'Farlane of Elizabethtown, by the skiff, in which they were going from the shore to a brig belonging to the latter, being carried by the current [78] against the brig's cable, and upset. In his death, his friends had cause to lament the loss of a warm hearted, benevolent, generous, and properly conducted man in every sense of the word, and the world was deprived of

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one of those characters, which is occasionally but rarely allowed it, to prevent that general obloquy to which it would otherwise be subjected from the natural depravity of mankind.

I was not acquainted with Mr. M'Farlane, but from the manner in which I have heard him spoken of by those who were, he merited a longer enjoyment of this probationary life. They were found two days after, a few miles below, brought to Pittsburgh, and interred in two adjoining graves, in the burying ground of the new Presbyterian meeting-house.

95

Passing his garden, we gave and received an adieu from Dr. Brunot, and the recollection of a social and agreeable day, which I enjoyed with a party at his house on the 4th of this month, when he had a few friends to commemorate that anniversary of a new era in the annals of history, *the Independence of the United States of America*, aided to dispel those gloomy, selfish ideas, which we who remain behind can seldom avoid indulging, when we think on our being for ever deprived of society which was dear to us—even though we have every reason to be certain that they were prepared for whatever fate may await them in futurity, and though we know that longer continuance here, might have subjected the subject of our regret to some of those casualties in the affairs of men, which might have embittered their future life.

The course of the river is generally about N. N. W. from Pittsburgh to Beaver, about twenty-eight miles. We continued to descend it, our attention occupied by frequent changes of prospect, caused by its winding course. From the point below Brunot's island, is a fine vista of the river with hills on the right and [79] a bottom on the left; a very high hill in front cultivated on the top, Baldwin's mill on the right three miles distant, reflected by the water to double its size; the well frequented road to Beaver on the same hand, and farms and farm houses in view of each other; the scenery enlivened by multitudes of fish sporting near the surface of the glassy element. Baldwin's mill-house is well built of stone over a dam in the river, which conveys the water to the wheel, from whence it runs out under the arch which supports the house.

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We had passed a small island of about three acres, called Cow island, separated from Neville's or Long island by a channel of one hundred and fifty yards. This latter takes its name of *Long* from its extending six miles down the 96 river from opposite Baldwin's mill, it is narrow, but its soil being of the first quality, it might be divided into several good farms; there is however but one on it as yet, cultivated for the proprietor, major Craig of Pittsburgh, who has on the middle of the island a large but very plain wooden farm house of two stories, and about sixty feet long.<sup>52</sup>

<sup>52</sup> Major Isaac Craig was one of the most prominent of the early citizens of Pittsburg. Coming from Ireland to America in 1766, he settled at Philadelphia as a carpenter, and being commissioned first lieutenant of marines (1775) took part in the expedition to the West Indies. His command was later transferred to the infantry and then to the artillery branch of the service, wherein Craig was wounded at Brandywine, and performed gallant services in Sullivan's Indian Campaign. Having taken command of Fort Pitt in 1780, he was ordered the next year to reinforce George Rogers Clark with stores and artillery for an expedition to Detroit. This proving abortive, Craig continued at Pittsburg, strengthening its defenses, and securing it against attack. In 1783, he bought the first land sold within the city of Pittsburg, and shortly formed a partnership for general business with Colonel Bayard, a Revolutionary officer. During the Indian campaigns Craig acted as military storekeeper, forwarding provisions to Wayne, and erecting defensive works at Pittsburg (Fort Fayette), Wheeling, and Presqu' Isle; but as a noted Federalist he was removed (1802) by Jefferson from official position. Major Craig also aided in preparations for the War of 1812–15, but at its close retired to Neville's Island (his wife's property) and resided thereon until his death in 1826.— Ed.

We here overtook a covered flat, with two families of the name of Frazey, migrating from the neighbourhood of Elizabethtown in New Jersey, to Cincinnati in Ohio. They had embarked at Redstone on the Monongahela.<sup>53</sup> The father of one of the families was dangerously ill with a nervous fever and deranged in his intellects.

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53 For a sketch of Redstone, see Michaux's *Travels*, vol. iii of this series, p. 158, note 23.  
— Ed.

Hog island on the left just below Neville's island, is very small, and immediately below it also on the left we passed Middletown, lately laid out, containing ten houses including barns, and opposite to it, a Mr. White's finely situated house.

From a point two miles below Middletown, the river opening gradually into a long reach, has a fine effect to 97 the eye. A little below the point, a charmingly situated farm on the right exciting our inquiry, [80] we were informed that it was squire Ways. The squire however, was badly lodged, if he had no better house than the small log hovel we saw on the bank. Deadman's island a little below is small, covered with aquatick shrubs and plants, and so low, that it must always be inundated in moderate risings of the river, which is not *here* more than a hundred and fifty yards wide, and in general not exceeding two hundred. The banks on each side abound with partridges whose responsive calls are continually heard, interrupted by the buzz of multitudes of large horse flies, which probably attracted by the odour of our provisions, seemed much more pleased with our boat than we were with them.

Eight miles below Middletown, we passed Logstown on the left: This is a scattering hamlet, of four or five log cabins, in the neighbourhood of which, on the opposite side of the river, a considerable tribe of Indians resided, until after the reduction of Fort Du Quesne, now Pittsburgh, by general Forbes in 1758.<sup>54</sup>

54 For a sketch of Logstown, see Weiser's *Journal*, vol. i of this series, p. 24, note 17.—  
Ed.

From Logstown a mile and a half to Crow's island which is small, the banks are very pleasant, rising gradually from the water's edge, and having a fine bottom on the right. Here we met two large keel boats loaded with cotton in bales, from Nashville in Tennessee

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bound to Pittsburgh, out twenty-six days. They had nine men in each—one steering, six poling, and two resting.

Half a mile from hence on the right, is a good log house with a sign of a white horse, kept by James Knox; in passing, it, a young woman answered several questions we asked her very civilly; which I mention as a rare circumstance, as the inhabitants of the banks of the Ohio, have too generally acquired a habit, of either not deigning an answer to the interrogatories of the numerous river travellers, or of giving them a short and boorish one, or of turning [81] their questions into ridicule; which proceeds from the impertinent manner in which they are generally hailed and addressed by the people in the boats.

Two miles lower we passed a good house and a saw-mill in a beautiful rural situation on the left bank, and here we met a decent looking man, polling a skiff against the current: He was going to Pittsburgh and had come upwards of twenty miles since morning.

At half past four in the afternoon we were abreast of Big Beaver creek or river on the right, five miles below the saw mill. It empties through a level, and is about fifty yards wide at its mouth, with a gentle current.

Some boys on the beach mischievously misinformed us respecting the proper landing, to the town of Beaver, which is but a little way beyond the creek, instead of which we rowed a mile lower down, and then had to set our skiff across a bar, which extends above a mile in front of the right bank. After landing, we had to climb a precipice to a log cabin, on the top and edge of the cliff, near two hundred feet above the surface of the river: Here we got directions for our path, and after a walk of half a mile, we reached the town of Beaver.

It stands on a stony plain on the top of the high cliff which conceals it from the river, and contains about thirty indifferent houses, much scattered, on three parallel streets. There is a stone gaol not quite finished, which was the only publick building we noticed.<sup>55</sup> The inhabitants not finding water at a convenient depth, have, in preference to digging very deep wells, led it by wooden pipes from a hill near a mile

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55 A small brick market-house has been since built, and after many trials, a well sunk from which the inhabitants are supplied with water.— Cramer.

99 from the town, and have placed publick wooden fountains in the streets at convenient distances.

[82] We were shewn the scite of Fort M'Intosh, of which no vestige remains except the hearth of the officers' fire place: It is on the edge of the cliff commanding the river. Altogether, Beaver seems to be very badly situated on the high plain, when it ought to have been placed at the confluence of Beaver creek with the Ohio, where there is a bottom with room enough for a town, and an excellent landing, and where are now two good looking houses with tavern signs. The neighbouring high situation notwithstanding its inconveniences, was probably preferred, on account of the superior salubrity of the air.<sup>56</sup>

56 With regard to the Indian towns at the mouth of the Big Beaver, see Weiser's *Journal*, vol. i of this series, p. 26, note 22.

The present town of Beaver was laid out in 1792, and eight years later made the county town for the newly-erected Beaver County. Fort McIntosh was a Revolutionary post erected (1778) by General Lachlin McIntosh, who had been chosen to succeed General Hand at Fort Pitt. It was the first military post in the Indian territory beyond the Allegheny and Ohio rivers. An important Indian treaty was held at this place in 1784; but four years later the fort was demolished, the erection of lower posts on the Ohio having rendered it superfluous.— Ed.

On entering Beaver, we refreshed ourselves with six cents worth of whiskey and water at general Lacock's tavern. He is one of the representatives in the assembly of the state, and has both considerable influence and abilities. I had heard him in the house of representatives when I was at Lancaster in the winter, and was much entertained by the wit and humour he displayed in the course of a debate on fixing a permanent seat of government.<sup>57</sup> We had not L. of C.



57 The career of General Abner Lacock is illustrative of the ability and force of character that rendered so many pioneers eminent. Of Virginia birth, he had but slight education, migrating to Washington County, Pennsylvania, at an early age. When the town of Beaver was erected he bought some of the first lots, and served as justice of the peace as well as tavern-keeper. His entry into general politics was signalized (1801) by election to the Pennsylvania assembly, and in 1808 he was chosen state senator. National affairs claimed him when elected United States Senator (1813), in which position he championed internal improvements and popular education. Having incurred the resentment of Jackson by his services on the committee to investigate the Seminole War, his retirement ensued; whereupon he returned to Beaver, whose citizen he remained until his death in 1837.—Ed.

100 the pleasure of seeing the general now, and proceeded from his house to Mr. Wilson's, one of the best in the place, conformably to a promise I had given him in Pittsburgh. Mrs. Wilson, a very pretty woman, told us that her husband was absent in Philadelphia:—We left our names, walked across the street to Hemphill's tavern, got some information respecting the country; and then returned to our boat, meeting on our way the constable crying at publick sale, a poor horse attached for debt, for which the last bid was thirteen dollars twenty-five cents. It is seven years since Beaver was laid out for a town.

### **[83] CHAPTER X**

Thunder storm—Hospitable reception at Potts's—Georgetown—Little Beaver creek—State division line—Faucetstown—Croxtown's—Squire Brown's.

A Ferry two miles below Beaver is a handsome situation, beyond which the banks are high on both sides, and the river does not exceed one hundred and fifty yards wide.

About half past seven, it began to rain with heavy thunder and sharp lightning. We huddled into the stern under the awning, and I sculled with one oar to keep the boat in the channel, in hopes of getting to Georgetown; but the storm increasing, we judged it more prudent

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to stop at nine o'clock where we saw a light on the left bank. We were received very hospitably in their small log house by Mr. and Mrs. Potts.<sup>58</sup> Our landlady gave us bread and milk, which after changing our wet clothes, we supped on sumptuously. We then made some milk punch, which our landlord partook of with us with great gout, entertaining us with some good

<sup>58</sup> The creek at this place is still known as Potts Run.— Ed.

101 songs, and long stories about his travels. Time thus passed away while the storm pelted without, and it was not until eleven o'clock that we stretched ourselves on the floor, with our feet to the fire, and enjoyed a good nap, resisting the kind importunities of the Potts's to take their own bed, their other one being filled with their five children. And here I must remark that throughout this whole country, wherever you see a cabin, you see a swarm of children.

At six o'clock on Sunday morning the 19th July, we left Potts's, after having recompensed them for their hospitality. This was ten miles below Beaver, and two and a half above Georgetown. There are three small islands in that distance called First, Second, and Grape island.

[84] I landed at Georgetown on the left, which contains about thirty houses in a fine situation, on a narrow plain extending from the high river bank, to the hills which surround it like an amphitheatre. Though it is a post town, and a considerable thoroughfare of travellers, it is nevertheless on the decline, there being only twenty-five houses inhabited.<sup>59</sup> A shower coming on, I took shelter in the house of a very communicative elderly man, whose wife was young and very handsome, though an half blood Indian.

<sup>59</sup> Georgetown was founded in 1793 by Benoni Dawson of Maryland, who named it in honor of the city of that name, now in the District of Columbia. It is "a prosperous-looking, sedate town, with tidy lawns running down to the edge of the terrace." See Thwaites, *On the Storied Ohio* (Chicago, 1903).— Ed.

Little Beaver creek<sup>60</sup> nearly opposite to Georgetown, is a

<sup>60</sup> This is a valuable stream for water works, though wildly and romantically hemmed in by vast hills on both sides. There are two grist mills, a saw mill, and a large paper mill, all within two miles of its mouth; the latter has been lately erected, and is owned by Jacob Bowman of Brownsville, John Bever of Georgetown, and John Coulter, who resides at the mill. Over this creek, about a mile from its mouth, a new toll bridge was erected in the summer and fall of 1809, on the road leading from Washington county to New Lisbon, Canton, Worster, &c. state of Ohio. About a mile above Little Beaver, in the bed of the Ohio, and near the north western side, a substance bubbles up, and may be collected at particular times on the surface of the water, similar to *Seneca oil*. When the water is not too high, it can be strongly smelt while crossing the river at Georgetown: It is presumed to rise from or through a bed of mineral coal embowelled under the bed of the river. The virtues of the Seneca oil are similar to those of the *British oil*, and supposed to be equally valuable in the cures of rheumattick pains, &c.—Large quantities of the Seneca oil is collected on Oil creek, a branch of the Allegheny river, and sold at from one dollar and a half to two dollars per gallon. The mode of collecting it is this; the place where it is found bubbling up in the creek is surrounded by a wall or dam to a narrow compass, a man then takes a blanket, flannel, or other woollen cloth, to which the oil adheres, and spreading it over the surface of the enclosed pond, presses it down a little, then draws it up, and running the cloth through his hands, squeezes out the oil into a vessel prepared for the purpose; thus twenty or thirty gallons of pure oil can be obtained in two or three days by one man.—Cramer.

<sup>102</sup> handsome little river, about thirty yards wide; half a mile below which, we saw the division line between Pennsylvania and Virginia on the left, [85] and between the former and Ohio on the right, which were cleared of wood forty feet wide in their whole length some years ago; a new growth of trees, bids fair to obliterate very shortly these temporary boundaries.<sup>61</sup>

61 The boundary is now marked by a stone monument. On the historic controversy concerning this boundary, see Michaux's *Travels*, vol. iii of this series, p. 170, note 31.—Ed.

Near this on the left bank opposite a small island, is a curious stratum of slate, covering a substratum of coal, which also shews itself.

A mile below this is Custard's island, a mile long, opposite the lower end of which on the left, is the very pleasantly situated house and farm of Mr. Stewart, in passing which we were asked by some people at the landing, if we had seen a man polling up a skiff yesterday on his way to Pittsburgh, and they pointed out his house on the opposite bank, which he had left yesterday; which was matter of astonishment to us, how the man we hailed in this skiff above Beaver, could have surmounted so many ripples and rapids in so short a time; it evinced uncommon strength, activity, and perseverance.

103

A mile and a half below Stewart's, we passed Faucetstown, a hamlet of five or six houses and a ferry, from whence is a road thirty miles to Warren in Ohio. Here I observed some seines for fishing, made by fastening bushes together with the tough and flexible stalks of the wild grape, with which this whole western country abounds.

Two miles below Faucetstown, on the right, is a remarkable rocky cliff, three hundred feet perpendicular, from which to Baker's island of a mile in length, is two miles, and from thence about a mile further, we passed on the right, Yellow creek,<sup>62</sup> a handsome little river thirty yards wide, with Mr. Pettyford's good stone house well situated on its left bank.<sup>63</sup>

62 A few miles up this creek are several valuable salt springs; at two of which quantities of excellent salt is made.—Cramer.

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63 For the historic incidents connected with Yellow Creek and Baker's bottom, see Croghan's *Journal*, vol. i of this series, p. 127, note 93, and Thwaites, *On the Stored Ohio*.— Ed.

[86] From Yellow creek the appearance of the soil and country is better than above it, and the river is very beautiful, being in general about a quarter of a mile wide, interspersed with several islands, which add much to its beauty; some being partly cultivated and partly in wood, some wholly in wood, and some covered with low aquatick shrubs and bushes; and all fringed with low willows, whose yellowish green foliage, contrasted with the rich and variegated verdure of the gigantick forest trees, the fields of wheat and Indian corn, and the dwarf alders, other shrubbery and reeds of the inundated islands, which they surround, mark their bounds as on a coloured map. First Neasley's cluster of small islands, two miles below Yellow creek; then Black's island a mile and a half long, two miles below them, and lastly, Little island close to the west end of Black's, joined 104 by a sand bar to the right shore, where Jacob Neasley has a good two story wooden house, with a piazza.<sup>64</sup>

64 This group of islands is still known as Kneistly's Cluster. See Thwaites, *On the Storied Ohio*.

Jacob Kneistly (or Nessly) was of Swiss origin and emigrated to this region from Pennsylvania about 1785.— Ed.

Four miles further we stopped at Wm. Croxton's tavern, the sign of the Black Horse, on the Virginia side, and got a bowl of excellent cider-oil. This is stronger than Madeira and is obtained from the cider by suffering it to freeze in the cask during the winter, and then drawing off and barrelling up the spirituous part which remains liquid, while the aqueous is quickly congealed by the frost. Croxton and his wife had a youthful appearance, notwithstanding they had eight children, seven of whom were living.

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He was born in this neighbourhood, lived here during the last Indian war, and cultivated a bottom opposite, through which flows a rivulet called Croxton's run, which turns a grist and saw mill.<sup>65</sup> On the United States appropriating the N. W. territory, now the state of Ohio, he lost all that property by its being purchased by others, before he became informed of the necessity of his securing his tenure by obtaining a grant from the government. He complained [87] of a toothache, from the torture of which I relieved him, by burning the nerve with a hot knitting needle, which however did not prevent him from charging us for our cider.

<sup>65</sup> Croxton's Run was the scene of one of the last Indian fights in this vicinity (1787). Fourteen hunters were attacked here by a party of wandering Shawnees, and four of the whites killed.— Ed.

On the opposite bank a mile below Croxton's, a Mr. White of Middleton in Virginia, is building a fine house of hewn stone; and a mile further on the same side, we admired the romantick situation of a farm house, with a garden tastily filled with a profusion of flowers; opposite to which on the Virginia side, is a remarkable cliff near the top of the high 105 river hill, occasioned by a large piece of the hill having broken off and fallen down.

Four miles below Croxton's we passed Brown's island, containing three hundred and fifty acres of first rate land, on the right, and opposite the lower end of it on the left we stopped for the night at Brown's, who is a magistrate, and has a noble farm and a house very pleasantly situated on a high bank, with a steep slope to the river.

We found the squire weighing sugar, which he had sold to Mr. Sumrall of Pittsburgh, who owns some regular freighting keel boats, who with one of them was now on his return from Cumberland river, and had also stopped here for the night.

The negroes, cattle, offices, and the appearance of every thing here, indicated the greatest abundance of the produce of this plentiful country. Neither the old squire nor his wife, ever

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knew confinement by accident or bad health, until about two months ago, when by a fall from her horse, she dislocated her hip, and broke one of her knees. Her son restored the limbs to their places, and she employed no surgeon, but is curing herself gradually, though slowly, by an embrocation of camphorated spirit.

After supping with the old gentleman, near his old wife's bed side, on apple pye, bread, butter and milk, he kissed her, and then shewed us to a room [88] with four beds in it, one of which he occupied himself, and gave us possession of another, which we were not allowed to possess in peace, as its indigenous inhabitants, indignant at our intrusion, assailed us all night with such fury, as to drive us from their quarters at the first dawn of day. The old man had entertained us until a late hour, by narrating to us his situation, and that of his family. His children have all good farms, and he intends making no will, that they may inherit equally, (according to the very equitable law of this country 106 respecting intestate inheritance) whatever he may die possessed of, which he gave us to understand was very considerable.—One daughter is married to a Mr. Madan, an Irishman, to whom he gave a farm with her, which Madan sold for a thousand dollars five years ago, and removed to St. Genevieve on the Mississippi, where he is now a land surveyor with an income of two thousand dollars per annum. Two years ago, squire Brown, notwithstanding his age, about seventy, paid his daughter a visit, a distance of a thousand miles.

Though he does not keep a tavern, he knows how to charge as if he did, we having to pay him half a dollar for our plain supper, plainer bed, and two quarts of milk we took with us next morning; which was very high in a country where cash is very scarce, and every thing else very abundant.

### [89] CHAPTER XI

Remarkable bend in the river—Steubenville—Ornamented seats and farms—Charlestown—Bakewell's, and other manufacturies—A versatile professional character—Buffalo creek.

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At 6 o'clock on Monday, 20th July, we proceeded on our voyage, and three miles below Brown's passed a point or rather a peninsula on the left, formed by a remarkable turn in the river, which takes a direction due east for two miles; its general course from Big Beaver to Baker's island having been west, and from thence south. On the peninsula is a well cleared and beautifully situated farm, and there is a remarkable heap of loose rocks on the opposite shore, where a small creek falls into the Ohio, with a neat stone cottage at its mouth. At the end of the easterly reach is a good two story stone house of a Mr. Kelly, just under a hill on the Ohio side, with a fine bottom opposite.

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At a little before eight o'clock we stopped at Steubenville, the capital of Jefferson county in Ohio, seven miles from Brown's. This town has been settled about eight years, chiefly by emigrants from the state of Jersey. It contains one hundred and sixty houses, including a new gaol of hewn stone, a court house of square logs (which it is said is to be soon replaced by a new one<sup>66</sup> of better materials), and a brick presbyterian church. There are four or five different sects of christians in this town, but no established minister, except a Mr. Snodgrass to the presbyterians, and a Mr. Doddridge, who comes from [90] Charlestown in Virginia, every other Sunday, to officiate to the episcopalians in the court house, which is occasionally used for the same purpose by the other sects.

<sup>66</sup> A handsome brick court house has since been erected, and the inside work nearly completed. An original bank was established at Steubenville in 1809, by a law of the state, with a capital of 100,000 dollars, with power to increase it to 500,000 dollars. Bazaleel Wells president, W. R. Dickinson, cashier.— Cramer.

There is a land office here for the sale of the publick lands, from which large sums in Spanish dollars are sent annually to the treasury of the United States in Washington. Perhaps this is one cause of the town having increased so rapidly. Another may be its very handsome situation. The first street, which is parallel to the river, is on a narrow flat, sufficiently raised above the river floods; while the rest of the town is about twenty feet



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perpendicular above it, on an extensive plain, rising gradually with a gentle slope to the foot of the hills which surround it in a semicircle like an amphitheatre, about a mile distant. On one of those a Mr. Smith has a house and farm which seems to impend over the south end of the town, from an elevation of four hundred feet perpendicular from the bed of the river. Mr. Bazil. Wells, who is joint proprietor of the soil with Mr. James Ross of Pittsburgh, has a handsome house and finely 108 improved garden and farm on the bank of the Ohio, a quarter of a mile below the town.<sup>67</sup>

<sup>67</sup> Steubenville was founded (1797) upon the site of Fort Steuben, one of the earliest blockhouses built in Ohio by the Federal government (1786–87).

Bezaleel Wells was the son of Alexander Wells, a well-known West Virginia pioneer who founded the town of Wellsburg, dying there in 1813. The son was considered the best surveyor in the region, and laid out and speculated in town lots at Canton, Ohio, as well as at Steubenville.— Ed.

We remained about an hour in Steubenville, (which is named in honour of the late major general baron Steuben, the founder of the present American military tacticks): We then pursued our course down the river, passing at half a mile a point on the left, where is a tavern with a fine extensive bottom behind it; and four and a half miles further, we left Mingo bottom island (very small) on the left; half a mile below which on the right is Mr. Potter's handsome square roofed house, and a quarter of a mile lower down is Mr. Pratt's neat frame cottage, ornamented like Potter's with weeping willows and Lombardy poplars. A mile and a quarter from hence we passed two small creeks called Cross creeks, one on [91] each hand, and a mile and a half below them, on turning a point on the left, we saw Charlestown, half a league before us, on the Virginia side, making a handsome appearance, with the white spire of the court house, and several good looking private houses, which are distinctly seen from the river, on account of the situation being on a lower bank than that of Steubenville.

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At eleven we landed in Charlestown,<sup>68</sup> went to the inn where the mail stage between Pittsburgh and Wheeling stops, and ordered dinner, during the preparation of which, we amused ourselves with walking through the town. It was laid out about fourteen years ago, and now contains

<sup>68</sup> The present town of Wellsburg, West Virginia, was first laid out (1791) under the name of Charlestown, in honor of Charles Prather, its earliest proprietor. In 1816 its name was changed by action of the legislature.— Ed.

<sup>109</sup> about eighty houses of various materials—brick, stone and wood, principally in one street parallel to the Ohio. In the middle is a convenient little court house of stone, with a small, light cupola spire. The gaol is behind it, and in front is the pillory,<sup>69</sup> on a plan differing from any I ever saw elsewhere: A large, round wooden cover, like an immense umbrella, serving as a shade for the criminal in the stocks, or for a platform for one in the pillory to stand on, or for a shelter from sun or rain to the inhabitants who meet on business in front of the court house, the place generally used as a sort of exchange in the small towns in this country. A Col. Connel, who is a farmer, and clerk of the county courts of Brooke county, has a very large but unfinished house of hewn stone near the court house. The academy is a good brick building on the ascent of the hill behind the town, and was a good school until broken up by some political division among the inhabitants, which induced Mr. Johnston, the last master, to remove to Beaver [92] in Pennsylvania, where he now keeps the county clerk's office.<sup>70</sup>

<sup>69</sup> The pillory punishment, a few years ago, prevailed throughout several of the states, but has been wisely abolished by all but Virginia.— Cramer.

<sup>70</sup> Mr. David Johnston was removed from his office in Beaver county after the election of Mr. Snyder as governor. Before he went to Charlestown he taught in the Canonsburgh college, and was elected in that county, Washington, to a seat in the Pennsylvania legislature. He now teaches a private school in Brownsville.— Cramer.

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Mr. Bakewell from England, who has been established here about two years, politely shewed us his manufactory of pottery and queensware. He told us that the business would answer very well, could workmen be got to be depended upon; but that those he has hitherto employed, have always quit his service before the term of the expiration of their contracts, notwithstanding any law to the contrary; and 110 two of them have actually set up small manufacturies in Charlestown, one of queensware in opposition to him, and the other of tobacco pipes. Bakewell's ware is very good, but not so fine, nor so well glazed as that manufactured in England, owing probably to the difference of materials, as the process is the same.

Mr. Doddridge who officiates alternately here and at Steubenville, to the episcopal congregations, first practised law, then physick, and now adds the trade of a tanner to the profession of divinity.<sup>71</sup>

<sup>71</sup> Cuming here refers to Rev. Dr. Joseph Doddridge, whose *Notes on the Settlement Indian Wars of the Western Parts of Virginia and Pennsylvania* (Wellsburgh, 1824; second edition, Albany, 1876) is a mine of antiquarian lore. Doddridge, the son of a well-known pioneer, was born (1769) in Bedford County, Pennsylvania; but at an early age his father removed to Washington County and the family experienced backwoods life. Young Doddridge was first a Methodist itinerant, but later ordained in the Protestant Episcopal church. He also studied medicine under Dr. Rush in Philadelphia, and settled at Wellsburg, where he was a useful and influential citizen. His brother Philip was a well-known Virginia lawyer and statesman. See *West Virginia Historical Magazine*, January, 1902, on the Doddridges.— Ed.

The wells here are dug forty to fifty feet deep before water is come at, but that inconvenience might be easily remedied by conveying water to the town in pipes from the surrounding hills, which will doubtless be the case, should it ever become a manufacturing

town; which a few more inhabitants of equal spirit and enterprize with Bakewell would soon effect.

Buffalo creek falls into the Ohio at the south end of the town, after a course of forty or fifty miles through Washington county in Pennsylvania, and [93] the narrow tongue of Virginia in which Charlestown is situated. It had a wooden bridge about forty yards in length across the mouth of it, on the post road to Wheeling, which was carried away last spring by a flood.<sup>72</sup>

<sup>72</sup> This bridge has since been rebuilt.— Cramer.

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## CHAPTER XII

New town and settlement of Warren—Roland's ferry—Comfortable situation, the effect of industry—Wheeling—Walk by moon-light—New state road—Wheeling island—Canton.

We proceeded after dinner from Charlestown, three and a half miles to a ferry, and two miles further, we passed a point and a tavern on the right, a mile and a half below which on the same hand, is the straggling town and fine settlement of Warren, laid out by Mr. Kimberly, the proprietor, five years ago, but it is only within two years that it has began to assume the appearance of a town. It contains thirty-eight dwelling houses, charmingly situated on an extensive bottom, the largest I had noticed since leaving Pittsburgh, with Indian Short creek emptying into the Ohio at its southern extremity.

Three miles lower, we passed Pike island, which is about three quarters of a mile long, and seems capable of cultivation, though perhaps rather low. Opposite to it is the boundary line between Jefferson and Belmont counties in Ohio.

Two miles further, at six o'clock we landed at Roland's ferry, on the left, and found Roland and his son employed building a boat on the bank. He had removed from Pittsburgh last

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April, and now rents [94] a small farm from Mr. Woods, the county surveyor, who has a handsome house in sight, a little remote from the river where he resides, another on the bank a little lower down, and a cottage amongst the woods on the highest neighbouring hill, intended for a banqueting house during summer, and commanding an extensive prospect. At Roland's invitation, we walked to his cottage a little distant from the river bank. His wife and a 112 very fine girl his eldest daughter were spinning cotton, while a younger one was attending the ferry, who though a delicate and pretty girl, paddled the skiff backwards and forwards as well as a man could do. He has been very industrious, as besides having built several skiffs since his removal, he had planted and cultivated twelve acres of the finest corn I ever saw, some of it now twelve feet high, just beginning to ear. He had also a large garden well stocked with useful roots and vegetables.

At seven we left Roland's, and three miles and a half below, passed between the north end of Wheeling island on the right, and the principal part of the town of Wheeling on the left,<sup>73</sup> which is situated on so high a cliff, with the avenues from the river so steep, that on account of the apparent difficulty of getting our baggage carried up, we preferred going on to where the cliff was considerably lower, landing just under Sprigg's tavern near the ship-yards, a little above the confluence of Wheeling creek with the Ohio.

<sup>73</sup> On the early history of Wheeling and its importance as a terminus for overland travel from Redstone and Fort Pitt, see Michaux's *Travels*, vol. iii of this series, p. 33, note 15; also Thwaites, *On the Storied Ohio*.— Ed.

This being a great thoroughfare, on account of its situation where the great post roads from Philadelphia, Baltimore, and the northern part of Virginia unite, and cross the river, on the route through the states of Ohio and Kentucky, to Tennessee and New Orleans, we found several travellers of various descriptions in the house, and after partaking with them of a good supper, we went out to saunter until bed time through the town, into which we had to [95] ascend a steep but short hill. It appeared very lively, the inhabitants being about their doors, or in the street, enjoying the fresh air of a clear moonlight evening,

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while two flutes were playing *en duo* the simple but musical Scots ballad of Roy's wife of Aldwalloch, the prime part very tastily executed. 113 Yet notwithstanding appearances, our impression of the town was not the most favourable, nor after tolerable beds and a good breakfast next morning, had we reason to alter our opinion when we examined it by day light.

It contains one hundred and twenty houses of all descriptions from middling downwards, in a street about half a mile long, parallel to the river, on a bank of about one hundred feet perpendicular, which the face of the cliff almost literally is, of course the avenues to the landings are very steep and inconvenient. The court-house of stone with a small belfry, has nothing in beauty to boast of. The gaol joins it in the rear.

It is probable that Mr. Zanes, the original proprietor, now regrets that he had not placed the town on the flat below, at the conflux of the Wheeling and Ohio, where Spriggs's inn and the ship-yards now are, instead of cultivating it as a farm until lately, when a resolve of congress to open a new publick state road from the metropolis through the western country, which will come to the Ohio near the mouth of Wheeling creek, induced him to lay it out in town lots, but I fear he is too late to see it become a considerable town to the prejudice of the old one, notwithstanding its more advantageous situation.—The present town does not seem to thrive, if one may judge by the state of new buildings, two only of which I saw going forward in it. The stores also appeared rather thinly stocked with goods, and the retail prices are high. When the new road is finished, it will doubtless be of great use to Wheeling, as it will be a more direct route to the western states, [96] than any of the others hitherto used, and besides there are no material impediments to the navigation of the Ohio with the usual craft, below that town in the driest seasons, when the river is at the lowest.

The surrounding country in sight is hilly and broken, 114 but I am informed that it is very rich and plentiful at a short distance from the river.

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Wheeling island in front of the town, is about a mile long, and half a mile wide in its broadest part. It is very fertile, and is all cultivated as a farm by Mr. Zanes. The post and stage road to Chillicothe in Ohio, goes across it, which occasions two ferries, an inconvenience which will be remedied by the new state road crossing by one ferry below the island.

Indian Wheeling creek, a fine mill stream joins the Ohio from the N. W. opposite the middle of the island, and Mr. Zanes has lately laid out a new town there named Canton, which has now thirteen houses, but from its proximity to Wheeling, it never can become considerable.<sup>74</sup>

<sup>74</sup> The use of the terms Indian Wheeling Creek, Indian Kentucky, etc. for streams flowing into the Ohio from its northern and western side is a reminiscence of the days when the Ohio was a boundary between the white settlements and Indian territory. The Indian title to these lands was not extinguished, and the danger of attack from this side of the river was not removed until after the Treaty of Greenville (1795).

The town laid out opposite Wheeling was not the nucleus of the well-known Canton (Stark County), Ohio; but a place that perished, according to Cuming's prediction.— Ed.

### CHAPTER XIII

Little Grave creek—Remarkable Indian monument—Floating store—Big Grave creek—Captina island and creek—Baker's station—Cressop's—Fish creek—Biddle's—John Well's—A rustick chorister—Uncommon fly.

On the 21st July at eight A. M. we left Wheeling, observing nothing very interesting, until we reached Little Grave creek, eleven miles below at [97] half past eleven o'clock. The creek, which is very small, puts in from the Virginia side, and there is a ferry house at the mouth of it, where we landed, and had a pleasant walk on a very good wagon road of half a mile to Tomlinson's, the proprietor 115 of the surrounding soil. He has been settled here

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thirty years, but always fortified until the conclusion of the Indian war by General Wayne. He then attempted to establish a town on the opposite side of the creek from his house; but it remains without augmentation, with only eleven cottages and cabins. The neighbouring country however is improving, though slowly. Mr. Tomlinson has a very good two story brick house, almost finished, fine apple and peach orchards, and a good farm.<sup>75</sup>

<sup>75</sup> For a sketch of Joseph Tomlinson, a well-known pioneer, see Harris's *Journal*, vol. iii of this series, p. 360, note 40. The expression "forted" means that he lived within a stockade stronghold until the close of the Indian wars.— Ed.

Mrs. Tomlinson obligingly permitted one of her sons to guide us to what is called the Indian grave, which is a short quarter of a mile to the southward of the house. It is a circular mound, like the frustum of a cone, about one hundred and eighty yards in circumference round the base, sixty round the flat on the top, and about seventy feet perpendicular height. In the centre of the flat top is a shallow hollow, like the filled up crater of an old volcano, which hollow or settle is said to have been formed within the memory of the first neighbouring settlers, and is supposed by them to be occasioned by the settling of the earth on the decayed bodies.

The whole mount appears to be formed of clay, and from its regularity, is evidently a work of art, though I am not of opinion that it has been a general or publick cemetery, but either a mausoleum raised over, and in memory of some great Indian chief, a temple for religious worship, or the scite of a fortification, or citadel to serve as a place of retreat from a superior foe. About three years ago, the neighbours perforated the north side, at about half the elevation, digging in horizontally about twelve feet, without any [98] other satisfaction to their curiosity, than the finding of part of a human jaw bone, the bone rough and honeycombed, but 116 the teeth entire, and the surrounding clay of a white chalky consistence.



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There are four or five small mounds all within a few hundred yards of the great one, each about thirty feet diameter, much lower in proportion than it, all rounded over the tops, and like the great one, shewing their antiquity by the size of the trees, plants, and shrubs which cover them, and having more than it the appearance of tumuli.

The bark of the trees which crown this remarkable monument, is covered by the initials of visitors cut into it, wherever they could reach—the number of which, considering the remote situation, is truly astonishing.<sup>76</sup>

<sup>76</sup> On the subject of Indian mounds, see for recent scientific conclusions, Lucien Carr, "Mound Builders," in Smithsonian Institution *Report*, 1891 (Washington, 1893), pp. 503–599; also American Bureau of Ethnology *12th Annual Report* (Washington, 1894).— Ed.

On returning to our boat we found a floating store at the landing. It was a large square flat, roofed and fitted with shelves and counter, and containing a various assortment of merchandize, among which were several copper stills, of which much use is now made throughout the whole western country for distilling peach and apple brandy, and rye whiskey.—The store had two owners, who acted both as boatmen and merchants, and who freely invited us to partake of a dram with them. They had loaded their flat at Wheeling, and were dropping down the river, stopping occasionally wherever they could find a market for their goods.

At about one o'clock we proceeded on our voyage, passing on the right Mr. Dilly's large frame house and fine farm, round which the river takes a great bend to the westward.<sup>77</sup>

<sup>77</sup> Dillon's Bottom is nearly opposite Moundsville. Just beyond, at the bend which Cuming mentions, was situated Round Bottom, which Colonel Crawford surveyed for Washington, in 1771. Cresap made a tomahawk claim to the same land, and there was a long litigation over the matter, which was not finally adjusted until 1839, when the suit was decided in

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favor of Washington's claim. See Washington's *Works* (Ford ed., New York, 1889), iii; pp. 392, 408.— Ed.

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About five miles and a half below Little Grave creek, after passing Big Grave creek,<sup>78</sup> (which is as [99] inconsiderable as its namesake notwithstanding its distinguishing adjective) and Captina island (very small) and after having stopped for a few minutes at one Baker's, who answered our questions with savage moroseness, we passed Captina creek on the right, emptying into the Ohio through an extensive bottom, with three mills and several settlements on it.

<sup>78</sup> On Big Grave Creek occurred the ambushade (September 27, 1777) in which Captain William Foreman and twenty Virginia militiamen were slain on their way to the relief of Fort Wheeling.— Ed.

A mile lower, on the left is Baker's station, which has the appearance of an old settlement.<sup>79</sup>

<sup>79</sup> The family of Bakers here mentioned is not to be confused with that of Joshua Baker, at whose settlement opposite Yellow Creek occurred the massacre of Logan's family. John Baker was a Prussian who emigrated to America in 1755, removed to the Shenandoah Valley, later to Dunkard's Creek, and (1781) to Washington County, Pennsylvania. While there he learned of a projected Indian attack on the fort at Wheeling, and sent his son Henry, a youth of eighteen, to deliver the warning. Henry was captured by the Indians, carried to the Sandusky towns, and only saved at the intercession of Simon Girty. Upon his release three years later, he found that his father had again removed, and fortified Baker's Station near Captina Creek. At the close of the Indian wars, Henry Baker married, and moving up the river purchased a farm including Captina Island, where Cuming found him.— Ed.

About three miles below Captina creek we stopped on the left at Mr. Cressop's fine farm. He was on the plantation overseeing his labourers, but Mrs. Cressop received us politely. She is young and very handsome, and her employments of rocking her infant in its cradle while she exercised her needle, did not diminish any thing of her beauty or respectability. She is sister in law to Mr. Luther Martin, a celebrated lawyer of Baltimore.<sup>80</sup>

<sup>80</sup> Mrs. Cresap was a Miss Ogle, whom Michael Cresap had married a few years previous. Michael Cresap, jr., was but an infant when his father, Captain Michael Cresap, died. The latter is well-known in border annals. As early as 1771 he had begun sending out squatters from his home in Oldtown, Maryland, to take up Ohio lands; but he himself did not settle in this vicinity until the spring of 1774, when he immediately became involved in the troubles leading to Lord Dunmore's War. He was commissioned captain of the local militia (June 10, 1774), and joined McDonald's expedition to the Muskingum towns. The following year Cresap was again in Maryland, and raised a company for the Continental army, dying in New York on his way to join Washington at Cambridge. Of his children the eldest daughter married Luther Martin, the well-known Maryland statesman and jurist. The youngest son, Michael, settled on his father's Ohio lands, and became a wealthy and respected citizen.— Ed.

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Mr. Cressop owns a thousand acres of land here in one body, most of it first rate bottom, his cottage is well furnished, and he has a neat and good garden.

A little lower we passed Woods's fine island, about a mile long, and stopped just beyond it at Biddle's tavern on the left, at the conflux of Fish creek<sup>81</sup> and the Ohio, a mile and a half below Cressop's. Biddle keeps a ferry over Fish creek, which is a fine deep stream, fifty yards wide, running thirty miles through the country, but having no mills on it yet.

<sup>81</sup> For the incidents connected with the early history of Fish Creek, see Harris's *Journal*, vol. iii of this series, p. 350, note 37.— Ed.

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Mr. and Mrs. Biddle are kind and hospitable, decent in their manners, and reasonable in their charges. He is a tenant of Mr. Robert Woods, whose house and extensive improvements we had passed at Roland's ferry near Wheeling.

Biddle pays a rent of one hundred dollars per annum, for which he has a right to cultivate and build wherever he pleases on Woods's land, Mr. Woods paying him per valuation for the buildings. The house he now resides in cost him six hundred dollars, [100] which he has been repaid. He has cleared and cultivated the land for some distance round the house, and he has ten acres in corn on the island, which contains fifty acres of the first quality of soil above the highest flood marks, the rest being liable to inundation.

At nine o'clock, we landed on the left at John Wells's, seven miles from Biddle's. It was a fine night. Eight or 119 nine young men who had been reaping for Wells during the day, were stretched out at their ease on the ground, round the door of the cabin, listening to the vocal performance of one of their comrades, who well merited their attention, from the goodness of his voice, his taste, execution, variety and humour. We enjoyed a rural supper, while listening to the rustick chorister, then resisting our friendly host's invitation to accept of a bed, and provided with a light and some milk for next morning's breakfast, we retired to our skiff, threw out a night line to fish, and endeavoured to compose ourselves to sleep under our awning. We were much disturbed throughout the night by gnats and mosquitoes, attracted probably by our light, before extinguishing of which, we killed a winged animal of the fly kind, the largest of the species I had ever seen. It was about three inches long, with four gauzy wings, and a most formidable display of forceps on each side the mouth, like those of a scorpion, for which reason it might be named not improperly a winged scorpion, though it is probably not venomous like it.

Wells and his wife are a young couple who removed last spring to this place, from his father's, an opulent farmer, eighteen miles lower down the river. They are kind and obliging, and better informed than one might expect, from their limited opportunities of acquiring knowledge in so remote a situation. Mrs. Wells, though a delicately formed

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woman, and with [101] twin boys only six weeks old, both of whom she nurses, seemed neither to have, nor to require any assistance in her domestick employments, yet both plenty and order were observable throughout her cabin. Though we were much incommoded here by musquitoes, yet I must observe, that comparatively with the country to the eastward of the Allegheny mountains, particularly near the sea coast, in the vicinity of salt marshes, we found 120 very few of those troublesome insects, in our descent of the Ohio, and though we occasionally heard the unwelcome hum of a few solitary ones, we never once saw or heard a swarm of them: we were however sometimes at night, when sleeping in our skiff, infested by gnats or sand flies, but not in such numbers as we might have expected on a river in the warmest season of the year.

### CHAPTER XIV

Fishing creek—Apathy of relatives for a dying man—Long reach—Charles Wells's—Remarkable petrification—Squire Green's—Little Muskingum river—Marietta—Muskingum river—Ingenuous mode of ferrying—Vestiges of Indian fortification.

At half past four on Wednesday 22d July, we loosed from the bank, and drifted down the stream: The banks on both sides low, and the bottoms very extensive.

At eight we were abreast of Fishing creek on the left seven miles below Wells's. It is about the size of Fish creek, and has a saw mill on it, and at its mouth, one Morgan has a farm beautifully situated.

[102] At half past eight we overtook Frazey's boat which we had passed on the 18th, and which had floated past us during the night. The sick man had had fits yesterday, yet neither his wife, his son, nor his brother seemed much affected with his situation, but spoke of it very carelessly, though they did not expect him to live twenty-four hours longer. He had been some years in a declining state, and perhaps they thought that his death would be convenient both to them and to himself.

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Three miles and a half below Fishing creek, we left Peyton's island on the left. It is about a mile and a half long, and is cultivated and inhabited.—From hence, the Long reach in its whole length of eighteen miles, the islands 121 on the left, the projecting points on the right, and the forest covered and unequal hills on each side, form a most beautiful coup d'œil.

Four miles and a half lower, we had passed Williamson's island, which is above two miles long, and we stopped just below it on the left bank, at Charles Wells's, the sign of the buck. He is father to John Wells, at whose house we had supped last night: He has a fine farm, good buildings and a large tract of land which he bought from a Mr. Caldwell two or three years ago. We here got a good dinner, the charge was reasonable, and the family obliging.

Mr. Wells shewed us a remarkable petrification of part of a beech tree, found about twenty miles from his house, at the other side of the river in the state of Ohio, in a northerly direction. The tree was found torn up by the root, which with part of the trunk, was covered by a pool of stagnate water, and completely petrified, while the part of the trunk and the limbs which were out of the water, were still in their original state of wood, but dry, and partly rotten. We wished to purchase this petrification from Mr. Wells, but he was too much of a naturalist himself to part [103] with such a curiosity for a sum which would have been a temptation to a person of a different taste.<sup>82</sup>

<sup>82</sup> The following account of uncommon petrification from Georgia and Kentucky, we copy from the New York Medical Repository, vol. ii, page 415

“Two rare extraneous fossils have been discovered, one in Georgia and the other in Kentucky. They have both been presented to Dr Mitchill. The former was brought by general David Meriwether, from a spring not very distant from the high shoals of the river Apalachy. It is rather above the size and thickness of a Spanish dollar, except that it is somewhat gibbous or convex on the upper side. From the centre proceed five bars, of four rays each, in the direction of radial lines, but connected by curves before they reach

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the circumference. On the under side are five grooves or creases, corresponding with the five radial bars above, one crease below to four rays above. At the centre beneath is a considerable concavity, corresponding with the convexity on the outside. There is reason to believe that it is an *echinus*, or *sea-urchin* of which the species are very numerous, some of them nearly flat, and many are found buried in the earth at great distances from the ocean.—From the place where this was found, it was computed there were enough, by estimation, to fill a bushel. And what was very remarkable, they were so, nearly alike that they seemed to have been fashioned in the same mould, and have not been discovered in any other place.

“The latter of these rarities is from Kentucky. One of them had been received several years ago from Dr. S. Brown, of Lexington, now of Orleans; and several others since from Professor Woodhouse. They have a remote resemblance to a small acorn. At the larger end is a small projection resembling a broken footstock. At the smaller extremity are six indentations, or orifices, which may be imagined to be the decayed pistils or stigmata of a former blossom. And on the sides are figured fine sharp-pointed surfaces, having a similitude to the quinquepartite calyx of a plant. It may be doubted whether this is of animal or vegetable origin. It also may be reasonably supposed to be a species of *echinus*.

“Both the specimens are silicious and insoluble in acids.”—Cramer.

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Passing Pursley's, Wilson's and Williamson's islands, none of them exceeding a mile in length, we came to the end of Long reach, eleven miles below Wells's, where in a charming situation on the left, is [104] a fine settlement, commanding a view of the reach and its islands upwards.<sup>83</sup>

<sup>83</sup> This settlement failed to develop into a permanent town, as there is now no important settlement at this point on the West Virginia side of the river.—Ed.

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Little and Rat islands joined by a sand bar, are only half a mile long each, and just below them, and three miles from Long reach, is the beginning of Middle island, which is two miles and a half long, with three families settled on it. Middle island creek, after running some distance from its source in Virginia, turns some mills and falls into the Ohio at the back of the island. We went to the right of those islands, and two miles below Middle island, we landed at squire Green's tavern on the right, and got supper and beds.

The squire who derives his title from being a magistrate, came here from Rhode Island about nine years ago. He has a fine farm, on an extensive bottom, and he has two sons settled about a mile back from the river, where they have a horse-mill and a distillery. Two younger sons and a daughter, a sensible pleasing young woman, live at home with their parents. One of the sons was suffering under a fever and 123 ague, the first time it had been known in the family—a proof of the salubrity of the situation, the bottoms and flats throughout this country being generally subject to this harassing and enfeebling disorder, which however diminishes in proportion as the lands are cleared. I recommended a plentiful use of calomel occasionally, and a strong decoction of Peruvian bark, snake root and ginseng, during all the intermissions.

On Thursday 23d July, we proceeded down the river at five A. M. passing three small islands called the Three Brothers, between a mile and two miles and a half below squire Green's, the two first of which are rather low, but the third is partly cultivated.—The river, its banks and islands are very beautiful hereabouts; the hills having gradually lessened from the south end of the Long reach, there are none but [105] very moderate risings to be seen from the river, at twelve miles below squire Green's, where I observed on the left a saw for ship plank. Two miles further, at half past nine, we passed Little Muskingum river on the right. It is about twenty-five yards wide, and has a handsome Chinese bridge over it. Dewal's island extends from hence two miles and a half to Marietta, where we landed on the right at eleven o'clock.



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This town is finely situated on both banks of the Muskingum, at the confluence of that river with the Ohio. It is principally built on the left bank, where there are ninety-seven houses, including a court-house, a market-house, an academy, and a post-office. There are about thirty houses on the opposite bank, the former scite of Fort Harmar, which was a United States' garrison during the Indian wars, but of which no vestige now remains. Some of the houses are of brick, some of stone, but they are chiefly of wood, many of them large, and having a certain air of taste. There are two rope walks, and there were on the stocks two ships, 124 two brigs, and a schooner. A bank is established here, which began to issue notes on the 20th inst. Its capital is one hundred thousand dollars, in one thousand shares: Mr. Rufus Putnam is the president.<sup>84</sup>

<sup>84</sup> For sketch of Rufus Putnam, see Harris's *Journal*, vol. iii of this series, p. 311, note I.—Ed.

The land on which Marietta is built, was purchased during the Indian war, from the United States, by some New England land speculators, who named themselves the Ohio Company. They chose the land facing the Ohio, with a depth from the river of only from twenty to thirty miles to the northward, thinking the proximity of the river would add to its value, but since the state of Ohio has begun to be generally settled, the rich levels in the interior have been preferred, but not before the company had made large sales, particularly to settlers from New England, notwithstanding the greatest part of the tract [106] was broken and hilly, and the hills mostly poor, compared with those farther to the westward, on both sides of the river.

Marietta is principally inhabited by New Englanders, which accounts for the neat and handsome style of building displayed in it.

The Muskingum is about two hundred yards wide, and has a rapid current of from three to four miles an hour, by which a ferry boat is carried across in something more than a minute, by a very simple but ingenious piece of machinery. A rope of five or six inches

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in circumference is extended across from bank to bank, and hove taught by a windlass: two rollers play on it fixed in a box to each end of which the ends of two smaller ropes are fastened, whose other ends are led to the two extremities of the ferry flat, and taken round winches with iron cranks, on which the rope at the end of the flat which is to be foremost being wound up, presents the side of the flat to the current at an angle of 125 about thirty degrees. It is then pushed off—the current acts upon it, and it arrives at the opposite side in the time above-mentioned.

There is a good road from Marietta, twelve miles up the bank of the Muskingum to Waterford, which is a good settlement with some mills, from whence it is continued northerly, parallel to the general course of the river, to Zanesville,<sup>85</sup> and the interior of the state.

<sup>85</sup> Zanesville on the Muskingum was laid out (1799) by Jonathan Zane (brother of the founder of Wheeling) and John McIntyre. In 1809, the seat of the Ohio government was transferred thither, and Zanesville grew rapidly until the state capitol was removed to Columbus, when it declined slowly, being now a place of little importance.— Ed.

About half a mile from Marietta, on the bank of the Muskingum, are some curious vestiges of Indian fortification. A parallelogram of seven hundred by five hundred yards is surrounded by a raised bank of two or three feet high, and ten or twelve feet broad, with four entrances opposite to each other on the two longest sides, and opposite to the two oblong platforms at diagonal corners of the parallelogram which are raised four or five feet above the surface of the natural plain. A causeway forty yards wide, and from ten to twelve feet high, rounded like a turnpike [107] road, leads from it to the river. Three hundred yards nearer the town is a mount resembling the monument at Grave creek and about half its height and size, surrounded by a ditch four feet deep, through which are two entrances.

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We got a good dinner at Monsall's tavern, where major Joseph Lincoln,<sup>86</sup> to whom I had a letter of introduction, politely called on us, conversed with us, and gave us much information; and regretted that our determination to descend

<sup>86</sup> Major Joseph Lincoln was a Revolutionary soldier of note, who came out with Putnam's first colony to found Marietta. During the Indian wars he lived at Farmer's Castle; but about 1795 engaged in business at Marietta, in which he was quite successful, erecting in 1807 the finest building in the town. His death occurred soon after Cuming's visit.— Ed.

<sup>126</sup> the river directly after dinner prevented his being favoured with our company at his house.

Two block houses still remain in Marietta, out of which it was very unsafe to go singly previous to Wayne's treaty, as the Indians were always lurking about, on the watch to shoot and scalp, when such opportunities were given them, and in which they were frequently but too successful.

### CHAPTER XV

Trade wind—Vienna—Belle-pres—Little Kenhawa river—Browning's tavern—Blennerhassett's island, handsome seat and fine farm.

At half past two we proceeded from Marietta, accompanied by a Mr. Fry, a genteel and well informed young lawyer, from the vicinity of Boston, in search of an establishment in some part of this new country. We had also as a passenger, a countryman, by trade a house carpenter, who resided in Virginia, [108] about fifty miles lower down the river, and was returning home after a trip up and down the Muskingum as one of the crew of a keel boat.

There was a fresh S. W. wind, which is a trade wind on the Ohio every day during summer, generally commencing about eight o'clock in the morning, and ceasing about five in the afternoon, during which a boat with a sail could ascend against the stream, from

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two to five miles an hour, in proportion to the force of the wind; on which account I would recommend it to navigators ascending the Mississippi and the Ohio in the summer season, to be provided with a sail, as it will accelerate their voyage very much, besides saving them a great deal of labour.

It blew so fresh this afternoon, that even with the aid of our passengers, and a strong favourable current, we could scarcely make any progress against the wind, which also occasioned a considerable roughness of the water. By dint however of perseverance we advanced a little, passing, three miles below Marietta, Muskingum island, two miles long, and uncultivated, and a mile beyond that, Second island, a fine little uncultivated island, three quarters of a mile long.

Two miles from hence, we passed on the left, a small settlement of six or eight cabins, called Vienna, which does not appear to be flourishing; and half a mile lower on the right, Coles's tavern, a very good square roofed house; a little beyond which is Third island, a mile long, and the beginning of the fine settlement of Belle-pres on the right, and a mile lower down, Little Kenhawa river on the left.<sup>87</sup> This is a handsome little river, about eighty yards wide, with a placid stream. It has Wood county court house, and a tavern, on the right bank of its embouchure.

<sup>87</sup> The island at the point is still called Cole's, or Vienna, Island. For sketch of the Little Kanawha, see Croghan's *Journals*, vol. i of this series, p. 130, note 98.

Belpré (contraction of Belle Prairie) was the site chosen for the second separate community of the Ohio Company of Associates, being laid out 1789–90. The first town meeting was held in 1802. Belpré's chief title to fame is the fact that there was established (about 1795) the first circulating library in the Northwest Territory. The son of Israel Putnam brought out a portion of his father's library, and formed a stock company in which shares were sold at ten dollars each. The company was dissolved (1815 or 1816),

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and among the stockholders were distributed the books, some of which are still to be found in the neighboring farmhouses.— Ed.

We landed on the right at Browning's tavern,<sup>88</sup> a good house and pleasant situation, almost opposite [109] the Little Kenhawa. Several travellers sat down with us to an excellent supper, amongst whom were a merchant from Lexington, a travelling speculator and well digger from French Grant, and a Mr. Smith from Cincinnati, who was deputed by the marshal of Virginia to collect evidence for the trial of Col. Burr, and his associates at Richmond.

<sup>88</sup> William Browning came to Marietta from Massachusetts in 1789, and shortly after married a daughter of General Rufus Putnam, settling at Belpré, where he died in 1823.— Ed.

Leaving Browning's tavern on Friday, 24th July, at six 128 o'clock, without our passengers, in twenty minutes after, we had advanced a mile and three quarters, and landed on the north side of Blennerhasset's island, a quarter of a mile below the eastern end.

On ascending the bank from the landing, we entered at a handsome double gate, with hewn stone square pilasters, a gravel walk, which led us about a hundred and fifty paces, to Mr. Blennerhasset's house, with a meadow on the left, and a shrubbery on the right, separated from the avenue by a low hedge of privy-sally, through which innumerable columbines, and various other hardy flowers were displaying themselves to the sun, at present almost their only observer.

We were received with politeness by Mrs. Cushing, whose husband, Col. Cushing, has a lease of this extensive and well cultivated farm, where he and his family now reside in preference to his own farm at Belle-prè.

The house occupies a square of about fifty-four feet each side, is two stories high, and in just proportion. On the ground floor is a dining room of twenty-seven feet by twenty, with

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a door at each end communicating with two small parlours, in the rear of each of which is another room, one of which was appropriated by Mr. B. for holding a chymical apparatus, and as a dispensary for drugs and medicines.

The stair case is spacious and easy, and leads to a very handsome drawing room over the dining room, of the same dimensions. It is half arched round the [110] cornices and the ceiling is finished in stucco. The hangings above the chair rail are green with gilt border, and below a reddish grey. The other four rooms on the same floor correspond exactly with those below, and are intended either for bed chambers, or to form a suit with the drawing room.

The body of the house is connected with two wings, by a semicircular portico or corridor running from each front corner. In one wing is the kitchen and scullery, and in the other was the library, now used as a lumber room.

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It is to be regretted that so tasty and so handsome a house had not been constructed of more lasting materials than wood.

The shrubbery was well stocked with flowery shrubs and all the variety of evergreens natural to this climate, as well as several exoticks, surrounds the garden, and has gravel walks, labyrinth fashion, winding through it.

The garden is not large, but seems to have had every delicacy of fruit, vegetable, and flower, which this fine climate and luxurious soil produces. In short, Blennerhasset's island is a most charming retreat for any man of fortune fond of retirement, and it is a situation perhaps not exceeded for beauty in the western world. It wants however the variety of mountain—precipice—cateract—distant prospect, &c. which constitute the grand and sublime.

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The house was finished in a suitable style, but all the furniture and moveables were attached by the creditors to whom Mr. B. had made himself liable by endorsing Col. Burr's bills, and they were lately sold at publick auction at Wood county court house, for perhaps less than one twentieth of their first cost.<sup>89</sup>

<sup>89</sup> This description of the Blennerhassett place so soon after the family were forced to abandon the island, is of especial interest. The story of Harman Blennerhassett is one of the best-known in Western annals. He was an Irish gentleman of fortune and culture, who because of his republican principles emigrated to America. In 1798 he bought this beautiful island in the Ohio, and prepared it for a home for his family. Charming and accomplished, he and his wife occupied themselves in beautifying the place, in generous and lavish hospitality, and in scientific investigation. Unfortunately Blennerhassett was tempted to embrace the schemes of Aaron Burr, and involved his entire estate in that enterprise. Late in 1806 rumors of treason grew so strong that Blennerhassett was obliged to escape from his island, which was shortly overrun with local militia, who wantonly destroyed much property and insulted Mrs. Blennerhassett. The place had been left to the care of Colonel Nathaniel Cushing, who, after distinguished service in the Revolution, had removed to the Ohio, and having settled near Belpré, was a neighbor and warm friend of the Blennerhassetts. The fine mansion was burned in 1811 by the carelessness of negroes, and but little is now left of the estate which had been laid out with so much care and taste. For description of the present condition of the island, see Thwaites, *On the Storied Ohio*.— Ed.

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Mrs. Cushing described Mrs. B. as beautiful and highly accomplished, about thirty years of age, and mother of two infant sons now with her at Natchez.

[111] After passing an hour in this delightful spot, we left it with regret that such a terrestrial paradise should be deserted by an owner who had taste to blend judiciously

the improvements of art with the beauties of nature. Its fertility will always ensure its cultivation, but without a Horace it must cease to be a Tivoli.

## CHAPTER XVI

Little and Big Hockocking rivers—Belleville, and Mr. Wild's on Mr. Avery's large farm—Devil's hole—Shade river—Buffington's island—Neisanger's.

We dropped down the stream gently three miles, to the end of Blennerhasset's island, a little beyond which, on the Ohio shore, we observed a very good looking two story brick house, which as we had been informed, is an excellent tavern owned and kept by Mr. Miles, but we were not tempted to stop, as we had already breakfasted on bread and milk in our skiff. Two miles and a quarter below Miles's we passed Little Hockhocking river on the right. It is about twenty-five yards wide, and has a wooden bridge across it, and on its right bank is a large square roofed house, handsomely situated.

A mile and a half below Little Hockhocking, we saw on our right a remarkable cavern on the side of a craggy hill, and four miles lower, having passed Newbury and Mustapha's islands, the latter of which is above a mile in length, and partly cultivated, we came to big Hockhocking river on the right.<sup>90</sup> It is only about thirty yards wide at its mouth, nevertheless it is navigable for keels and other small craft

<sup>90</sup> For the Hockhocking River, see Croghan's *Journals*, vol. i of this series, p. 131, note 99.— Ed.

131 [112] nearly seventy miles, a little above which highest point of navigation, is situated the flourishing town of New Lancaster.

Two miles and a half below Hockhocking a rivulet called Lee's creek, puts in from the Virginia side, and half a mile further on the same side, is the village of Belleville, or Belle-prè, finely situated on a high bank, commanding a good view of the river both ways. There are here only four or five cabins occupied by hunters and labourers, and a tolerably good



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wooden house owned by a Mr. Avery from New-London in Connecticut, who purchased a tract here of five miles front on the river, and commenced this settlement about eleven years ago, but going largely into ship building, he was so unfortunate in that business, that in consequence he is now confined for debt in Wood county gaol.

A Mr. Wild, from Durham in Connecticut, who has been five years here, resides in Mr. Avery's house, and cultivates the farm, which is on a handsome plain running back from the river, on which he has this season seventy acres of corn and fifty of wheat, besides a large proportion of meadow. He was very civil to us, insisting with much hospitality on our taking some refreshment.

Last fall Mr. Avery's barn with two thousand bushels of grain, several stacks of grain, and a horse, grist and saw mills, were burnt by incendiaries, who, though known, could not be brought to justice for want of positive proof.

From Little Hockhocking the right bank is hilly and broken, and the left an extensive bottom; both sides very thinly inhabited, to ten miles below Belleville, in the last seven we not having observed a single [113] cabin, though the land is level and rich. I cannot account for the right shore not being settled, as it is part of the Ohio Company's purchase; but the reason on the Virginia side is, that the 132 heirs of general Washington to whom that valuable tract descended on his death, ask for it no less than ten dollars per acre, so that it will probably remain in its savage state as long as land can be purchased cheaper in its neighbourhood, notwithstanding its good situation and its excellent quality.<sup>91</sup>

<sup>91</sup> Washington admonished his executors in his will, not to dispose of these lands too cheaply, and suggested a sale price of ten dollars per acre. This particular tract became the property of six of his grand-nieces, two of whom (named Fitzhugh) later settled in the vicinity.— Ed.

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After leaving Belleville we saw several bald eagles hovering about us. They are about the size of large crows, and when on the wing have their tails spread out in the form of a crescent.<sup>92</sup>

<sup>92</sup> The bald or white-headed eagle ( *haliaëtus leucocephalus*), the American national symbol.— Ed.

About the middle of this uninhabited tract, we observed on our right a very remarkable large cavern called Devil's hole: It is in the face of a rock about half way up a steep hill close to the river. About fifty rods further on the same hand we passed Shade river, which is a considerable stream, and apparently very deep. During the war with the Indians, a detachment of the Kentucky militia, ascended this river, landed and destroyed some Indian encampments, but effected nothing of moment.

Five miles below Shade river, we came to Buffington's island, which is partly cultivated and is about two miles long. Though that on the left is the ship channel, we chose the one on the right, as it presented a long narrow vista, which promised the strongest current: We found it however very shallow, but beautifully picturesque. The river above the island is about a quarter of a mile wide, but below, it is contracted to about two hundred yards, and four miles lower, it is only one hundred and twenty.

Though the river continues narrow, yet probably from 133 the depth of its bed the velocity of the current was not increased for a mile and a quarter further to [114] Peter Neisanger's fine farm, where we stopped at half past seven o'clock.<sup>93</sup>

<sup>93</sup> Peter Neisanger (or Niswonger) joined the Marietta colony in 1790. He was employed thereby as a ranger, and the succeeding year gave timely warning to the people assembled at a church service of a threatened Indian raid.— Ed.

Fastening our skiff to a tree, we ascended the steep sloping bank to the house, where we were received with cautious taciturnity by Mrs. Neisanger, whose ungracious

reception would have induced us to have proceeded further, had not the evening been too far advanced for us to arrive at better quarters before dark; and besides the state of our stomachs rendered us insensible to an uncourteous reception: We determined therefore to make our quarters good, though a few minutes after, friend A—, repented of our resolution, on seeing a figure scarcely meriting the name of human approaching him, where he had gone alone in quest of some of the males of the family. It had the appearance of a man above the middle age, strong and robust, fantastically covered with ragged cloathing, but so dirty that it was impossible to distinguish whether he was naturally a white or an Indian—in either case he equally merited the appellation of *savage*. A—, accosted him as lord of the soil, but he did not deign any reply, on which he returned to me, where I was in the boat adjusting our baggage, to consult with me whether we had not better proceed farther; but first resolving to make one more attempt, we again mounted the bank and found two men with rifles in their hands sitting at the door, neither of whose aspects, nor the circumstance of their being armed, were very inviting: As however we did not see the strange apparition which A—, had described to me, we ventured to accost them.

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The elder of the two was Neisanger.—Though he did not say us “*nay*” to our request of supper, his “*yea*” was in the very extreme of *bluntness*, and without either the manner or expression which sometimes merits its having joined to it the adjective *honest*.

[115] They laid aside their rifles, and supper being announced by the mistress of the cabin, we made a hearty meal on her brown bread and milk, while she attended her self-important lord with all due humility, as Sarah did Abraham; which patriarchal record in the scriptures, is perhaps the original cause of a custom which I have observed to be very common in the remote parts of the United States, of the wife not sitting down to table until the husband and the strangers have finished their meal.

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During supper, Mr. Neisanger gradually relaxed from his blunt and cautious brevity of speech, and we gathered from him that he had been a great hunter and woodsman, in which occupation, he said that one man may in one season kill two hundred deer and eighty bears.

He had changed his pursuit of the wild inhabitants of the forest about nine years ago, for an agricultural life. Since that time he had cleared a large tract of land, had planted three thousand fruit trees on his farm, and had carried on a distillery of whiskey and peach brandy, for the first of which he gets seventy-five cents per gallon, and for the last a dollar.

After supper we took leave of this Nimrod of the west without much regret, as our seats while under his roof had not been the most easy to us, and we returned to our boat with more pleasure than we had done heretofore.

We betook ourselves to rest on our platform, lulled to repose by the mournful hooting of the owl, whose ill omened note was amply compensated for by the delightful melody 135 of the red bird, who awoke us at early dawn with his grateful welcome to the returning day.<sup>94</sup>

94 The red-bird was either the scarlet tanager ( *piranga rubra*), or the cardinal grosbeak ( *cardinalis virginianus*), both of which frequent the Ohio shores.— Ed.

From hence to Clarksburgh in Virginia is only seventy-five miles.

### [116] CHAPTER XVII

Old town creek, and a floating mill—Take two passengers, both curious characters—Laughable anecdote of a panick—Some of the customs of the backwoodsmen—Their fondness for, and mode of fighting—Their disregard of being maimed, illustrated by an anecdote—Le Tart's falls—Graham's station—Jones's rocks.

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Proceeding on Saturday 25th July at 5 in the morning—at six we were three miles below Neisanger's, abreast of Old town creek on the right, and a floating mill owned by an Irishman named Pickets. These kind of mills are of a very simple construction—the whole machinery being in a flat, moored to the bank, and the stones being put in motion by the current. They have but little power, not being capable of grinding more than from fifteen to twenty bushels of wheat per day.

We were here hailed by two men who offered to work their passage to the falls. We took them on board, and one proved to be one Buffington, son to the owner of Buffington's island, from whom Pickets had purchased his farm and mill, and the other was an eccentric character, being an old bachelor, without any fixed place of abode, residing sometimes with one farmer and sometimes with another, between Marietta and Galliopolis, and making a good deal of money by speculating in grain, horses, hogs, cattle, or any thing he can buy cheap and sell dear.

Buffington was a very stout young man, and was going to the falls to attend a gathering (as they phrase it in this 136 country) at a justice's court, which squire Sears, who resides at the falls, holds on the last Saturday of every month: He supposed there would be sixty or seventy men there—some plaintiffs, and some defendants in causes of small debts, actions of defamation, assaults, &c. and some to wrestle, fight, [117] shoot at a mark with the rifle for wagers, gamble at other games, or drink whiskey. He had his rifle with him and was prepared for any kind of frolick which might be going forward. He was principally induced to go there from having heard that another man who was to be there, had said that he could *whip* him (the provincial phrase for beat.) After his frolick was ended he purposed returning home through the woods.

He related a laughable story of a panick which seized the people of his neighbourhood about two years ago, occasioned by a report being spread that two hundred Indians were encamped for hostile purposes on the banks of Shade river.

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The Pickets's and some others not accustomed to Indian war, fortified themselves, and hired Buffington to go and reconnoitre. He hunted, and, to use his own language, *fooled* in the woods three or four days; then returned late in the evening to his own house, and discharged his two rifles, giving the Indian yell after each, which so terrified the party fortified at Pickets's, that the centinels threw down their rifles, and ran into the river up to the belts of their hunting shirts. The whole party followed—crossed the Ohio in canoes, and alarmed the Virginia side by reporting that Buffington's wife, and some others, who had not been fortified, were shot and scalped by the Indians; but when the truth came out, they were much ashamed.

Buffington deals in cattle and hogs, which he occasionally drives to the south branch of the Potomack, where they find a ready market for the supply of Baltimore and the sea 137 coast. The common price here is about three dollars per cwt.

Two or three years ago when bear skins were worth from six to ten dollars each, he and another man killed one hundred and thirty-five bears in six weeks.

[118] It may not be improper to mention, that the backwoodsmen, as the first emigrants from the eastward of the Allegheny mountains are called, are very similar in their habits and manners to the aborigines, only perhaps more prodigal and more careless of life. They depend more on hunting than on agriculture, and of course are exposed to all the varieties of climate in the open air. Their cabins are not better than Indian wigwams. They have frequent meetings for the purposes of gambling, fighting and drinking. They make bets to the amount of all they possess. They fight for the most trifling provocations, or even sometimes without any, but merely to try each others prowess, which they are fond of vaunting of. Their hands, teeth, knees, head and feet are their weapons, not only boxing with their fists, (at which they are not to be compared for dexterity, to the lower classes in the seaports of either the United States, or the British islands in Europe) but also tearing, kicking, scratching, biting, gouging each others eyes out by a dexterous use of a thumb and finger, and doing their utmost to kill each other, even when rolling over one another

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on the ground; which they are permitted to do by the bystanders, without any interference whatever, until one of the parties gives out, on which they are immediately separated, and if the conqueror seems inclined to follow up his victory without granting quarter, he is generally attacked by a fresh man, and a pitched battle between a single pair often ends in a battle royal, where all present are engaged.

A stranger who had kept aloof during a fray of this kind, 138 when it was over, seeing a man with the top of his nose bit off, he approached him and commiserated his misfortune. "Don't pity me," said the noseless hero, "pity that fellow there," pointing with one hand to another who had lost an eye, and [119] shewing the eye which he held triumphantly in the other.<sup>95</sup>

<sup>95</sup> This indeed is a most lamentable picture of the depravity of human nature, and might have applied better fifteen or twenty years ago than at present. But our author ought to have confined it to a *particular* frontier, and to a *few* individuals; for it is by no means the character of *all* our backwoodsmen, nor are such ferocious and more than beast-like battles customary on the borders of all our frontier settlements. Nor can we believe even the more profligate among the class here spoken of, would *purposely* meet (unless indeed in an actual state of warfare) to fight, to gouge, and to tear each others flesh to pieces in the manner described; but that fighting, gouging, &c. might be the *consequence* of such meetings and carousings, we have little doubt, especially where whiskey is the common drink of the country. There are always a few diabolically wicked in all societies of men, rude or civilized; but it would be unjust to libel a *whole* community because of the wickedness and profligacy of a *few*.

It is observable that European travellers frequently misrepresent us by giving for a *general* character, that which is *particular*, hence they mislead their readers into the most monstrous blunders as respects the true features of our national character, while they do us a greater piece of injustice than they might have intended. As an instance of this the

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following quotation from “*Volney's View of the United States*,” will suffice: Speaking of the Philadelphia mode of eating and drinking, he observes:

“At breakfast they deluge the stomach with a pint of hot water, slightly impregnated with tea, or slightly tintured, or rather coloured, with coffee; and they swallow, almost without mastication, hot bread, half baked, soaked in melted butter, with the grossest cheese, and salt or hung beef, pickled pork or fish, all which can with difficulty be dissolved.

“At dinner they devour boiled pastes, called, absurdly, puddings, garnished with the most luscious sauces. Their turnips and other vegetables are floated in lard or butter. Their pastry is nothing but a greasy paste, imperfectly baked. To digest these various substances, they take tea, *immediately after dinner*, so strong that it is bitter to the taste, as well as utterly destructive of the nervous system. Supper presently follows, with salt meat and shell fish in its train. Thus passes the whole day, in heaping one indigestive mass upon another. To brace the exhausted stomach, wine, rum, gin, malt spirits, or beer, are used with dreadful prodigality.”

I am a native American, have passed through most of the American states, and never drank, nor saw drunk, at either publick or private table, “*tea immediately after dinner*,” nor never heard of a practice of the kind in any of the states, hence I think I have reason to conclude Mr. Volney *erroneous* in giving this as the *general* uston of a people; and think it probable he drew his conclusions from the *particular* practice of a *few* families, in which he might have lodged; and which might have altered their usual mode of eating and drinking, in order to accomodate the supposed habits of this great traveller, he being a native of France, where it is well known coffee is much used after dinner. How much more would the publick be benefitted by the remarks of travellers on the manners and customs of countries would they divest themselves of their prejudices, passions, and partialities, and confine themselves to the relation of simple truths. Methinks a traveller who intends to publish his travels, ought to be a *philosopher*, in the true sense of the word.— Cramer.



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[120] Eight miles below Old-town creek we were carried through Le Tart's falls at the rate of six knots an hour, but the rapid, which it ought to be called more properly than falls, is not more than half a mile long.

Captain or squire Sears's house, opposite to which we landed our passengers, is very pleasantly situated on the left shore, commanding a view of two islands above the falls, the nearest one in cultivation,—the opposite shore variegated with low hills and valleys, woods, cultivated fields and farm houses, a new water mill which he is building on the right bank of the rapid, and the river below, taking a sudden bend from N. W. to N. E. by N.

A mile and a half lower down we observed a large barge on the stocks in the woods on the right bank.

Four miles from the falls we came to Graham's station, which is a fine populous settlement, extending about three miles along the left bank of the river, from West creek to Wolfe's farm house, which is charmingly situated on a cliff. The Ohio side opposite is also well settled.

On passing Wolfe's we asked a man at the door who it was that lived there: He informed us, and [121] civilly invited us to land and quench our thirst at a fine spring on the beach; but we declined stopping, as we had filled our water cask at Pickets's mill.

There is a ferry across the Ohio about the middle of Graham's station, which connects a road from Big to Little 140 Kenhawa, sixteen miles to the former and thirty to the latter.<sup>96</sup>

<sup>96</sup> Rev. William Graham, who had been for twenty-one years president of the first academy west of the Blue Ridge, becoming imbued with a missionary spirit, bought six thousand acres of the Washington lands and attempted to found a Presbyterian colony thereon. He brought out several families in 1798, but returning the next year died at

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Richmond, whereupon his colonists grew discouraged and withdrew. The place, however, has retained to this day its name of Graham's Station.— Ed.

Nine miles below Wolfe's, Jones's rocks, on a hill on the right have a striking appearance. They are of freestone, bare, and heaped upon each other, resembling some of the old Turkish fortifications so numerous in the Levant.

On a small bottom between them and the river, in a very romantick situation, is a farm, seven years old, belonging to a Mr. Jones, who informed us that there is a vein of good coal about a quarter of a mile from his house.

This was the first house we had observed for the last eight miles, though the land on the Virginia side, owned by one Waggoner, seems to be of the first quality.

### CHAPTER XVIII

Fine situations and well inhabited banks—A gay party—Slate and coal strata—Point Pleasant—River Kenhawa—Battle of Point Pleasant—Lord Dunmore's campaign against the Indians—Indians justified—Reasons why there are but few writers in their favour—Short account of the causes of the last Indian war, and the settlement of Kentucky.

Two miles and a half below Jones's is Leading creek, a beautiful little river with high sloping banks on the right, and just below it a Mr. Kerr has a good log house, and a garden with a handsome stoccado [122] fence, behind which is a small cleared farm. A vein of coal is said to be on the Virginia side opposite, not much approved of by the blacksmiths, probably because not wrought deep enough. Three 141 miles further on the right is a very good, new, two story house, clapboarded, and painted white, and a large horse mill; and half a mile lower on the opposite shore is a large unfinished house, lately purchased by a Mr. Long from Col. Clendinning, who began to build it nine years ago.<sup>97</sup> It resembles a church, and is not only a good feature in the prospect, but impresses the traveller with lively ideas of the advanced state of population of the neighbouring country.—Close to it

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is a small hamlet, or quarter, of a few cabins, the whole in a beautiful situation on a high bank commanding a view of Eight Mile island, just below, and both banks of the river, which are here well inhabited and very pleasant.

97 Colonel George Clendennin, a prominent pioneer of Western Virginia, was born in Scotland in 1746. His first services in the West were in Colonel Lewis's army at the battle of Point Pleasant (1774). Later he bought the site of Charleston, West Virginia, and laid out the town (1788). The house on the Ohio which Cuming saw had been built by Clendennin in 1796; the following year, however, he died at Marietta.— Ed.

Two miles lower is Six Mile island, very small, and half a mile beyond it on the left is a house most delightfully situated, commanding the whole vista of the river seven miles up to Leading creek, with the two intermediate islands. The house is sheltered from the northern blasts of winter by a fine grove purposely left standing, when the surrounding farm was cleared.

I observed that in general, from Le Tart's falls, trees were left standing very tastily in places where they can have a good or pleasing effect, particularly the gigantick beeches along the margin of the river.

About a mile lower down, we met a large canoe, paddled against the stream by five well drest young men, while a respectable looking elderly man steered. They had five very smart looking girls with them, and, from their gaiety, were apparently returning from some *frollick* —the epithet used in this country for all neighbourly meetings for the 142 purpose of assisting each other in finishing some domestick or farming [123] business, which generally conclude with feasting and dancing, which sometimes lasts two or three days, and is not seldom the fruitful source of many a tender and lasting connexion.

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Near this we perceived a stratum of slate over one of coal, but the latter too much under the level of the river to be wrought. The slate stratum extends several rods, and is topped and squared as if done by art.

It may not be amiss to remark that all strata throughout the whole of this western country, have been hitherto found to be horizontal.

The banks from hence four miles to Point Pleasant are apparently rich with good bottoms on both sides, yet but thinly inhabited.

Point Pleasant, where we arrived at seven o'clock in the evening, is beautifully situated on a bank, at least forty feet above the common level of the Ohio, at the conflux of the Great Kenhawa with that river. It contains twenty-one indifferent houses, including a court house of square logs, this being the seat of justice of Mason county. The town does not thrive on account of the adjacent country not settling so fast as the opposite side in the state of Ohio, where lands can be bought in small tracts for farms, by real settlers, at a reasonable rate, whereas the Virginia lands belonging mostly to wealthy and great landholders, are held at four or five times the Ohio price.

The river Ohio is here six hundred yards wide, and the Kenhawa is two hundred and twenty-five, the latter navigable about eighty miles to the falls.

On the 10th of October, 1774, a battle was fought here by the Virginia and Pennsylvania militia under general Lewis, against the Indians, who had attacked them in great force, but were defeated and compelled to retreat across the Ohio, 143 carrying their dead and wounded with them according to their invariable custom; as, like the ancient Greeks, they deem it an [124] irreparable disgrace, to leave the unburied bodies of their slain fellow warriors to the disposal of the victorious enemy. The Americans bought their victory at the expense of a number of their most active men, amongst whom was Col. Lewis, brother to the general, a brave and enterprizing officer. They were buried near the edge of the

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river bank, which has since mouldered away, occasionally discovering their remains to the present inhabitants, who have always re-interred them.

This was a military station above thirty years ago. It is twenty years since it was laid out for a town, but it had no houses erected in consequence until after Wayne's Indian treaty, it being unsafe before to live outside the stoccado.

Lord Dunmore, who was then governour of Virginia, and commander in chief on the expedition against the Indians, at the time of the battle of Point Pleasant, had penetrated by the way of Wheeling across the Ohio, to within a short march of their principal settlement, near where Chilicothe now is; when, instead of following up Lewis's success, while they were yet under the influence of the panick occasioned by it, and by his lordship's approach with the main body of the militia, and of exterminating them, or of driving them out of the country, he received their submission and patched up a treaty with them, which they observed no longer than during the short time that he continued with a military force in their country, for which he was much blamed by the back settlers and hunters. Humanity, however, must plead his excuse with every thinking or philosophick mind; and volumes might be written to prove the justice of the Indian cause; but in all national concerns, it has never been controverted by the history of mankind from the earliest ages of which we have any record, but that interest and power always went hand in hand to serve the mighty against the [125] weak, and writers are never wanting to aid the cause of injustice, barbarity and oppression, with the sophistry of a distorted and unnatural philosophy; while the few who would be willing to espouse the rights of the feeble, have not enough of the spirit of chivalry, to expose themselves to an irreparable loss of time, and the general obloquy attending an unpopular theme: even in this so much boasted land of liberty and equality, where nothing is to be dreaded from the arbitrary acts of a king and council during a suspension of a habeas corpus law, or the mandate of an arbitrary hero in the full tide of victory.

Is not popular opinion frequently as tyrannical as star chambers, or lettres de cachets?

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The Indians north of the Ohio, under the name of the Five Nations, and their dependants, had been gradually, but rapidly, forced back more and more remote from the country of their ancestors, by the irresistible and overswelling tide of population of Europeans and their descendants. They at last abandoned all the continent of America east of the great chain of the Allegheny mountains, to the enlightened intruders, and besides that natural barrier, they added an immense wilderness of nearly five hundred miles in breadth, west of those mountains, to the space which divided them; settling themselves in that country which has since become the state of Ohio, having Lake Erie for its northern boundary, and the river Ohio for its southern. The woods and savannahs to the southward of that river abounded in game, such as buffaloes, deer, elk, bears, and innumerable smaller animals, valuable for their flesh, skins, and furs. They were tempted to make hunting excursions into this country, during which they frequently met with parties of hunters of other Indian nations, called Chocktaws, Chickasaws, 145 and Cherokees, who resided far south of it, but who had been accustomed to consider it as their exclusive property [126] for hunting in, from time immemorial. Battles with various success were generally the consequence of those meetings. The southern Indians were the most numerous—the northern the most warlike.

Finding that they exhausted each other to no purpose, by such constant hostility, necessity at last obliged them to make a peace, the basis of which was, that the hunting country should be common to both as such, to the exclusion of all other people, and that neither would ever settle on it themselves, nor permit others to do so.

They enjoyed in quiet the uninterrupted use of this immense common forest, for many years after; but the Virginians having extended their settlements to the westward of the mountains, the frontier inhabitants, who, like the aborigines, supported themselves principally by hunting, were led in quest of game, as far west as the banks of Kentucky river, in the very centre of the Indian hunting country.

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On their return to their settlements, the report spread from them to the colonial government, that they had discovered a country most abundant in game, and far exceeding in natural fertility any of the settled parts of Virginia.

Small armed parties were sent out to establish block-houses for the protection of hunters or settlers, while the lands were divided into tracts and granted or sold to proprietors, as suited the convenience of the government.

The Indians, indignant at being followed to so remote a part of the continent, after the great sacrifice to peace before made by them in the abandonment of their native country, did their utmost to repel the invaders. The northern tribes were the most ferocious and the most exasperated, and sometimes alone, and sometimes aided by their southern auxiliaries, carried on a most bloody and 146 exterminating war against all the whites who had the temerity to brave [127] their decided and fixed determination to adhere to their mutual guarantee of their hunting grounds.

Much blood was shed on both sides, and many parties of the whites were cut off, but their perseverance at last prevailed, and Kentucky became one of the United States of America.

The negro who carried our baggage from the boat to the tavern, regretted much that we had not arrived a little earlier in the day, to get some of the people's money who had been assembled at a gathering. On our inquiring "how"—he replied by asking if we were not *play-actors*, and if we had not got our *puppets* *shew things* in some of the trunks and boxes we had with us. He had probably conceived this idea from our having in the skiff a large box of medicines, which we had taken in at Marietta for a doctor Merrit at French Grant, and besides we had more baggage than it was usual for him to see carried by travellers, who had occasion to stop at Point Pleasant.

Our landlord's name was John Allen, a young man, who had lived here since his infancy twenty years.—On a late journey to Richmond he had married a young woman there,

who sat at supper with us, but who seemed to wish to appear rather above the doing the honours of a tavern table. He had lately been chosen one of the members of the legislature for Mason county, and seemed fond of discussing politicks, but apparently more for the sake of information, than for insisting *dogmatically*, according to the prevailing mode, on any opinion of his own. In short, he seemed to regret the blind illiberality of the improperly self-termed federalists, and of their equally prejudiced democrattick antagonists, and seemed desirous of meriting the character of a disinterested patriot, and a federal republican in its real and literal sense, without perhaps understanding either term.

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### [128] CHAPTER XIX

Galliopolis—A Canadian boat's crew—Menager's store and tavern—Mons. and Madame Marion—A family migrating from Baltimore—Red Birds—Meridian creek—Mercer's and Green's bottoms—Hanging rock—Federal creek—Bowden's.

On Sunday 26th July, we left Point Pleasant, and passing Great Kenhawa river on our left, and Galliopolis island, half a mile long on the right, at 7 we landed on the Ohio side, at Galliopolis four miles below Point Pleasant.

We found at the landing a keel loaded with lead from Kaskaskias on the Mississippi;<sup>98</sup> It was worked by eight stout Canadians, all naked, except a breech clout. They are the descendants of the original French settlers, and they resemble the Indians both in their manners and customs, and complexion; which last is occasioned by their being exposed naked to all weathers from their infancy; which also renders them very hardy, and capable of enduring much fatigue. They are temperate in the use of spiritous liquors, while engaged in any laborious employment, but they must be fed with double the quantity of food which would suffice American or English labourers. The meat which they prefer is bacon or salt pork, of which they use daily about four pounds each man, besides bread and potatoes.



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98 For the history of the French settlement of Kaskaskia, see Michaux's *Travels*, vol. iii of this series, p. 69, note 132.— Ed.

They are preferred to any other description of people for navigating the craft on the rivers in this country, being patient, steady, and trusty, and never deserting their boats until their engagement is fulfilled, which the American boatmen frequently do.

We got an excellent breakfast at Mr. Menager's, a French emigrant, who keeps a tavern and a store of very well assorted goods, which he goes yearly to Baltimore to purchase. 148 He is a native of Franche [129] Comtè, and his wife is from Burgundy. They are very civil and obliging, and have a fine family. It is fifteen years since they arrived in this country, together with nearly 800 emigrants from France, of whom only about twenty families now remain at Galliopolis; the rest having either returned to France, descended the Ohio to French Grant, proceeded to the banks of the Mississippi, or fallen victims to the insalubrity of the climate, which however no longer, or only partially exists, as it has gradually ameliorated in proportion to the progress of settlement.99

99 For a history of the settlement of Gallipolis and the French Grant, see Michaux's *Travels*, vol. iii of this series, pp. 182–185.

Claudius R. Menager, one of the original emigrants, had been a baker, and made use of his skill both as a merchant and tavern-keeper. He became the richest man in the colony, and died much respected.— Ed.

Menager has a curious machine for drawing water from his well forty or fifty feet deep, and which will answer equally well for any depth. He got the model from Mr. Blennerhasset. As I am not mechanick enough to give an adequate description of it, I shall only remark, that it is equally simple and ingenuous, and saves much labour; the full bucket flying up and emptying itself into a small wooden cistern, while the empty bucket sinks at the same

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time into the well, and that without being obliged to work a winch as in the common mode, where wells are too deep for pumps.

In Galliopolis there are about fifty houses all of wood, in three long streets parallel to the river, crossed at right angles by six shorter ones, each one hundred feet wide. A spacious square is laid out in the centre, on which they are now making brick to build a court-house for Gallia county.

During a walk through the town after breakfast, we were civilly accosted by an old man at the door of the most western house, who invited us to enter and rest ourselves. He was 149 named Marion, and with his old wife, reminded me of Baucis and Philemon, or of Darby and Joan. They came here with the first emigrants from Burgundy—bought some town lots, on which they planted fruit trees, and converted into corn fields, as they could not procure tenants [130] nor purchasers to build on them. They have no children—they seem much attached to each other, and are healthy, and content with their situation.—They insisted with much hospitality on our tasting the old lady's manufacture of cherry bounce, before they knew that we could converse with them in their native tongue; but, when they found that we could not only do so, but that I could make a subject of conversation of their own country, and even of their own province, from having visited it long since they had bid it a final adieu—it was with difficulty they would permit us to leave them, before we had spent at least one day with them. Indeed I never saw the *amor patriæ* more strongly manifested, than in the fixed and glistening eyes, which they rivetted on my face, whilst I described the present state of their provincial capital Dijon.

Galliopolis abounds with fruit, to the planting of which, French settlers always pay great attention; but the town does not thrive, although very pleasantly situated on an extensive flat.

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Pursuing our voyage at ten o'clock, half a league below Galliopolis, we passed a skiff containing a family, the head of which was a carpenter and farmer from Baltimore, going to Green river about five hundred miles lower down.

At two o'clock we had rowed fourteen miles, having passed Racoon island and creek on the right, during which the bottom was so extensive on each side, that we could not see the tops of the river hills over the banks. We were here charmed with the melody of the red birds responding to each other from the opposite banks, particularly on passing 150 Racoon island. Our exercise having given us an appetite, we landed and dined under a shady bank on the right, opposite to a creek, which from that circumstance, and its not being noticed in our chart or Navigator, we named Meridian creek.

[131] Here we began to see again the tops of the low river hills on the right, but on the left the extensive bottom still continued, notwithstanding which the settlements are very thinly scattered, especially for the last eight miles.

At half past two we were abreast of Eighteen mile creek on the right, so called from its being that distance from Point Pleasant.

Five miles from where we dined is Swan creek, a handsome rivulet on the right, and Mercer's bottom, a fine settlement on the left, and a mile further, it is separated from Green's bottom by the Little Guiandot, a beautiful small river.

Green's bottom settlements, which are very fine and populous, extend along the left bank three miles, and a mile beyond them the river hills approaching within a quarter of a mile of the bank, a remarkable cliff called the Hanging rock, impends from about half their height, and they again recede. On the right opposite to Hanging rock, is a bank of clay under which is a substratum of fine potter's clay.

It is two miles from Green's bottom to the next settlement. A gust threatening, we stopped to shelter at it—but the house was locked up, and no one at home. Every thing here

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testified to its being an honest neighbourhood, as the smoke-house was left open, with a quantity of fine bacon in it—a crib was full of corn, and shirts and jackets were left drying on the garden fence.

After the shower, we went on three miles to Miller's farm house at the mouth of Federal creek on the right, 151 where we landed and bought some salt pork for stores, and some milk for supper. Miller seems to be active and industrious, and keeps a keel boat for freighting on the river, but he says he gets very little encouragement.<sup>100</sup>

<sup>100</sup> Miller removed from Washington County, Pennsylvania, and was one of the first Methodists of this part of West Virginia. Upon his petition a preacher was sent to the backwoods settlements in 1803. Bishop Morris, an eminent divine of the same denomination, was born here in 1798, and passed his early years in this vicinity.— Ed.

It was now half past six, and in an hour and three quarters we rowed eight miles further, when it coming [132] on dark, and I not being willing to lose the view of any part of the river, we stopped at Joel Bowden's tavern and farm on the right, contrary to A—'s wish of letting the boat float down the current all night. Though we had provided our supper, yet we preferred ordering one at Bowden's, for the sake of whiling away a little time, and gaining information about the country.

He had removed his family here from Marietta in April 1806, and had to begin to clear away the forest to make room for a cabin, and he now has twelve acres completely cut, grubbed and smooth, and eight acres cut, but not grubbed, all planted and under fence, besides a natural orchard of sugar maple of seven acres, out of which he has cleared every thing else except about four hundred sugar trees, which will be enough to supply his family with sugar.<sup>101</sup>

<sup>101</sup> Would it not be a wise and prudent foresight in the present generation, in order that posterity might continue to enjoy the product of this invaluable tree, to plant orchards of them on the sides of untillable hills and other vacant grounds of little or no use? They

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might become a source of considerable wealth, in the course of twenty or thirty years, when the country gets thickly populated, and the trees made scarce from the present plan of destroying them in clearing of the lands. The expense of setting out an orchard of 500 or 1000 trees on each plantation, might cost, say, twenty-five cents each tree, together with the interest of the money for thirty years, at which period they would be worth about one dollar per year for about fifty or a hundred years thereafter. The following observations on the Maple tree, we copy from Dr. Mease's "*Geological account of the United States*:"

"The genus *acer*, or maple, is useful for various purposes. The *a. negundo*, or white or ash leaved maple, is much used in cabinet work, being firm and smooth, takes a fine polish, and stain. The *a. rubrum*, or scarlet maple, when sawed into boards, exhibits the most beautiful waving appearance, and makes articles of furniture equal to satin wood. A species of maple abounds in Nova Scotia, and no doubt, farther south, called bird-eye maple, which also is very beautiful. But the *a. saccharinum*, or sugar maple, ranks in the first importance among our forest trees. This valuable native is peculiarly dear to the citizens of this country, as it furnishes an article of the first necessity, by the labour of free men, and of equal quality, to that produced by the sugar cane; and the timber is highly useful for various mechanical purposes, particularly for saddle trees. From the maple may also be made a pleasant molasses, an agreeable beer, a strong sound wine, and an excellent vinegar.

"The following facts upon the flowing of maple-juice, are curious, and deserve investigation.

"The flowing of maple-juice is as completely *locked up* by continued warmth as by frost, and only flows by the alternate operation of these agents. Yet the same degrees of heat, even after frost, have not always the same effect. Thus, a warm south wind stops the flowing more than a cool north-west wind. To judge from sensations, generally a bracing wind facilitates the discharge, and a relaxing wind acts to the contrary. Whether, or how far, electricity may operate in this case, must be left for future inquirers to determine. The

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juice flows for about twenty-four hours after a frost; but, when a tapped tree has ceased, tap a new tree, and it will flow considerably, as if a certain quantity was discharged by the frost. The juice flows from all sides of the incision.

“Cut a sugar maple early in the morning, if the night has been cold, and it will appear comparatively dry and devoid of juice, in every part of the tree. Cut it a few hours after, if the day is moderately warm, and the juice will issue almost in streams.”— Cramer.

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[133] He has also planted an apple and peach orchard and a nursery, and will cut six tons of hay this year. Such instances of industry and perseverance are frequently seen in this country amongst the New England settlers, of which Bowden is one, who are generally remarkably enterprising, and judiciously economical. His house not promising superior accommodation for sleep to our skiff, we re-embarked after supper, and on our platform enjoyed undisturbed repose, until five o'clock next morning, when we loosed from the bank, and proceeded at our usual rate of from three to four miles an hour.

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### [134] CHAPTER XX

Big Guiandot river—Crumps's farm—Inhospitable reception—General remark—Two hunters—Cotton plantation, and gin for cleaning the cotton—Snakes—Remedy for their bite—Great Sandy river—State boundary—Hanging rock.

Six miles below Bowden's, we passed Big Guiandot river which joins the Ohio from the left, and is about eighty yards wide, having one Buffington's finely situated house and farm on the bank just below it. From Bowden's to Big Guiandot, the banks of the Ohio are well settled on both sides. In the next eleven miles, we passed three creeks on the right, and one on the left hand, the second one called Indian Guiandot, only worth remarking. It coming on to rain very heavy, we stopped here at the end of eleven miles, just above the mouth of a fine little river on the left called Twelve Pole creek, about thirty yards wide, with

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a ferry and a large scow or flat for carrying over horses or cattle. The house we stopped at was very well situated on the top of a high sloping bank, and was the residence of one Crumps, who had removed here from Kentucky, and possessed the rich and well cultivated surrounding farm. The family were at breakfast, but no place was offered at the table to the wet travellers, though it was well loaded with viands, which Mr. Crumps apparently knew how to make the best use of for fattening, as his corpulency and general appearance strongly indicated a propensity to boorish gluttony. Indeed we were not permitted to enter the eating room, but with a sort of sullen civility, were desired to sit down in an open space which divides two enclosed ends from each other, but all covered with the same roof, and which is the usual style of the cottages in this part of the country. The space in the middle is probably [135] left unenclosed, for the more agreeable occupancy of the family during the violent heats of summer.

I have observed that wherever we have stopped on the banks of the river, we have rarely experienced that hospitality, which might be expected to prevail amongst people so remote from polished society.

Two hunters sat down with us after they had finished their breakfast, and they entertained us above an hour with their feats of deer and bear killing, in which the one always related something more extraordinary than the other. At last they bantered each other to go out and kill a deer.

It still rained very heavy, but nothing deterred by it, they each took their rifle, stuck their tomahawks into the belts of their hunting shirts, and accompanied by a fine dog, led by a string to prevent his breaking (or hunting the game beyond the reach of their rifles) they set off for the woods.

Seeing some cotton regularly planted on the opposite side of the river, on inquiry, I learned that from hence down the Ohio, a good deal of cotton is raised, although on account of its not standing the winter, it must be planted every year. Though the climate farther

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south is more congenial to it, it is nevertheless an annual throughout the continent to the northward of Cape Florida, differing from the countries between the tropicks, where I have sometimes seen the same plants bear to the seventh year; but that only in places where it was neglected, as the common usage there is to replant every third or fourth year. A few miles from Crumps's there is a large gin worked by two men, which can clean seven hundred pounds per day; the toll for ginning is one eighth of the quantity cleaned.

The copper-head snake<sup>102</sup> abounds here, but the rattle-

<sup>102</sup> The copperhead ( *trigonocephalus contortrix*), a rather small venomous snake, gives no warning before it bites. The name was, therefore, applied during the War of Secession to disloyal Northerners.— Ed.

<sup>155</sup> snake is scarce. Crumps told us that the bark of the root of the poplar, particularly the yellow poplar, made into a strong decoction and taken inwardly, [136] while a part pounded and applied to the bite of any snake, is an infallible remedy: And that it is also a most powerful alterative, and purifier of the blood.

There being no prospect of the rain subsiding, at eleven o'clock we proceeded, sitting under our awning and letting the boat drop with the current, which she did about two miles an hour.

At half past twelve we passed Great Sandy river on the left, four miles below Crumps's. It is about a hundred yards wide, and is the boundary between Virginia and Kentucky; in the latter of which, on the bank above the confluence, are two large houses, one of logs and the other framed and clapboarded, with a sign post before the door—probably the scite of some future town.<sup>103</sup>

<sup>103</sup> This was the future town of Catlettsburg. The first land was surveyed on the Big Sandy in 1770, when Washington laid out bounty lands for Captain John Savage's company, who had served in the French and Indian War.— Ed.



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Three miles from hence are two small creeks opposite each other, and a good brick house building at the mouth of that on the left. Three miles and a half further is Big Storm creek on the right, a mile and a half below which, we passed on the left, an excellent house of a Mr. Colvin, nearly opposite to which, on the right is a small insulated mountain named Hanging Rock, from its being a bare perpendicular rock, from half the elevation to the top.

This is a very picturesque and agreeable object to the eye, fatigued with the perpetual sameness of the banks below Point Pleasant.

Two miles further on the right, a little way below Ferguson's sand bar, we observed a wharf or pier of loose paving stones, and some mill machinery on the bank above it— 156 the remains of a floating mill carried away last winter by the floods.

Half a mile below this is a remarkable point, and fine beach of coarse gravel on the right, and a delightfully situated farm almost opposite.

Judge Boon has a good house on the left about three miles further down, 104 opposite to which on the Ohio side is the beginning of French Grant.

104 This was Jesse Boone, son of the well-known pioneer Daniel, who had removed to Missouri with his other sons in 1798. Jesse Boone remained behind, was inspector of salt-works for West Virginia, and justice of the Kentucky county court for Greenup. This information is derived from personal relation of Nathan Boone, another son, in Wisconsin Historical Society Draper MSS., 6 S 212.— Ed.

[137] The Ohio which had ran generally between the south and west, (except for about thirty miles near Le Tart's falls where it takes a northerly course) had altered its direction to the north westward, from the confluence of Big Sandy river.

## CHAPTER XXI

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French Grant—Dreadful epidemick disorder—Distressing scene occasioned by it—Mons Gervais and Burrsburgh—Greenupsburgh—Power of hunger proved—Little Sciota river—Portsmouth—Paroquets.

A little below judge Boon's we were hailed by a man on the Ohio shore. We landed and found him to be a Mr. White, who had put a box of medicines into our boat at Marietta, for doctor Merrit, and having travelled on horseback had arrived here before us.

We now delivered it to White, who, hearing A—call me Doctor, he requested me to stop and visit a Mr. Hunt, who with two of his men and his housekeeper, were suffering under a most severe epidemick malady, which was then raging in and about French Grant, and which doctor Merrit, the only medical man in the settlement, had been attacked with yesterday. Prompted by humanity, we walked to 157 the cabin occupied by Mr. Hunt's family, where we beheld a truly distressing scene. In an Indian grass hammock, lay Mr. Hunt, in a desperate and hopeless stage of the yellow fever; his skin and eyes of a deep yellow, and he in a state of apparent stupor, but still sensible. His housekeeper, looking almost as ill, and groaning piteously, on a bed near him. One of his men seated on a chair, in a [138] feeble state of convalescence; and another standing by almost recovered, but still looking wretchedly. On the floor were travelling trunks, cases, books, furniture, and house utensils, promiscuously jumbled together, but all clean, as was the cabin itself.

I could not help contrasting in my mind Mr. Hunt's present situation, at so great a distance from his connexions, from cultivated society, and from medical aid, with what it was, when he represented his native state of New-Hampshire in congress, or during his travels in Europe. Such are some of the hardships and inconveniences attending the first settlers in a new country.<sup>105</sup>

<sup>105</sup> Samuel Hunt of New Hampshire was born in 1765, and after studying law travelled in Europe for three years. Upon his return he was twice sent to Congress from his native state (1802–05), and declined the third election in order to convey a colony to the Ohio,

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where he had negotiated a purchase in the French Grant from the owner, Gervais. He engaged as a housekeeper, Miss Cynthia Riggs; and came out on horseback in the fall of 1806. Cuming's fears were realized, for Hunt died a few days after he had passed. The New Hampshire colony emigrated later (1810), however, under the lead of Asa Boynton, and the name of Burrsburgh was changed to that of Haverhill.— Ed.

After approving what doctor Merrit had prescribed, and recommending a continuance of his regimen and advice, which consisted of alterative catharticks followed by tonicks, we took our leave, impressed with the opinion that Mr. Hunt had but a few hours longer of existence, which also seemed to be his own opinion, as when I addressed a few cheering words to him, he only answered by shaking his head and closing his eyes. I supposed the rest of the family 158 would recover. White is an intelligent man, and makes a trade of sinking wells, of which he has sunk a very fine one, of forty-five feet deep for Mr. Hunt, near a good two story house almost finished.

French Grant contains twenty-four thousand acres, given by the United States to some French settlers, who had been disappointed in the titles of their purchases at Galliopolis, amongst whom a Mons. Gervais<sup>106</sup> had for his part four thousand acres, on which he planned a town, which he named Burrsburgh, in honour of the then vice president: but after passing ten solitary years in a small log cabin, with no society except that of his dog and cat, during which time he employed himself in cultivating his little garden, he last year sold his whole tract to Mr. Hunt, except two hundred and seventeen acres, given by him to an [139] agent in Philadelphia, as a recompence for his having enabled him to fulfil the engagement to government by which he held the land. He now lives in Galliopolis, and Mr. Hunt has changed the intended Burrsburgh into a farm.

<sup>106</sup> Jean Gabriel Gervais conducted the movement which led to the congressional grant for the French of Gallipolis, and received four thousand acres for services therein. He lived at Gallipolis until the final sale of his lands. The income resulting from the investment of

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the funds, permitted his return (1817) to pass the evening of his life in his native Paris.—  
Ed.

On our walk to the boat I gave White some directions for himself as preventive to the prevailing disorder, for which he thanked me, and asked our charge for the freight of doctor Merrit's box in such a manner as to preclude the possibility of making any.

We then crossed the river at Greenupsburgh, the seat of justice of Greenup county, in Kentucky. It is laid out for a town within the last year, but it contains as yet only one dwelling house, occupied by one Lyons as a tavern, where the courts are held; immediately in the rear of which is a strong and wretched dungeon of double logs, called the 159 gaol, with a pillory between. Little Sandy river, about seventy yards wide, flows into the Ohio just below Greenupsburgh.

It was almost dark when we landed at Lyons's. We ordered supper, during the preparation of which Mrs. Lyons requested my advice for her husband, who had been seized that morning by the prevailing fever. I wrote a prescription for him *secundum artem*, which I thought fully equivalent to our supper, but as she gave us no credit for it in our bill, she probably supposed that a travelling doctor ought to prescribe gratis.

We had an excellent supper of tea, nice broiled chickens, and fine biscuit, to which travelling and rowing gave us good appetite, notwithstanding we saw our landlady take the table cloth from under her sick husband's bed clothes. After this let not the delicate town bred man affect disgust at the calls of nature being satisfied in a manner he is unused to, as [140] in a similar situation, I will venture to assert, he would do as we did.

After supper, we dropped down the stream about a mile, then anchored with a stone at the end of a rope, at a little distance from the shore, and went to sleep.

Proceeding, on the twenty-eighth, at the dawn of day, by half past five we were abreast of Green township, a small hamlet of six or seven houses, on the right, in French Grant, three

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miles below Greenupsburgh. Six miles lower, we left on the right, Little Sciota river, about thirty yards wide.

Half a mile further, on the same side, we passed a stratum of iron ore, and a mile below that, a stony point projecting and sloping downwards, forming a fine harbour for boats, when the point is not overflowed. Tiger creek, about twenty yards wide, and apparently navigable for boats, flows in from the Kentucky side, three miles lower down, opposite to which, from Little Sciota river, the bottoms are 160 very narrow, being confined by a picturesque range of low rocky cliffs and mountains, with a few straggling pines overtopping the other trees on their summits.

Three miles further we stopped at Portsmouth on the right, and breakfasted at John Brown's tavern. Mr. Brown is a magistrate and keeps a store. After breakfast, the wind blowing too fresh up the river for us to make any progress without great labour, I walked to the upper end of the town, through a straight street, parallel to the Ohio, about half a mile long, on the top of a handsome sloping bank. I returned by a back street, which brought me to the banks of the Scioto, which river, running from the northward, falls into the Ohio a mile below Portsmouth, at an angle of thirty-three degrees, leaving only sufficient room between the two rivers for two parallel streets, on the one of which fronting the Ohio, building lots of a quarter of an acre, now sell at fifty dollars each. There is a [141] narrow level near a mile long below the town to the point of junction of the Scioto with the Ohio, which cannot be built on, as it is annually inundated by the spring floods: there is now a fine field of corn on it, and it would all make excellent meadow. Mr. Massie, of Chilicothe, who is proprietor of both it and the town, asks fifteen hundred dollars for it, though it does not appear to contain fifty acres.<sup>107</sup>

<sup>107</sup> General Nathaniel Massie, born in Virginia in 1763, served in the Revolution while a youth, and at its close emigrated to Kentucky. There he was soon employed in the movement which led to the Virginia Military Reserve settlement in Ohio. When Virginia ceded her Northwest claims to Congress (1784) she retained a large tract between the

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Scioto and Miami rivers for bounty lands for her soldiers. Massie began the survey thereof in 1788, and two years later led out the first colony on the site of Manchester, Ohio. At the close of the Indian wars Chillicothe was platted (1796), and became the first capital of the state of Ohio. Massie was an influential leader in early Ohio politics; he headed the opposition to General St. Clair, and persuaded Jefferson to remove him (1803). A strong Democrat in politics, his presence at the constitutional convention aided in giving a democratic cast to the new state constitution. For many years he acted as major-general of the Ohio militia, and one of his last public services was to reinforce Harrison at Fort Meigs. His death occurred in 1813.— Ed.

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Portsmouth is in a handsome and healthy situation, though rather too much confined by the Scioto's approach to the Ohio, so far above its confluence with that river. It is likely to become a town of some consequence, as it is the capital of the county of Scioto. It is only two years since it was laid out, and it now contains twenty houses, some of which are of brick, and most of them very good. I was shewn the scite of a court house intended to be erected immediately.

Alexandria, in sight, below the mouth of the Scioto, is on a high, commanding bank, and makes a handsome appearance from above Portsmouth, to travellers descending the river. It is eleven years old, but it has not thriven, and the erection of the town of Portsmouth so near it, has caused it to decline rapidly. It has still however the post office for both towns.

There is a remarkable naked, round topped, rocky mountain, on the Virginia side, opposite to Portsmouth, which forms a variety to the forest covered hills, which every where meet the eye of the traveller through this western region.

We observed here, vast numbers of beautiful large, green paroquets, which our landlord, squire Brown, informed us abound all over the country. They keep in flocks, and when they alight on a tree, they are not distinguishable from the foliage, from their colour?<sup>108</sup>

<sup>108</sup> Nearly all the early travellers speak of finding paroquets in the Ohio Valley, but they are now only to be found much south of this latitude.— Ed.

## [142] CHAPTER XXII

The Scioto—Alexandria—Colgin's fine family—Very cold weather—Remarks on the sudden changes of weather—Salt lick—Salt springs and works.

The Scioto is about two hundred and fifty yards wide at its mouth, and is navigable for large flats and keel boats <sup>162</sup> to Chilicothe, the capital of the state, forty-seven miles by land, but between sixty and seventy following the meanders of the river; and about a hundred miles further for batteaux, from whence is a portage of only four miles to Sandusky river which falls into Lake Erie—and near the banks of which the Five Nations have established their principal settlements, called the Sandusky towns. Its general course is about S. S. W. and except during the spring floods, it has a gentle current, and an easy navigation. About thirty miles from its mouth, and eight or ten from its left bank, are some salt springs, which make salt enough for the consumption of the country for forty or fifty miles round.<sup>109</sup>

<sup>109</sup> For the early history of the Scioto, see Croghan's *Journals*, vol. i of this series, p. 134, note 102.— Ed.

At three o'clock we left Portsmouth, from whence to Alexandria is W. S. W. about a mile and a quarter. We landed there and walked through the town, which contains only ten large houses besides barns and other out buildings—but, though inhabited, they are

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neglected and out of repair, and every thing bears the appearance of poverty and decay. From hence to Chilicothe the distance by the road is forty-seven miles.

We delayed about an hour, and then proceeding down the river, we observed the hills on the left to be of conical forms, and the river bottoms very narrow. About four miles below Alexandria we observed rather a tasty cottage and improvement on the right. We inquired of a gentlemanly looking elderly man on the bank, "who resided there?" but [143] he uncourteously not deigning a reply, we were informed at the next settlement that it was a Major Bellisle.<sup>110</sup>

<sup>110</sup> Major John Belli was a cosmopolitan, his father being French, his mother Dutch, and he himself born (1760) and educated in England. He inherited estates in Holland, but having become imbued with republican principles, emigrated to America, bearing letters of recommendation from John Jay. Belli landed at Alexandria, Virginia, in 1783 and remained there nine years, forming a personal acquaintance with Washington, Knox, and other public men. Sent west on public business in 1791, he remained as deputy-quartermaster of the army until after Wayne's victory, when he purchased land at the mouth of Turkey Creek, and built thereon the house of which Cuming speaks. It was a large two-story frame building, unusually good for the region, and was named "Belvidere." Major Belli married a cousin of General Harrison, and although the founder of Alexandria at the mouth of the Scioto, preferred his home at Turkey Creek, where he died in 1809.— Ed.

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Passing Turkey creek on the right, and Conoconecq creek on the left, seven miles more brought us opposite to a very handsome insulated mountain, five hundred feet high, on the right, and passing Willow (small) island and bar on the same hand, we landed nearly opposite to buy milk at a decent looking cabin and small farm. It was owned by one Colgin, an Irishman, who has been several years in Kentucky, but only two in his present residence. He has only eight acres cleared, on which he maintains himself, his wife, and seven children, who are all comfortably and even becomingly drest. There was



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an air of natural civility, and even kindness, in the manner of this family, which I had not observed before on the banks of the Ohio. The children, who were all born in Kentucky, were uncommonly handsome.

Three miles further we passed on the right, Twin creeks, about a hundred yards apart, a mile beyond which we anchored under the Ohio shore at half past nine, and passed under our awning as cold a night as I have experienced in the more northern climates in November. The sudden and frequent changes from excessive heat to excessive cold throughout the United States, are amongst the greatest inconveniences to which the inhabitants are exposed, and are very trying to delicate constitutions, being the cause of pulmonary complaints, which are very common, particularly among the females.

On the clear, cold morning, of the twenty-ninth of July, 164 we hauled up our anchor, and dropping down the current three miles, we landed at Salt Lick landing, at six o'clock.

We walked about a mile to the salt springs. The old original one, formerly used by the Indians, and another lately opened, are on the west side of Salt Lick [144] creek and are owned by a family of the name of Beal. Three others on the east side of the creek, opened within three years, belong to a Mr. Greenup. The salt is made in three furnaces at Beal's springs, and in four at Greenup's. Each furnace contains fifty cast iron pans, of about twenty gallons each, and makes, on Greenup's side, one hundred bushels of salt per week, while on Beal's side they make only sixty bushels per week, in each furnace. The price of salt at the works is two dollars per bushel. A furnace requires eight men to do its work, whose wages are from twenty to twenty-five dollars per month each. The water in the old spring is near the surface, but the new wells are sunk to the depth of fifty-five feet. The water is wound up by hand by a windlass, in buckets, and emptied into wooden troughs, which lead to the furnaces. The old spring has two pumps in it. Much labour might be saved by machinery wrought either by horses, or by the water of the neighbouring creek; but in so new a country one must not expect to find the arts in perfection.

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The proprietors of each furnace pay a yearly rent of from three to five hundred bushels of salt to the proprietors of the soil.

The valley in which the springs are is small, and surrounded by broken and rather barren hills, but producing wood enough to supply the furnaces with fuel constantly, if properly managed.

There is a wagon road of seventy miles from hence to Lexington, through a country settled the whole way. The road passes the upper Blue Licks, where are also salt springs 165 and furnaces, not nearly however so productive as these. The Salt Lick springs, which are the strongest in this western country, are not half so strongly impregnated with salt, as the water of the ocean, yielding only about one pound of salt, from sixty pounds of water.

[145] What a subject of admiration does it not afford to the moralizing philosopher, that such a provision should be made by all bountiful nature, or rather by nature's God, for supplying both the intellectual and brute creation, with an article so necessary to both, in the heart of an immense continent, so remote from any ocean.

There are three or four houses at the landing, which was intended as the scite of the county town, but the seat of the courts has been established four miles lower down the Ohio.<sup>111</sup>

<sup>111</sup> Vanceburgh, at the mouth of Salt Lick Creek, is now the county seat for Lewis County; but Clarksburgh, a village below, was originally so chosen.— Ed.

We breakfasted on good coffee, biscuit, meat and cheese, at the house of one M'Bride, an Irishman, who has a fine family of ten children all living.

## CHAPTER XXIII

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Graham's station—Brush Creek—A family travelling on a visit—Fine scenery—Massey's island—Manchester—Brookes's—Madison—Maysville—Failure of three towns, and an intended glass house.

At eight o'clock we proceeded to drop down the river. The hills on each side still continued broken, separate, and pointed, and the bottoms narrow. The appearance of the timber since we passed Little Sandy, indicated the soil to be not so rich as above that river, it being of a much smaller growth.

About eight miles from Salt Lick we passed on the left a fine settlement of several large farms and good farm 166 houses, called Graham's station on Kennedy's bottom, and three miles further on the right the new town of Adamsville, with one very good house and three or four small ones, finely situated at [146] the mouth of Brush creek, which is a charming little river about thirty-five yards wide.

From hence we observed several good farm houses in fine situations, on the left, and an extensive bottom, well settled, on the right, the Ohio being about half a mile wide between.

At Sycamore creek, which is very small, on the left, two miles below Brush creek, is a good house, finely situated, with a ferry for the Ohio. Here we spoke a man of the name of May, who with his wife and child, and an aged mother, had been seven weeks descending the Mississippi and ascending the Ohio in a skiff; bound from St. Louis in upper Louisiana, to Pittsburgh, a distance of thirteen hundred miles, on a visit to two of his brothers residing there. They had just landed to cook their dinner. I mention this merely to give some idea how little the inhabitants of this country think of journies which would seem impracticable to the stationary residents of Europe.

Since passing Brush creek, I observed the river hills to be lower, their tops flatter, and the country less broken: the river too had widened to the breadth of three quarters of a mile, and Pennaway's handsome brick house on a fine farm, separated by Donaldson's

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creek from the widow Smith's farm house, the latter decorated with a balcony and piazza, and beautifully situated, with the wooded hills rising gradually behind, formed altogether imagery worthy a good landscape painter. From hence there is also a charming view down the river, through a vista formed by Massey's island and the high right bank on which the town of Manchester is placed.

Four miles and a half below Sycamore creek, instead of 167 going through the vista which was open to the eye, we kept over to the left shore in the main channel, to the left of a small island, which is joined at low water by a semicircular sand bar to Massey's [147] island, a fine harbour being formed by the bar between the islands except in inundations of the river.

Massey's island is about two miles long, but it is very narrow. It belongs to two owners, it is very fertile and partly cultivated.

At four o'clock we passed the lower end of Massey's island, rowed over to the right shore, and landed at Manchester, a quarter of a mile lower down.

This town has been settled twelve years, but contains only ten dwelling houses, most delightfully situated on a high plain, commanding charming prospects of the river both above and below. It is a post town, and is only three miles distant from the great state road through the state of Ohio to Lexington in Kentucky; but it is a poor place, and not likely to improve, as its vicinity to Maysville, which is only twelve miles lower where the road crosses the river, prevents its being frequented by travellers.

We delayed but a few minutes at Manchester, and then proceeding, we passed Isaac creek with a wooden bridge over it, on the right, a mile below. A mile lower we saw on the left a very handsome farm house, an orchard and a fine farm; opposite to which on the right, the river hills approach close to the bank.

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Two miles further we passed Crooked creek on the left, the hills now approaching on that side, and receding on the right, leaving a fine extensive bottom between them and the river.

Cabin creek on the left is a mile and a half below Crooked creek, and has a good farm and handsome farm house at its mouth.

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Three miles lower, on the left, is William Brookes's creek, below which is a floating mill, and Brookes's good house and fine farm on a very pleasant point, where a bottom commences, which extends to Limestone, while the same ridge of hills which we passed below Isaac creek, after semicircularly [148] bounding a deep, long and well settled bottom, again approach the right bank of the Ohio opposite Brookes's.

It may be proper to remark here, that in general, when the river hills approach the river on one side, they recede on the other, so that hills on one side are opposite to bottoms on the other.

From just below Brookes's, we had a fine view down a reach, about three miles, with Limestone or Maysville in sight at the end of it, and passing the straggling but pleasant village of Madison on the left, Limestone creek, and two gun boats at anchor, we landed there a little before eight o'clock.

We got a good supper and beds at Mr. S. January's, who keeps an excellent house, and is a polite, well informed and attentive landlord.

Next morning Thursday the 30th July, we walked, accompanied by our host to the scite of a formerly intended glass house, on the bank about three quarters of a mile above the town; which failed of being erected in consequence of the glass blowers who were engaged not having arrived to perform their contract.

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During our walk, we were shewn the scites of no less than three projected towns, on the different properties of Messrs. Martin, Brookes, and Coburn, at any of which, the situations were better than at Maysville, both in point of room for building, and communication with the interior of the country. They however all failed, in favour of Maysville; 169 112 but those attempts to establish towns on their estates, will serve to give some idea of the ambitious and enterprising spirit which actuates the landholders in this country.

112 The town on the property of Thomas Brooks—one of the early pioneers who came to Kentucky before 1776—was called “Rittersville;” that of John Coburn was first designated as “Madison,” but later as “Liberty.”

Judge John Coburn was a Philadelphian who came to Kentucky (1784) on the advice of Luther Martin, living at Lexington until 1794, when he removed to Mason County, and was made judge of its courts. A prominent Democrat, he declined the position of judge in the territory of Michigan; but later accepted the same for that of Orleans, holding court at St. Louis. Coburn was an ardent friend of Daniel Boone, and the act appropriating land for the latter in his old age was passed at his instance. He also served as commissioner (1796) to run the boundary between Virginia and Kentucky; and after holding many offices of trust, died in 1823.— Ed.

Maysville is the greatest shipping port on the Ohio, below Pittsburgh, but it is merely such, not being a place of much business itself, but only serving as the principal port for the north eastern part of the state [149] of Kentucky, as Louisville does for the south western. It has not increased any for several years, and contains only about sixty houses. It is closely hemmed in by the river hills, over which the most direct road from Philadelphia through Pittsburgh and Chillicothe leads to Lexington, and thence through the state of Tennessee to New Orleans.

Several vessels of all sizes from four hundred tons downwards, have been built here, but as none are now going forward, I presume the builders did not find that business

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answerable to their expectations. It is a post town, the mails from both east and west arriving on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Its situation causing it to be much resorted to by travellers, that gives it an appearance of liveliness and bustle, which might induce a stranger to think it a place of more consequence in itself than it really is.

After breakfasting with our host, I delivered a letter of introduction to Mr. George Gallagher, one of the principal 170 merchants, who received me very politely; then leaving our boat with our landlord to be disposed of, we set out on foot for Lexington, at half past eleven o'clock.

### CHAPTER XXIV

Delightful country—Beautiful fields of maize—Washington—A philosophical butcher—An architectural wagonner—May's lick—Barren hills—Licking river—Dangerous ford—Blue licks—Good inn—Salt furnaces.

Our road led over a high hill but of easy ascent for about half a mile, with small cultivated spots here and there. When at the summit of the river hills, we entered on a fine country, consisting of hill [150] and dale, with very extensive farms, and some of the largest fields of Indian corn I had ever seen. Perhaps no plantation has a more beautiful appearance than a field of maize in that stage of vegetation in which we now saw it. It was in tassel and silk according to the country terms. The first of these is the flower or blossom, which grows on the top of the plant which is from eight to twelve feet high. It is of a light brown colour and resembles the feather of a quill stripped down and twisted round the stem, and nods and trembles with the slightest air of wind. The latter consists of a few silky and silvery threads, which issue from the end of each ear, from two to three of which grow at the height of about two thirds of the stalk. The leaves which grow luxuriantly from the stalk to from a foot to two feet long, are of a deep and rich green, and have their ends generally bent down by their own weight. It is impossible to convey an idea on paper of the beauty of a field of fifty or sixty acres in this state. A field of sugar canes in the West Indies, when

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nearly ripe, comes the nearest to it in beauty and appearance of any other species of cultivation I am acquainted with. It 171 might be deemed impertinent to occupy the time of the American reader, in describing the appearance of a field, to the sight of which he is so accustomed, but should these sheets ever find their way to Europe, it may afford information to those who may never have an opportunity of knowing more of the culture of so useful, so noble and so beautiful a plant.<sup>113</sup>

113 An ear of corn, in most parts of Ireland, England, and Scotland, and other parts of Europe, is deemed a great curiosity, and is carefully preserved, when it can be procured, for a number of years by some families as a shew of a singular production of nature, and is as much admired and as closely examined as would be here the shoe of a Chinese lady of quality. A young Irish gentleman tells me, when a boy in Ireland he once carried a *corn cob* fourteen miles in his pocket to shew it to his relatives, who viewed it as a great curiosity from America, and could form no just idea of the manner of its growing, or of its utility, but concluded it grew like oats or barley, and like these were cut with sickles or scythes. The cob had been previously stripped of its grains by as many individuals, each taking one, as a sight of singular curiosity for their families and neighbourhood.— Cramer.

[151] About half a mile further, we passed on the right the handsome house, spacious square barn, fine farm and improvements of major John Brown, an Irishman, the whole together indicating taste and opulence.

A mile and a half beyond this on the left, is a large and remarkably well built brick house of a Mr. Blanchard, well situated, but left rather naked of wood.

The country on every side appears to be better improved than I have observed it in any part of America, and wonderfully abundant in grain, chiefly Indian corn.

Four miles from Maysville, we entered the flourishing town of Washington, which is laid out on a roomy and liberal plan, in three parallel streets, containing only as yet ninety-six houses, mostly large and good ones. There is here a good stone court-house with a small



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belfry, a church of brick for a society of Scotch Presbyterians, and another of wood for one of Anabaptists. Washington being 172 the capital of Bracken county, and in the heart of a very rich country, is a thriving town, and will probably continue to be so, notwithstanding it is without the advantage of any navigable river nearer than the Ohio at Maysville.<sup>114</sup>

<sup>114</sup> For a sketch of the town of Washington, see F. A. Michaux's *Travels*, vol. iii of this series, p.—, note 37. Cuming is mistaken in making it the seat of Bracken instead of Mason County.— Ed.

Mr. Lee a merchant here, to whom I had letters of introduction was polite and obliging.<sup>115</sup> We got an excellent dinner, at Ebert's tavern; after which we hired two horses through Mr. Lee's interest, as it is difficult for strangers to procure horses on hire throughout this country. We engaged one at half a dollar, and the other at three quarters of a dollar a [152] day; the last from a Mr. Fristoe, a small man of sixty-eight, married to his second wife of thirty-two years of age. She is a contrast to her husband in size as well as years, she being tall and fat, and weighing two hundred and forty pounds. She is two years younger than his youngest daughter by his first wife. He has grand and great grandchildren born in Kentucky. He is a Virginian, and was once a man of large property, when he resided on the banks of one of the rivers which fall into the Chesapeake, where he loaded the ship in which captain, afterwards consul O'Brien was captured by the Algerines. By unfortunate land jobbing in Kentucky, he has lost his property, and is now a butcher in Washington.

<sup>115</sup> For biographical sketch of General Henry Lee, see Michaux's *Travels*, vol. iii of this series, p. 36, note 25.— Ed.

He is truly a philosopher, contrasting his former with his present situation, with much good humour and pleasantry.

At three o'clock, we left Washington on horseback, and travelled on a good road through a well improved country, four miles to the north fork of Licking river, which we crossed <sup>173</sup> by a wooden bridge supported by four piers of hammered limestone, with a transverse

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sleeper of timber on each which supports the sill. The bridge is seventy-seven yards long, and only wants abutments to be very complete. A wagonner had stopped his wagon on it to measure its proportions. He told me that he had contracted to build a similar bridge over the south fork of Licking at Cynthiana, forty miles from hence, which is larger than the north fork. It may seem strange that a wagonner should be employed as a builder, but it is common throughout the United States, particularly at a distance from the sea coast, for one man to have learned and wrought at two, and even sometimes three or four different mechanical professions, at different periods of his life.

[153] The country still continued fine, but not quite so well improved, to Lee's creek mill, three miles and a half beyond the north fork of Licking. The mill was now stopped for want of water in the creek, which is an inconvenience to which the whole of the western country is liable, the brooks and small rivers generally failing during the summer.

Half a mile further we came to a small post town, called May's-lick, containing only eight or ten houses, irregularly scattered on the side of a hill. We here stopped to feed our horses, and then proceeded four miles through a good natural, but indifferently improved country to Clark's excellent mill on Johnston's fork of Licking, which is a fine mill stream, and falls into Licking river, several miles lower down. The road on each side the fork is very bad, the hills being extremely steep.

After passing Clark's mill, we found the country gradually worse cultivated, less inhabited, and at last a continuation of barren hills, bearing very little besides wild pennyroyal, 174 with which the air is strongly perfumed, and a few stunted shrubs and trees, there being nothing to promote vegetation, but gravel and loose stones of every variety—marble, limestone, flint, freestone, and granate, among which the limestone is the most predominant. The road also was very bad for the three or four miles next to the Blue salt licks on Licking river, which is eight miles from Clark's mill.

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On the road we met a Mr. Ball and another man, both armed, going in search of four negro slaves, who had ran away from him, and two of his neighbours near Boonsborough,<sup>116</sup> seven had ran away, but three had been apprehended that morning.

<sup>116</sup> Boonesborough was one of the first settlements of Kentucky, laid out in 1775 by the pioneer for whom it was named. It was the capital of the Transylvania Company, and the scene of some of the most noted events of early Kentucky history, particularly during the siege of 1778. Boonesborough declined in importance after the Indian wars; in 1810 it was a mere hamlet, and since that but the site of a farm. For further details see the excellent monograph of Ranck, *Boonesborough* (Filson Club *Publications*, No. 16; Louisville, 1901). — Ed.

We saw from the eminences on the road, the smoke of the salt furnaces, when three miles distant from them.

[154] In fording the Licking, which is a fine river about eighty yards wide, we kept rather too high, and got into such deep water that mine had to swim some yards, while A—, who was behind me took advantage of my mistake, and kept lower down, so that his horse was only up to the saddle skirts.

Some negro salt labourers on the bank, mischievously beckoned and called to us towards them, enjoying our embarrassment, but taking care to get out of sight when we got firm footing on the same side of the river with them.

We found Mrs. Williams an obliging hostess, and her sister Miss Howard, a very agreeable woman; they favoured us with their company at supper, and were both much better bred, and better informed than most of the tavern ladies we had seen since we left Pittsburgh.

There were some other ladies and some children in the house from Washington, who were here for the benefit of drinking the waters of the salt spring, which are esteemed

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efficacious in some disorders. They are frequented by people from different parts of the state, as both a cure and antidote for every disorder incident to the human frame. I believe them to be perfectly neutral: They are impregnated with sulphur, and smell and taste exactly like the bilge water in a ship's hold, of course they are very nauseous. They act sometimes as a cathartick, and sometimes as an emetick, but without causing either griping, or sickness of the stomach.

There are seven furnaces wrought here, but the water which lies at the surface is not near so strong as that at the salt lick near the Ohio, each furnace here making only about twenty-five bushels of salt per week. The Blue lick salt is much whiter and handsomer than the other, but it only sells at the same price. Each furnace rents at about three hundred dollars a year.

[155] These licks were much frequented by buffaloes and deer, the former of which have been destroyed or terrified from the country. It is only fourteen or fifteen years since no other except buffalo or bear meat was used by the inhabitants of this country.<sup>117</sup>

<sup>117</sup> The Lower Blue Licks, which Cuming here describes, were discovered in 1773 by a party of surveyors led by John Finley. It was a well-known spot in early Kentucky annals, and Daniel Boone was here engaged in making salt when captured by Indians (1778). The most famous event in its history was the disastrous battle fought here, August 19, 1782, in which the flower of Kentucky frontiersmen lost their lives. See Young, "Battle of Blue Licks" in Durrett, *Bryant's Station* (Filson Club *Publications*, No. 12; Louisville, 1897). The Lower Blue Licks later became, as Cuming indicates, a favorite watering-place for the vicinity.—Ed.

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## CHAPTER XXV

Nicholasville—Assembly of birds—Shafts to salt spring—Millersburgh—Capt. Waller—State of the country at first settlement—Massacre of the American militia under Col.

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Todd by the Indians—Astonishing plenty of game—Mode of killing the buffaloe—Their extirpation—Canes—Paper mill—Johnston's—North branch of Elkhorn—General Russel.

Friday, twenty-first July, we arose early and proceeded on our journey. At about two miles from Blue Licks we passed a tavern, a double log gaol and a court house in a very solitary situation, dignified with the name of Nicholasville, it being the seat of the county courts of Nicholas county. In one spot on the road were two crows, two doves, four red-birds, and four partridges, assembled as if in council. They all took wing at our approach except the partridges, which in this country are wonderfully abundant, and very tame. They will walk quietly to the side of the road and look at the passing traveller with innocent confidence.

There were but one or two houses in the next six miles, which are through a stony defile between barren hills. The country then becomes better inhabited and the soil gradually improves to Millersburgh, a village of about thirty houses, thirteen miles from Blue Licks.<sup>118</sup> There is on the road an old shaft where an attempt was made to come at a salt spring [156] without success, but a little further they succeeded in finding a very strong one, which was rendered useless by some springs of fresh water flowing into the salt, at such a depth as to render the turning them away if not impracticable, at least too expensive.

<sup>118</sup> For sketch of Millersburgh, see F. A. Michaux's *Travels*, vol. iii of this series, p. 198, note 38.— Ed.

We breakfasted at Capt. Waller's tavern, at Millersburgh.<sup>119</sup>

<sup>119</sup> Captain John Waller was one of the party from Virginia who were associated with Simon Kenton (1775–76) in laying out a station near Maysville, which later was abandoned because of danger from Indians. He had been a noted border-fighter and frontiersman during the early history of Kentucky. In 1792 he represented Bourbon County in the first legislature.— Ed.

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177 Our host was an obliging and sensible man, and possessed of good general information relative to this country: he was not destitute of some particular also. We collected from him, that when he first arrived in Kentucky, about twenty-three years ago, there was not a house between Limestone and Lexington, and at the latter place were only a few log cabins under the protection of a stoccado fort.—That there was not half a mile of the road between the two places unstained by human blood.—That in 1782, on the heights above the Blue Lick, 2000 Indians drew 1500 Americans into an ambush, by partially exposing themselves, and so tempting the latter to attack them. The American commander, Col. Todd, and six hundred of his men were killed, and the whole party would have been destroyed had the remainder not saved themselves by throwing themselves into the Licking and gaining the opposite bank, to which the Indians did not chuse to pursue them, satisfied with the slaughter they had made.<sup>120</sup> He said that buffaloes, bears and deer were so plenty in the country, even long after it began to be generally settled, and ceased to be frequented as a hunting ground by the Indians, that little or no bread was used, but that even the children were fed on game; the facility of gaining which prevented the progress of agriculture, until the poor innocent buffaloes were completely extirpated, and the other wild animals much thinned: And that the principal part of the cultivation of Kentucky had been within the last fifteen years. He said the buffaloes had been so numerous, going in herds of several hundreds

120 The numbers as given here are greatly exaggerated. About sixty Americans were slain, and the attacking party was not over, at the most, six hundred.— Ed.

178 together, that [157] about the salt licks and springs they frequented, they pressed down and destroyed the soil to a depth of three or four feet, as was conspicuous yet in the neighbourhood of the Blue Lick, where all the old trees have their roots bare of soil to that depth.—Those harmless and unsuspecting animals, used to stand gazing with apparent curiosity at their destroyer, until he was sometimes within twenty yards of them, when he made it a rule to select the leader, which was always an old and fat female. When she was killed, which rarely failed from the great dexterity of the hunter, the rest of the

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herd would not desert her, until he had shot as many as he thought proper. If one of the common herd was the first victim of the rifle, the rest would immediately fly. The males sometimes exceeded a thousand pounds weight, but the females were seldom heavier than five hundred. He said that the whole country was then an entire cane brake, which sometimes grew to forty feet high, but that the domestick stock introduced by the settlers have eradicated the cane, except in some remote and unsettled parts of the state. He described that plant, as springing up with a tender shoot, like asparagus, which cattle are very fond of.

Millerstown has been settled about ten years, but it is not thriving, though it seems well calculated for a manufacturing town, from its situation on the bank of Hinckson's fork of the Licking, which is a good mill stream, and over which there is a wooden bridge.

Several strata of lead ore, parallel to the surface, and from three inches to a foot in thickness, have been discovered in the town, and neighbourhood; and about a year ago, a Mr. Elliot, erected a furnace and made sixteen tons of pure lead, but for want of funds to prosecute the business to effect, he was obliged to cease exertions, which, with proper encouragement, might have been a source of very extensive traffick to [158] this state, independent of the keeping in it a considerable sum of the circulating medium which is now paid for that useful metal, with which it is supplied from St. Genevieve in Upper Louisiana, at a profit of one hundred per cent.<sup>121</sup>

<sup>121</sup> The lead vein near Millersburg was but small; it was worked again to some effect after the War of Secession.— Ed.

From Millersburgh we travelled about seven miles, over a fine soil, but not much improved on account of the uncertainty of titles. We then turned out of the main road into a path through the woods, which we were informed would shorten our road two miles to Baylor's mills, where Mr. A—had business, but after losing ourselves in a labyrinth of cross paths, and riding five miles instead of two, we at last found ourselves at Col. Garret's fine stone

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house and extensive farm,<sup>122</sup> where a young lady from an upper window, gave us directions, by the aid of which we soon found Mr. Baylor's.

<sup>122</sup> This was doubtless the residence of General James Garrard, a Virginian who had emigrated to Kentucky directly after the Revolution, and was second governor of the state, 1796–1804. He died at his home in Bourbon County in 1822.— Ed.

We had to regret the absence from home of young Mr. and Mrs. Baylor,<sup>123</sup> as Mr. A. was personally acquainted with them, and we had promised ourselves a musical feast, from the performance of Mrs. B. on the piano forte, on which instrument she is said particularly to excel. They not being at home, we declined the invitation of a younger Mr. B. to alight, but taking a glass of milk and water on horseback, we proceeded across Stoner's fork of the Licking, towards Lexington, leaving the town of Paris about three miles on the left.<sup>124</sup>

<sup>123</sup> Daughter of Mr. Henry Weidner, of Pittsburgh.— Cramer.

<sup>124</sup> For sketch of Paris, see Michaux's *Travels*, vol. iii of this series, p. 37, note 29.— Ed.  
180

Our ride now was on a charming road finely shaded by woods, with now and then a good farm, five miles to Johnston's tavern, where we fed our horses and got some refreshment. Capt. Johnston is most comfortably settled on a fine farm, having a son married and settled on an equally good one, on one side, and a daughter equally well situated on the other. He and his wife are good looking, middle aged people, [159] and both in their persons, and in every thing around them, have the appearance of being possessed of the happy *otium* of life. He had a quantity of last year's produce in his granaries, and his wheat, his corn and tobacco fields, with a large tract of meadow, were smiling in luxuriant abundance around him.

The country continued fine, and more cultivated for the next six miles, hill and dale alternately, but the hills only gentle slopes: we then ascending a chain of rather higher hills



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than we had lately crossed, called Ash ridge, we passed a small meeting house on the right, and Mr. Robert Carter Harrison's large house, fine farm and improvements on the left, separated by the north branch of Elkhorn river from Jamison's mill. We then crossed that river, and soon after, on a fine elevated situation, we passed general Russel's house on the right, with a small lawn in front of it, and two small turrets at the corners of the lawn next the road. The tout ensemble wanting only the vineyards to resemble many of the country habitations of Languedoc and Provence. I have little doubt, but at some future period, that feature will also be added to it, as in this climate and soil grapes would grow most luxuriantly; when therefore the population of this country becomes adequate to the culture of the vine, it will assuredly not be neglected.

Overtaking a gentleman on horseback, who had been overseeing some mowers in a meadow, he joined company with, and civilly entered into conversation with us. It was 181 general Russel who had been riding round his farm. We discussed various topics respecting the natural and improved state of the country, and the present state of political affairs. He had just returned from Richmond in Virginia, where he had been during the examination of Col. Burr, before the grand jury. He evinced much good sense, intelligence, candour and liberality in his opinions, [160] not only with regard to that extraordinary man, who has caused such a ferment throughout the union, but on the various other subjects which we conversed on. He obligingly accompanied us about five miles, as an afternoon's ride, and at parting, he gave us a friendly and polite invitation to visit him at his cottage, on our return.<sup>125</sup>

<sup>125</sup> General William Russell was a Virginian by birth, who had lived in the southwestern part of that state, and from boyhood had been accustomed to Indian warfare. He participated in the battles of King's Mountain and Guilford Court House, and in the expedition against the Cherokees. After emigrating to Kentucky, he served with Scott, Wilkinson, and Wayne in their Indian campaigns, showing great military capacity. Again in 1811, and in the Western battles of the War of 1812–15, the services of General Russell were of much importance. In politics he was as prominent as in warfare, representing his

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county (Fayette) in the Kentucky legislature for thirteen terms, but finally suffering defeat as a candidate for governor (1824). The following year he died on his farm, where Cuming had met him.— Ed.

He described the well where he has his spring house, as a great natural curiosity; there being a grotto under it which terminates in a cavern in the limestone rock, which has been explored nearly a hundred yards without finding the termination.

### CHAPTER XXVI

Lexington—Excellent tavern—Fine market—Transylvania university—Publick buildings—Schools—Manufacturies—Stores and state of business—Coffee house—Vauxhall.

The country had insensibly assumed the appearance of an approach to a city.—The roads very wide and fine, with 182 grazing parks, meadows, and every spot in sight cultivated.

Soon after parting with the general, we were gratified with a view of Lexington, about half a mile distant, from an eminence on the road. On entering the town we were struck with the fine roomy scale on which every thing appeared to be planned. Spacious streets, and large houses chiefly of brick, which since the year 1795, have been rapidly taking the place of the original wooden ones, several of which however yet remain.

We turned up the main street, which is about eighty feet wide, compactly built, well paved, and [161] having a footway, twelve feet wide on each side.—Passing several very handsome brick houses of two and three stories, numerous stores well filled with merchandize of every description, and the market place and court house, we dismounted at Wilson's inn, and entered the traveller's room, which had several strangers in it. Shortly after, the supper bell ringing, we obeyed the summons, and were ushered into a room about forty feet long, where, at the head of a table, laid out with neatness, plenty and variety, sat our well dressed hostess, who did the honours of it with much ease and propriety.

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We retired early, and next morning, before breakfast, went to the market, which is held every Wednesday and Saturday. We were surprised at the number of horses belonging to the neighbouring farmers, which were fastened around on the outside, and on entering the market place we were equally astonished at the profusion and variety of most of the necessaries and many of the luxuries of life. There was not however such a display of flesh meat as is seen in Pittsburgh, which might be owing to the warmth of the climate at that season. Prices were nearly similar to those at Pittsburgh: beef four cents per pound, bacon eight, butter twelve and a half; lamb twenty-five cents a quarter, corn 183 meal forty-two cents per bushel, and every thing else in proportion. Vegetables were in great abundance and very cheap, and were sold mostly by negro men and women; indeed that race were the most predominant both as to sellers and buyers.

Our beds had been very good, and our breakfast and dinner to-day, were correspondent to our supper last night—displaying a variety neatly and handsomely served up, with excellent attendance.

I employed the forenoon in running over and viewing the town. It contains three hundred and sixty-six dwelling houses, besides barns, stables and [162] other out offices. The streets cross each other at right angles, and are from fifty to eighty feet wide. A rivulet which turns some mills below the town, runs through the middle of Water-street, but it is covered by an arch, and levelled over it the length of the street. It falls into the Elkhorn a few miles to the N. W.

There are societies of Presbyterians, Seceders, Episcopalians, Anabaptists and Roman Catholicks, each of which has a church, no way remarkable, except the Episcopalian, which is very neat and convenient. There is also a society of Methodists, which has not yet any regular house of worship. The court house now finishing, is a good, plain, brick building, of three stories, with a cupola, rising from the middle of the square roof, containing a bell and a town clock. The cupola is supported by four large brick columns in the centre of the house, rising from the foundation, through the hall of justice, and in my

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opinion adding nothing to its beauty or convenience. The whole building when finished, will cost about fifteen thousand dollars. The masonick hall, is a neat brick building, as is also the bank, where going for change for a Philadelphia bank note, I received in specie one per cent. advance, which they allow on the notes 184 of the Atlantick cities for the convenience of remitting. There is a publick library and a university, called Transylvania, which is incorporated and is under the government of twenty-one trustees and the direction of a president, the Rev. James Blythe, who is also professor of natural philosophy, mathematicks, geography and English grammar. There are four professors besides: the Rev. Robert H. Bishop, professor of moral philosophy, belles lettres, logick and history; Mr. Ebenezer Sharpe, professor of the languages; Doctor James Fishback, professor of medicine, &c. and Henry Clay, Esq. professor of law. The funds of the university arise from the price of tuition, (which [163] is lower than in any other seminary of learning in the United States) and from eight thousand acres of first rate land, granted to it by the state of Virginia; five thousand of which are in the neighbourhood of Lexington, and three thousand near Louisville at the falls of Ohio. The legislature of Kentucky have also granted to it six thousand acres of valuable land, south of Green river. Its yearly income from the lands, now amounts to about two thousand dollars, which will probably be soon much increased.<sup>126</sup>

126 For the early history of Transylvania University, one of the oldest and most celebrated educational institutions in the West, as well as for sketches of its early professors, see Peter, *Transylvania University* (Filson Club *Publications*, No. II; Louisville, 1896).— Ed.

There are no fewer than three creditable boarding schools for female education, in which there are at present above a hundred pupils. An extract from Mrs. Beck's card, will convey some idea of the progress of polite education in this country.

“Boarders instructed in the following branches, at the rate of two hundred dollars per annum, viz. Reading, spelling, writing, arithmetick, grammar, epistolary correspondence, elocution and rhetoric; geography, with the use of maps, 185 globes, and the armillary

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sphere; astronomy, with the advantage of an orrery; ancient and modern history; chronology, mythology, and natural history; natural and moral philosophy; musick, vocal and instrumental; drawing, painting, and embroidery of all kinds; artificial flowers, and any other fashionable fancy-work; plain sewing, marking, netting, &c.”

The card designates a regular course of education, as it proceeds through the successional branches, all of which cannot be studied by any individual at the same time.

Mrs. Beck is an English lady, and is in high reputation as an instructress. She was now absent, having taken advantage of a vacation, to visit the Olympian Springs, about fifty miles from Lexington, much resorted, on account of their salubrious effects.

There is no regular academy for males, but there are several day schools.

[164] The number of inhabitants in Lexington, in 1806, was 1655 free white inhabitants, and 1165 negro slaves, in all 2820. The whole number may now be safely estimated at 3000.

There are three nail manufacturies, which make about sixty tons of nails per annum; and there are ten blacksmith's shops, which find constant employment for a considerable number of hands.

There are two copper and tin manufacturies, one of which manufactures ware to the amount of ten thousand dollars yearly; the other is on a smaller scale.

There are four jewellers and silversmiths, whose business is very profitable.

Seven saddler's shops employ thirty hands, the proceeds of whose labour is annually from twenty-five to thirty thousand dollars.

There are four cabinet-maker's shops, where household 186 furniture is manufactured in as handsome a style as in any part of America, and where the high finish which is given to

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the native walnut and cherry timber, precludes the regret that mahogany is not to be had but at an immense expense.

Three tan yards and five currying shops, manufacture about thirty thousand dollars worth of leather every year.

There is one excellent umbrella manufactory, one brush, one reed, four chair, and two tobacco manufacturies which make chewing tobacco, snuff and cigars. Three bluedyers. Five hatters, who employ upwards of fifty hands, and manufacture about thirty thousand dollars worth of fur and wool hats annually. Ten tailors, who employ forty-seven journeymen and apprentices. Fifteen shoe and boot makers, who employ about sixty hands, and manufacture to the amount of about thirty thousand dollars yearly; and two stocking weavers.

Two brew-houses make as good beer as can be got in the United States. A carding machine for [165] wool, is a great convenience to the manufacturers of that article. There is one manufacturer of baling cloth for cotton wool, who employs thirty-eight hands, and makes thirty-six thousand yards annually; and two cotton spinning machines, worked by horses, yield a handsome profit to the proprietors. An oil mill, worked by horses, makes fifteen hundred gallons of oil per year. Seven distilleries make near seven thousand gallons of spirits yearly. Four rope-walks employ about sixty hands, and make about three hundred tons of cordage annually, the tar for which is made on the banks of Sandy river, and is bought in Lexington at from eighteen to twenty-five cents per gallon. There are two apothecaries' shops, and five regular physicians. Twenty-two stores retail upwards of three hundred thousand dollars worth of imported, foreign merchandize annually; and 187 there is one book and stationary store on a very large scale, and two printing offices, where gazettes are printed weekly.<sup>127</sup>

<sup>127</sup> For a sketch of Lexington and its first two newspapers, see Michaux's *Travels*, vol. iii of this series, p. 37, note 28, and F. A. Michaux's *Travels*, p. 200, note 40.— Ed.

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In the neighbourhood are six powder mills, that make about twenty thousand pounds of powder yearly.

There are seven brick yards which employ sixty hands, and make annually two million five hundred thousand bricks; and there are fifty brick-layers, and as many attendants, who have built between thirty and forty good brick houses each of the last three years. The Presbyterian society is now finishing a church which will cost eight thousand dollars.

Manufactures are progressing in several parts of the state.

In Madison county there has lately been established a manufactory on a large scale for spinning hemp and flax. It is wrought by water, and is calculated to keep in motion twelve hundred spindles, each of which will spin per day, half a pound of thread of fineness to make from six to ten hundred linen, or [166] four pounds per spindle suitable for cotton baling. One hundred and sixty spindles are now at work, which have spun a quantity of thread of superiour quality.

Having been informed that Mr. Prentice, from New England, who is keeper of the county gaol, had collected much local information respecting Lexington, with an intention of publishing an account of its settlement, progress and present state, I called on him, and he very politely communicated to me every thing I interrogated him on: as his book however will be given to the publick on some future day, I will not anticipate it; but will merely mention one circumstance as a proof how much luxury has progressed here. Last year there were in Lexington thirty-nine two 188 wheel carriages, such as gigs and one horse chaises, valued at 5764 dollars, and twenty-one four wheel ones, coaches, chariots, &c. valued at 8900 dollars; since when four elegant ones have been added to the number. This may convey some idea of the taste for shew and expense which pervades this country. There are now here, fifteen hundred good and valuable horses, and seven hundred milk cows.

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The police of Lexington seems to be well regulated: as one proof of which there is an established nightly watch.

The copper coinage of the United States is of no use in Kentucky—the smallest circulating coin being a silver sixteenth of a dollar.

There are four billiard tables in Lexington, and cards are a good deal played at taverns, where it is more customary to meet for that purpose than at private houses.

There is a coffee house here, where is a reading room for the benefit of subscribers and strangers, in which are forty-two files of different newspapers from various parts of the United States. It is supported [167] by subscribers, who pay six dollars each annually, and of which there are now sixty. In the same house is a billiard table, and chess and back-gammon tables, and the guests may be accommodated with wine, porter, beer, spirituous liquors, cordials and confectionary. It is kept by a Mr. Terasse, formerly of the island of St. Bartholomew. He had been unfortunate in mercantile business in the West Indies, and coming to this country, and failing in the recovery of some property he had shipped to New York, he had no other resource left to gain a provision for his family, but the teaching of the French language and dancing, in Lexington. The trustees of Transylvania college (or university, as the Lexington people proudly call it) employed him in the former, but had it not been for the latter, he might have starved. And here it may not be impertinent to remark, that in most parts of the United States, teachers of dancing, meet with more encouragement than professors of any species of literary science.—Disgusted at length with the little encouragement he received, he bethought himself of his present business, in which he has become useful to the town and seems to be reaping a plentiful harvest from his ingenuity. He has opened a little publick garden behind his house, which he calls Vauxhall. It has a most luxuriant grape arbour, and two or three summer houses, formed also of grape vines, all of which are illuminated with variegated lamps, every Wednesday evening, when the musick of two or three decent performers sometimes excites parties to



dance on a small boarded platform in the middle of the harbour. It is becoming a place of fashionable resort.

**[168] CHAPTER XXVII**

Road to Frankfort—Leesburgh—Mulatto innkeeper—Interchange of musical entertainment—Frankfort—Breakfast under air fans—Sand fit for glass—Marble—Publick buildings—Eccentric character of the keeper of the penitentiary—Return—Coles's bad inn—Abuses in the post office department.

We left Lexington after dinner, and taking the left hand road of two equally used to Frankfort, we travelled twelve miles through a very rich, but not a generally settled country.

After crossing the Town branch, Wolfe's fork, Steele's run, and the South branch of Elkhorn river, to which the three former are auxiliaries, and on all of which are several mills, we arrived at a hamlet of three or four houses called Leesburgh, twelve miles from Lexington.<sup>128</sup> One of the houses had been the seat of the late Col. Lee, and is still

<sup>128</sup> Leestown, laid out by Hancock Lee in 1775, was one of the earliest settlements in Kentucky. Because of its location on the Kentucky River, it seemed destined to become a town of importance. In Cuming's time, however, it had dwindled to a mere hamlet, and has since long ceased to exist.— Ed.

<sup>190</sup> owned by his widow, who rents it to a mulatto man named Daly, who has converted it into an excellent inn. With the house, Daly occupies as much cultivated land as nearly supplies his well frequented stables with hay, corn and oats. There is also a good kitchen garden in which are vast quantities of culinary sweet herbs, besides useful vegetables, and he has good stabling and other out offices—for all which he pays only forty pounds Virginia currency, or one hundred and thirty-six dollars and two thirds, per annum. We experienced the benefit of his spacious icehouse, in the fine butter we had at supper, where every thing was good, particularly the coffee, which was almost *a la Française*. Daly having a good violin, on which he plays by ear with some taste, he entertained us

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with musick while we supped, in return for which, we played for him afterwards some duets, by the aid [169] of another violin, borrowed of young Mr. Lee, who resides in the neighbourhood with his mother.

My good bed did not lull me to repose, partly from the strength of our host's coffee, and partly from a stomachick affection through indigestion.

After a sleepless night, the freshness of the morning air revived me, and we proceeded towards Frankfort, amusing ourselves by the way with talking over the vanity and egotism of Mr. Daly, who had entertained us with many little anecdotes, connected with some of the first and most celebrated characters in the United States, in which he was always a principal actor. His vanity however had met with a sad check, soon after our alighting at his house, from the abuse of a female negro slave from a neighbouring plantation, who he drove away with a cowskin, and she in return lavished on him the most opprobrious epithets, among which he seemed to be most hurt by her calling him "an Indian looking and a black son of a b—."

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A fine road, through a more level country than we had came through last evening, brought us in two hours, eleven miles, to the hill above Frankfort, which from thence was seen to advantage, with Kentucky river flowing past it, through a deep and narrow valley, confined by steep and rather stony hills, which afford a variety, after the fine plains, luxuriant forests and rich farms, within twenty miles in every direction of Lexington.

We descended the hill, into the capital of Kentucky, and stopped at Weiseger's, the sign of the Golden Eagle, where we sat down to a sumptuous breakfast, with two green silk air fans kept in motion over our heads, by a little negro girl with a string from the ceiling, in a room seventy-two feet long.<sup>129</sup>

<sup>129</sup> For a sketch of the history of Frankfort, see F. A. Michaux's *Travels*, vol. iii of this series, p. 200, note 39. Daniel Weiseger was a prominent Frankfort citizen, who assisted

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in laying out the town and was one of the commissioners chosen for the erection of the second Kentucky state-house, 1814.— Ed.

After breakfast I accompanied Mr. A—to examine a shallow stratum of sand, on the bank of the river, near a mineral spring about half a mile below [170] the town, and he got a negro who was fishing, to wade to an island opposite, and bring some from thence, which had probably accumulated there by floods.—He pronounced both kinds proper for the manufacture of glass, which was what he had in view, but it did [not] seem as if a sufficient quantity could be procured for an extensive manufactory.

We then returned to town, walked through it, and entered the state house, from the cupola of which we could distinctly count every house, the number of which was exactly ninety, most of them well built with brick, and some with rough but good marble of a dusky cream colour, veined with both blue and red, and capable of a good polish, which is abundant 192 in the neighbourhood. The old wooden houses are rapidly disappearing to give place to brick, since about two years ago. Until that time, attempts had been made at every annual sitting of the legislature, to remove the seat of government elsewhere, ever since the year 1793, the first after the separation of this government from the state of Virginia. These attempts having failed, and there having been no renewals of them in the last two sessions of the legislature, the proprietors, under a security of Frankfort being established as the permanent capital of the state, have become spirited in improvement, and the buildings erected since are on a scale and of materials worthy of a capital.

The publick buildings here, are a state-house, a court-house, a gaol, a market-house, the state penitentiary, and a government house occupied by Mr. Greenup, who now holds that office.

The state-house of rough marble, is about eighty-six feet front, by fifty-four deep. It is an oblong square with a square roof, and a cupola containing a bell rising from the centre. The house is plain, but roomy and commodious. On the first floor are the

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treasurer's, register's, auditor's, and printing offices. [171] On the second, the rooms for the representatives of the state, and the federal court of appeals, and on the third are the senate chamber, the general court and a school room.<sup>130</sup>

<sup>130</sup> This was the first permanent Kentucky state-house, built in 1794, and destroyed by fire in 1813. For a cut, see Collins, *History of Kentucky* (Covington, 1874), ii, p. 246.— Ed.

The court-house is a plain brick building near the state-house.—A piazza of five arches opens on the hall for the county courts.—The clerk's offices are on the same floor.—The jury rooms are on the second floor, and on the third is a mason's lodge.

There are four publick inns, which in point of size, accommodation <sup>193</sup> and attendance, are not surpassed in the United States, and there are several large houses, where people under the necessity of attending the courts, or detained for any time in Frankfort, can be accommodated with private lodgings. The erection of a permanent wooden bridge over the Kentucky has been lately commenced, which will be about one hundred and forty yards long from bank to bank, the surface of which is about fifty feet above low water mark. The present bridge of boats is about sixty-five yards between the abutments, and the river now at low water is eighty-seven yards wide. Three brigs have been built above the bridge, and sent down the Kentucky, the Ohio, and the Mississippi, but the Kentucky is not navigable during the low water of summer and fall. Coals are brought down it nearly three hundred miles and delivered in Frankfort at sixpence per bushel, but wood being yet tolerably plenty, they are used only in the penitentiary and by the blacksmiths.

There are several curious strata of marble, rising from the margin of the river, like steps of stairs, towards the top of the bank on the town side. The marble is covered by a stratum of blue limestone, which has [172] over it a super-stratum of reddish clay and gravel mixed.

After dinner we visited the penitentiary accompanied by our landlord and Mr. William Hunter, a respectable printer and bookseller, and a genteel man, to whom I had brought

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a letter of introduction.<sup>131</sup> In our way we passed the government house, which is a good, plain, two story, brick building,

<sup>131</sup> William Hunter was a native of New Jersey, who had been captured at an early age by a French man-of-war, and carried to France, where he learned the trade of printing. In 1793 he returned to America, and formed a partnership with Matthew Carey at Philadelphia. Two years later, he removed west, and after attempting newspapers in several towns finally established *The Palladium* at Frankfort in 1798, where he was also State printer. Later in life he removed to Washington, where he died in 1854.— Ed.

<sup>194</sup> and near it we met governour Greenup, who saluted us with much familiarity. He is a plain, respectable looking elderly man, much esteemed throughout the state.<sup>132</sup>

<sup>132</sup> Christopher Greenup, third governor of Kentucky, was Virginia born (1750), and served in the Revolution, attaining the rank of colonel. In 1783, he migrated to Kentucky, and having already studied law was, two years later, chosen as clerk of the chief court for Kentucky District. His first service for the State was in Congress, 1792–97. After his gubernatorial experience (1804–08), he retired to his home near Maysville, where he died in 1818.— Ed.

The penitentiary is contained within a square area of an acre, consequently each side is two hundred and eight feet long. The work shops and store houses occupy the front and the other three sides are enclosed by a stone wall sixteen feet high, surmounted by a sort of entablature of brick about three feet high, rounded on the top and projecting about a foot from the wall on each side to prevent any attempts of the convicts to scale the wall. There are now twenty-four miserable wretches confined here for various limitations of time, in proportion to the enormity of their crimes, but none exceeding ten years, the longest period limited by law. The cells of the criminals are in a two story building with a gallery on the inside of the area, extending the length of one of the sides. Some of the convicts were playing fives, and the rest amusing themselves otherwise in the yard. It was Sunday, a day always devoted to amusement by those outcasts of society, who have their daily

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task exacted from them with rigour during the rest of the week. They are taught, and work at every trade for which they have a taste, and of which they are capable, so that some who were useless burthens on society previous to their confinement, carry with them, on their return to the world, the means of earning a decent subsistence; though at [173] the same time, perhaps the majority, instead of being reformed, become more prone to vice, through despair of ever gaining their lost reputation. The institution had like to have failed about two years ago, through the insufficiency of the superintendants, when a 195 captain Taylor, a man of good property in Mercer county, who was an enthusiastick admirer of it, was prevailed on by the governour to undertake the management and superintendence, and it has since not only supported itself, but has earned a surplus, which goes into the state treasury. Taylor is a stern man of steady habits, and a great mechanical genius. He superintends every class of workmen himself, and has invented several machines for the improvement of mechanicks. He has nailors, coopers, chair makers, turners, and stone cutters, the latter of whom cut and polish marble slabs of all sizes, and he has taught most of them himself.

He is a large and strong man, about fifty years of age, and either through eccentricity, or to give himself a terriffick appearance, he wears his dark brown beard about two inches long, from each ear round the lower part of the chin. It is surely a strange taste, which prompts him to separate himself from his family and the world, to exercise a petty tyranny over felons, and to live in such constant apprehension from them, that, as I was informed, he always carries pistols.

We resisted the polite and friendly importunity of Mr. Hunter, to spend the day with him, and quitting Frankfort, we took a different route to that by which we had come, which brought us, after riding ten miles mostly through woods, to Coles's, who keeps an inn on this road, in opposition to Daly, on the other. But any traveller, who has once contrasted his rough vulgarity, and the badness of his table and accommodations, with the taste, order, plenty, and good attendance of his mulatto competitor, will [174] never trouble Mr. Coles a second time, especially as there is no sensible difference in the length or

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goodness of the roads, and that by Daly's, is through a generally much better settled country.

We got back to Lexington on Monday, 3d August, in time for breakfast, which I partook of at the publick table of the Traveller's Inn, merely for curiosity, but notwithstanding 196 the apparent elegance of the house, my other landlord's (Wilson) suffered nothing in the comparison.

I whiled away the day in expectation of the post, which was to decide whether or not I should have the pleasure of my friend A—'s company on my return to Pittsburgh, but owing to some unaccountable irregularity, which is a cause of general complaint in this country against the post-office department, it did not arrive until ten at night, although it was due at eleven in the morning. Another very just cause of complaint against the same department is the slowness with which the mail is conveyed. A trifling improvement and a very small additional expence, would forward the mails through the whole western country, where the roads are comparatively good, and the climate very fine, at the rate of fifty or sixty miles a day, except during floods in the winter, where, for want of bridges, the roads are sometimes impassable in particular spots for a few days, whereas, now, in the best season, the average progress of the mails, does not exceed thirty miles daily.

Mr. A—having an engagement, the day would have passed very heavily, had it not been for the coffee house, where I amused myself with the wonderful mass of political contradiction to be found in forty different newspapers, where scarcely any two editors coincided in opinion.

### [175] CHAPTER XXVIII

Departure from Lexington—Bryan's station—Wonderful fertility of soil—Paris—Sameness of prospect—Simplicity of election of state representatives—Frank bird—Hasten on—

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Violent attack of fever at May's-lick—Washington—Occasional remarks on hospitality—Maysville—Good effects of fortitude and abstinence.

I Left Lexington on Tuesday the 4th August, by a different road to that by which I had first entered it, now taking the stage and post road direct to Paris.

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The morning was fine, the road good, and the country well settled and improved, but the want of the company of my worthy friend A—, to which I had now been so long accustomed, was felt by me so sensibly as to make the miles appear uncommonly long.

At four miles I passed a celebrated old military post, called Bryan's station, where the first settlers of the state, repelled a desperate attack of the Indians, who soon after in their turn, ambushed and cut off Col. Todd's little army at the Blue licks, as before mentioned. This post is now the pleasant seat and fine farm of a Mr. Rogers.<sup>133</sup>

<sup>133</sup> See Durrett, *Bryant's Station* (Filson Club *Publications*, No. 12; Louisville, 1897).—Ed.

I soon after overtook an Irishman named Gray, who was one of the first settlers. He rode two miles with me, and was intelligent and communicative. He informed me that the usual produce of an acre of this wonderfully luxuriant soil, is from forty to fifty bushels of shelled corn, or from twenty to thirty-seven of wheat clean from the threshing floor. And here I must observe, that I have not seen, nor heard of any of the threshing machines now so common in the British European Isles, in any part of America. As they save so much labour, I am astonished that [176] they have not yet made their way across the Atlantick.—They would be of incalculable utility to the very wealthy farmers of Kentucky.

Crossing the North fork of Elkhorn, and Hewetson's branch of Licking, both good mill streams, I entered Paris, eighteen miles from Lexington. It is situated on Stoner's fork of



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Licking, and contains eighty-seven dwelling houses mostly good ones, several of them of brick, and six or seven building.

It is compact, in three small parallel streets, with a square in the centre, on which is a stone meeting house, a neat 198 brick court house, a small but strong gaol, and a market house. It is the seat of justice of Bourbon county, and has much appearance of prosperity. From the cupola of the court house, there is an extensive view of a very rich country as far as the eye can reach in every direction, but though it is a country of hills and dales, there is too great a sameness to please the eye.

Perhaps there is not on the earth a naturally richer country than the area of sixteen hundred square miles of which Lexington is the centre, yet there is a something wanting to please the eye of taste—a variety, like the fertile plains of the Milanese, contrasted with the neighbouring Alpine scenery, and studded with the noble lakes, and streaked with the meandering rivers of that delightful region, which has given such inimitable taste and execution to the pencils of so many eminent painters.

It was the day of election for representatives in the legislature of the state. The voting was very simple. The county clerk sat within the bar of the court house, and the freeholders as they arrived, gave him their names and the names of those they voted for, which he registered in a book.—That done, the voter remounted his horse and returned to his farm.

The hostler at Buchanan's inn, where I stopped to breakfast, is a free negro man named Frank Bird. [177] He was formerly owned by the great and good Washington, whom he accompanied and served in all his campaigns. He had learned farriery, cooking and hairdressing in England in his youth, so that he must have been a useful servant. He was liberated and got some land near Mount Vernon, by the general's will, and now at the age of fifty-seven, he is hostler here, and enjoys such health and strength, that a few days ago he carried eight bushels of salt, exceeding four hundred pounds weight. The old

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man repaid 199 my complaisance in listening to him, by recounting as much of his own memoirs as my time would permit me to hear.

I left Paris, and passing Millersburgh, and one of the first settlements, called the Irish station, four miles further, just before entering the barren country three or four miles on that side of Blue licks, I spurred my horse past Nicholasville court house and tavern, where I counted above a hundred horses, fastened under trees. I was induced to hasten past this place, as the voters in that sterile part of the country did not appear quite so peaceable and orderly as those I had seen in the morning at Paris, and I was not sure but some of them might have been moved by the spirit of whiskey to challenge me to run a race with them, or to amuse the company with a game of rough and tumble, at both which the backwoods Virginians are very dexterous.

I arrived at May's lick about sunset, much fatigued with my ride of fifty-two miles, in one of the hottest days of the season. I was very feverish, yet I forced myself, though without appetite, to take a light supper, after which I bathed my feet in warm water, and retired to bed, where I passed a sleepless night in high fever and excessive thirst, which being no ways abated at the first dawn of day, I arose and called my host to prepare my horse, being determined not to sink under my indisposition, while capable [178] of making the smallest exertion. My flushed countenance, black and parched lips, and frequent nausea, alarmed my host so as to induce him to dissuade me to proceed, but finding me decided he prescribed a strong infusion of tansey in Geneva—the bitterness of which a little relieved my thirst, but did not prevent its return accompanied by nausea and excruciating headache, in which situation I arrived at Washington at seven o'clock, and returned my horse to its hearty old owner with the young fat wife.

200

I reposed a while on a bed at my friendly host Ebert's, who as well as Mrs. Ebert, was truly kind and hospitable.

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Apropos—That last word just reminds me of a remark I have made in the course of my tour. I had letters of introduction to some very respectable merchants in different parts of this state, which were productive of some general advice and information, but without my being invited further into their houses than their shops, or (as they are called) stores; or without having it in my power to excuse myself from tasting their wine, cider, whiskey, or any thing else. I must except Mr. Hunter of Frankfort, from this general remark, and the polite invitation of general Russel on the road, was a specimen of the hospitality of the country gentlemen, which I have heard much boasted of, as brought with them from Virginia; so that I cannot absolutely tax Kentucky with a total want of that virtue.

After taking a couple of basons of strong coffee without milk, I found myself much relieved, and proceeded on foot to Maysville, where I arrived in something more than an hour. The exercise of walking had restored my perspiration, and after two hours repose at my host January's, I arose in a state of convalescence, sat down to the dinner table, and forced myself to partake of a chicken—after which I devoted the remainder of the day to quiet and reading [179]—took a cup of coffee, retired early—had a good night's rest, and felt no more of my fever.

I am the more minute in describing my indisposition, partly to warn other travellers, to avoid excessive fatigue under a hot sun, and partly to shew the good effects to be derived from fortitude and patience under most diseases. I am persuaded that had I obeyed the dictates of my inclination, and my landlord's advice at May's lick, I should have experienced a most severe, and probably fatal attack of highly inflammatory and bilious fever—but by bearing 201 up against it—by perseverance in exercise and rest alternately—checking my strong desire for liquids, and using only such as were proper for me, and that moderately, and especially by refraining from every thing which might have the smallest tendency towards keeping up the heat of the blood, with the exception of the tansey bitters at May's lick, I precluded the necessity of either medicine or professional advice.

## CHAPTER XXIX

Hospitality of farmers—Primitive dispensation of justice—Ellis's ferry, and Powers' tavern—Squire Leadham—West Union—Allen's—A North Carolina cotton planter—Brush creek—J. Platter's—A thunder storm—A hunter's cabin—Old Lashley—Marshon's.

Thursday , Friday, and Saturday, I was employed in rambling about the woods, exploring and examining a tract of land, of a thousand acres, in the state of Ohio, which I had purchased when in Europe last year, and which had been the principal cause of my present tour. As it was only six miles from [180] Maysville, I crossed the Ohio and went to it on foot. I had expected to have found a mere wilderness, as soon as I should quit the high road, but to my agreeable surprise, I found my land surrounded on every side by fine farms, some of them ten years settled, and the land itself, both in quality and situation, not exceeded by any in this fine country. The population was also astonishing for the time of the settlement, which a muster of the militia, while I was there, gave me an opportunity of knowing—there being reviewed a battalion of upwards of five hundred effective men, most expert in the use of the rifle, belonging to the district of ten miles square.

And now I experienced amongst these honest and friendly farmers real hospitality, for they vied with each other in lodging me at their houses, and in giving me a hearty and generous welcome to their best fare. Robert Simpson from New Hampshire, and Daniel Ker and Thomas Gibson from Pennsylvania, shall ever be entitled to my grateful remembrance. I had no letters of introduction to them—I had no claims on their hospitality, other than what any other stranger ought to have.—But they were farmers, and had not acquired those contracted habits, which I have observed to prevail very generally amongst the traders in this part of the world.

On Saturday I returned to Ellis's ferry opposite Maysville, to give directions for my baggage being sent after me by the stage to Chilicothe.

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On the bank of the Ohio I found squire Ellis seated on a bench under the shade of two locust trees, with a table, pen and ink, and several papers, holding a justice's court, which he does every Saturday.<sup>134</sup>—Seven or eight men were sitting on the bench with him, awaiting his awards in their several cases.—When he had finished, which was soon after I had taken a seat under the same shade, one of the men invited the squire to drink with them, which he [181] consenting to, some whiskey was provided from landlord Powers, in which all parties made a libation to peace and justice. There was something in the scene so primitive and so simple, that I could not help enjoying it with much satisfaction.

134 Captain Nathan Ellis with five brothers embarked at Brownsville in 1795, and floating down the Ohio, stopped at Maysville. Finding the Kentucky lands well occupied they crossed to the Ohio shore and Nathan Ellis established the ferry bearing his name. The title of the town was later changed to Aberdeen in honor of his native place. On the organization of Adams County, Ellis was appointed justice of the peace, which office he filled until his death in 1819.— Ed.

I took up my quarters for the night at Powers's, who is an Irishman from Ballibay, in the county of Monaghan. He pays squire Ellis eight hundred dollars per annum for 203 his tavern, fine farm and ferry. He and his wife were very civil, attentive, and reasonable in their charges, and he insisted much on lending me a horse to carry me the first six miles over a hilly part of the road to Robinson's tavern, but I declined his kindness, and on Sunday morning, the 9th of August, after taking a delightful bath in the Ohio, I quitted its banks. I walked on towards the N. E. along the main post and stage road seventeen miles to West Union,—the country becoming gradually more level as I receded from the river, but not quite so rich in soil and timber.

The road was generally well settled, and the woods between the settlements were alive with squirrels, and all the variety of woodpeckers with their beautiful plumage, which in one species is little inferiour to that of the bird of Paradise, so much admired in the East Indies.

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I stopped at twelve miles at the house of squire Leadham, an intelligent and agreeable man, who keeps a tavern, and is a justice of the peace. I chose bread and butter, eggs and milk for breakfast, for which I tendered a quarter of a dollar, the customary price, but he would receive only the half of that sum, saying that even that was too much. Such instances of modest and just honesty rarely occur.<sup>135</sup>

<sup>135</sup> Cuming was following the road known as Zane's Trace, laid out across Ohio from Wheeling to Maysville in 1796. From Ellis's Ferry it passed northeast through Adams County, up Brush Creek, through the southwestern corner of Highland County, to Byrington and through Perry Township in Pike County, down the valley of Paint Creek to Chillicothe.

William Leedom (Leadham) kept a tavern where Bentonville, Adams County, now stands. — Ed.

West Union is three years old since it was laid out for the county town of Adams county. The lots of one third of an acre in size, then sold for about seventy dollars each. There were upwards of one [182] hundred lots, which brought the proprietor above three thousand dollars. <sup>204</sup> It is in a healthy situation, on an elevated plain, and contains twenty dwelling houses, including two taverns and three stores. It has also a court-house and a gaol, in the former of which divine service was performing when I arrived to a numerous Presbyterian congregation. One of the houses is well built with stone; one of the taverns is a large framed house, and all the rest are formed of square logs, some of which are two stories high and very good.

Having to get a deed recorded at the clerk's office of the county, which could not be done until Monday morning, I stopt Sunday afternoon and night at West Union, where my accommodations in either eating or sleeping, could not boast of any thing beyond mediocrity.

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Monday the 10th August, having finished my business and breakfasted, I resumed my journey through a country but indifferently inhabited, and at four miles and a half from West Union, I stopped for a few minutes at Allen's tavern, at the request of a traveller on horseback, who had overtaken and accompanied me for the last three miles. He was an elderly man named Alexander, a cotton planter in the S. W. extremity of North Carolina, where he owns sixty-four negro slaves besides his plantation—all acquired by industry—he having emigrated from Larne in Ireland, in early life, with no property. He was now going to visit a brother in law near Chilicothe. He had travelled upwards of five hundred miles within the last three weeks on the same mare. He had crossed the Saluda mountains, and the states of Tennessee and Kentucky, and had found houses of accommodation at convenient distances all along that remote road, but provender so dear, that he had to pay in many places a dollar for half a bushel of oats.

[183] Allen's is a handsome, roomy, well finished stone house, for which, with twenty acres of cleared land, he pays a yearly rent of one hundred and ten dollars, to Andrew 205 Ellison, near Manchester.<sup>136</sup> He himself is four years from Tanderagee, in the county Armagh, Ireland, from whence he came with his family to inherit some property left him by a brother who had resided in Washington, Kentucky, but two hundred acres of land adjoining my tract near Maysville, was all he had been able to obtain possession of, although his brother had been reputed wealthy. I have met many Europeans in the United States, who have experienced similar disappointments.

<sup>136</sup> The Indian captivity of Andrew Ellison is a well-known tale of Ohio pioneer life. Authorities differ in details; we follow the tradition handed down in the family. Andrew Ellison, born in 1755, came to Kentucky as a young man, and in 1790 accompanied Massie into Ohio, settling near Manchester. One day in 1793, while at work on his farm, he was surprised and captured by a band of Indians. Pursuit failing to overtake them, Ellison was carried to the Chillicothe towns where in running the gauntlet he was severely beaten. Later being taken to Detroit, he was ransomed for a blanket by an English officer, and

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being supplied with food and clothing walked back across the state of Ohio, arriving at his home in the early autumn. Four years later, he took up a large tract of land on Brushy Creek, building thereon a stone house—one of the best in the state at that time.— Ed.

My equestrian companion finding that I did not walk fast enough for him, parted from me soon after we left Allen's. At two miles from thence I came to Brush creek, a beautiful river about sixty yards wide. A new state road crosses the river here, but as I had been informed, that there was no house on it for ten miles, I preferred keeping up the bank of the river on the stage road, which led through a beautiful but narrow unsettled bottom, with Brush creek on the right, and a steep, craggy precipice on the left, for a mile and a half. I then ascended and descended a steep and barren ridge for a mile, when I forded the creek to Jacob Platter's finely situated tavern and farm on the opposite bank.

Having rested and taken some refreshment, the growling of distant thunder warned me to hasten my journey, as I had five miles through the woods to the next habitation. The road was fine and level,—the gust approached with 206 terrifick warning—one flash of lightning succeeding another in most rapid succession, so that the woods frequently appeared as in a flame, and several trees were struck in every direction around me, one being shattered within fifty paces on my right, while the thunder without intermission of an instant was heard in every variety of [184] sound, from the deafening burst, shaking the whole surrounding atmosphere to the long solemn cadence always interrupted by a new and more heavy peal before it had reached its pause. This elemental war would have been sublimely awful to me, had I been in an open country, but the frequent crash of the falling bolts on the surrounding trees, gave me such incessant warnings of danger, that the sublimity was lost in the awe. I had been accustomed to thunder storms in every climate, and I had heard the roar of sixty ships of the line in battle, but I never before was witness to so tremendous an elemental uproar. I suppose the heaviest part of the electrick cloud was impelled upon the very spot I was passing.



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I walked the five miles within an hour, but my speed did not avail me to escape a torrent of rain which fell during the last mile, so that long before I arrived at the hospitable dwelling of the Pennsylvania hunter who occupied the next cabin, I was drenched and soaked most completely. I might have sheltered myself from some of the storm under the lee side of a tree, had not the wind, which blew a hurricane, varied every instant—but independent of that, I preferred moving along the road to prevent a sudden chill; besides, every tree being a conductor, there is greater danger near the trunk of one, than in keeping in a road, however narrow, which has been marked by the trees having been cut down.

My host and his family had come here from the back part of Pennsylvania only last May, and he had already a fine field of corn and a good deal of hay. He had hitherto 207 been more used to the chase than to farming, and he boasted much of his rifle. He recommended his Pennsylvania whiskey as an antidote against the effects of my ducking, and I took him at his word, though he was much surprised to see me use more of it externally than internally, which I did from experience that bathing the feet, hands and head [185] with spirituous liquor of any sort, has a much better effect in preventing chill and fever, either after being wet or after violent perspiration from exercise, than taking any quantity into the stomach, which on the contrary rarely fails to bring on, or to add to inflammatory symptoms.—A little internally however I have found to be a good aid to the external application.

I found at my friendly Pennsylvanian's, a little old man named Lashley, who had taken shelter at the beginning of the gust, which being now over, he buckled on his knapsack, and we proceeded together. He had travelled on foot from Tennessee river, through a part of the state of Tennessee, quite across Kentucky, and so far in Ohio in nine days, at the rate of thirty-six miles a day. He had assisted in navigating a boat from Indian Wheeling, where he lived, to Tennessee, for which he had got thirty dollars, ten of which he had already expended on his journey so far back, though using the utmost economy. He remarked to me, that although he was upwards of sixty years of age, and apparently

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very poor, he had not got gratuitously a single meal of victuals in all that route. Are not hospitality and charity more nominal than real virtues?

The country for the next five miles is tolerably well improved, and there is a good brick house which is a tavern owned by one Wickerham at the first mile, and a mile further is Horn's tavern, where the stage sleeps on its route to the N. E. towards Chillicothe.

Old Lashley complaining of fatigue, we stopped at Marshon's 208 farm house, ten miles from Brush creek, where finding that we could be accommodated for the night, we agreed to stay, and were regaled with boiled corn, wheaten griddle cake, butter and milk for supper, which our exercise through the day gave us good appetites for, but I did not enjoy my bed so [186] much as my supper, notwithstanding it was the second best in the house, for besides that it was not remarkable for its cleanliness, I was obliged to share it with my old companion; fatigue however soon reconciled me to it, and I slept as well as if I had lain on down between lawn sheets.

Marshon is from the Jerseys, he has a numerous family grown up, and is now building a large log house on which he means to keep a tavern. Three of his sons play the violin by ear—they had two shocking bad violins, one of which was of their own manufacture, on which they scraped away without mercy to entertain us, which I would most gladly have excused, though I attempted to seem pleased, and I believe succeeded in making them think I was so.

The land is here the worst I had seen since I had left the banks of the Ohio; it had been gradually worse from about two miles behind squire Leadham's, and for the last two miles before we come to Marshon's it had degenerated into natural prairies or savannas, with very little wood, and none deserving the name of timber, but well clothed with brush and low coarse vegetation.

### **[187] CHAPTER XXX**

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Heistant's—Lashley goes on before—Sinking springs—Fatiguing road—Broadley's—Musical shoemaker—Talbot's—Dashing travellers—Bainbridge—Platter's—Irish schoolmaster—Reeves's—Paint creek—Cattail swamp—Rogers's North fork of Paint—Arrival at Chilicothe—Meeker's.

On Tuesday morning the 11th August, we arose with the dawn, and notwithstanding there was a steady small rain, we pursued our journey, having first paid Marshon fully as much for our simple and coarse accommodations, as the best on the road would have cost, but our host I suppose thought his stories and his son's musick were equivalent for all other deficiencies.

The land was poor, and no house on the road until we arrived at Heistant's tavern, four miles from Marshon's, where we met the Lexington stage.

My morning walk had given me an appetite for breakfast, which my fellow traveller not being willing to be at the expence of, declined, and saying that as I walked so much faster than him I would soon overtake him, he went on, intending to satisfy his stomach occasionally with some bread and cheese from his knapsack, and a drop of whiskey from his tin canteen, from which he had made a libation at first setting out, and had seemed surprised at my refusal of his invitation to partake.

Heistant is a Pennsylvania German, and has a good and plentiful house, in a very pleasant situation, called the Sinking springs, from a great natural curiosity near it. On the side of a low hill, now in cultivation, are three large holes, each about twenty feet deep and twenty feet diameter, about sixty paces apart, with a subterraneous communication by which the water is conveyed from one to the other, and issues in a fine rivulet at a fourth opening near the [188] house, where Heistant's milk house is placed very judiciously. The spring is copious and the water very fine.<sup>137</sup>

<sup>137</sup> Sinking Springs is in the southwestern corner of Highland County, Ohio.— Ed.

After a good breakfast I walked on alone, and at about a mile, I entered on a dreary forest having first passed Irwin's tavern, a pleasant situation where the stage sleeps going towards the S. westward. Three miles from Irwin's, is over very broken, but well timbered hills, to the left of which 210 on Brush creek, I was informed, that there is a fine settlement, but it is not in sight of the road. The next two miles was through a beech bottom, which was rendered so miry by the rain that poured on me all the time, that it was most laborious walking through it. About the middle of it, I met three men in hunting shirts with each an axe in his hand. Their appearance in that solitary situation was no ways agreeable; however, we gave each other good day, and they told me that old Lashley had desired them to inform me that he would await me at Bradley's, the next house, but when I came there, he had just departed, so that I might have very soon overtaken him, had I not preferred being alone, to effect which the more certainly, I stopped to rest, as it was a house of private entertainment. Bradley and his wife are about sixteen years from Stewartstown, county Tyrone in Ireland, and have a daughter lately married to a young shoemaker named Irons at the next cabin, where I stopped to get my shoes mended. I here found a dozen of stout young fellows who had been at work repairing the road, and were now sheltering themselves from the increasing storm, and listening to some indifferent musick made by their host on a tolerably good violin. I proposed taking the violin while he repaired my shoes. He consented and sat down to work, and in a few minutes I had all the lads jigging it on the floor merrily; Irons himself, as soon as he had repaired the shoes, jumping up and joining them.

[189] Seeing no prospect of the storm ceasing, I satisfied my shoemaker for his trouble, with something more agreeable to him than my musick, and then set off to reach Talbot's, said to be a good tavern, three miles further.

The road led over the highest hill which I had yet seen since I left the Ohio, and afterwards through a level, well wooded, but thinly inhabited country.

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In an hour I was at Talbot's, which is a good two story house of squared logs, with a large barn and excellent stabling, surrounded by a well opened and luxuriant farm, with a fine run of meadow.

The landlord and his family are seven years from Nenagh in the county Tipperary, and is the first Irish settler, I had seen on my tour, from any other part than the north of Ireland. He had kept Ellis's ferry on the Ohio, where Powers now resides, for some years, and has lately rented this house and farm from Mr. Willis of Chilicothe, the contractor for carrying the mail from Wheeling to Lexington.

Observing a new stage wagon in the yard, my host informed me that it was one which Mr. Willis intended in a few days to commence running between Chilicothe and Ellis's ferry, so that it, and the one already established, will each run once a week on different days.

I shifted my wet clothes, and then (there being no doctor nearer than Chilicothe, twenty-four miles) prescribed medicine and regimen for Talbot's little daughter, who was suffering under a severe and dangerous attack of a nervous fever.

Three young men on horseback arrived soon after me, and were shewn into the same room. They talked a little largely, according to a very common custom among young travellers, intimating that they were just returning from the Olympian springs in Kentucky, a place of very fashionable resort, where they had been on a party of pleasure, and where they [190] had attended more to cards, billiards, horse jockeying, &c. than to the use of the waters for medicinal purposes. I am however much mistaken, if they had not been travelling on business, and took the opportunity of visiting those celebrated springs, which are the Bath of Kentucky, and which they now affected to speak of as the 212 sole cause of their journey.<sup>138</sup> I listened with much amusement to their dashing conversation, knowing tolerably well how to estimate it, in a country where vanity in the young and ambition among the more advanced in life are predominant features. I do not confine this remark to the state of Ohio, where probably there is less of either than in the older

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states, in which, particularly to the southward of New England, they seem to be national characteristics.

138 Olympian Springs was in Bath County, Kentucky, a few miles southeast of Owingsburg. Its popularity has declined; in 1880 there were but twenty-five inhabitants at the place.— Ed.

We supped together and were then shewn to our beds by the landlord, who probably thought that the custom of two in a bed was general in America, by his shewing the whole four into a room with two beds: I followed him however down stairs, and soon had a good bed prepared for me in a room by myself.

On Wednesday morning the 12th August, I proceeded through a wilderness of fine land well adapted for cultivation, and finely timbered to Bainbridge, a hamlet of eight cabins, a large stone house building, a blacksmith shop, a post-office, and a store kept by William Daly for Humphrey Fullerton of Chilicothe. Daly told me that he had a good deal of business for the five months he had been here, there being a populous and well cultivated country in the neighbourhood on Buckskin and Paint creeks, at the falls of the latter of which, about a mile to the northward of Bainbridge are some of the best mills in the state, owned by Gen. Massey, who is also proprietor of Bainbridge, which he laid out for a town about a year ago, selling the lots at about thirty dollars each.

[191] The reason assigned for the lands being generally so badly settled along the roads, is, that they belong to wealthy proprietors, who either hold them at a very high price, or will not divide them into convenient sized farms.

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From Bainbridge to Reeves's on the bank of Paint creek, is through a fine well wooded level, with hills in sight from every opening in the woods, about a mile distant. I passed a finger post on the left, a mile from Bainbridge, pointing to the westward and directing to Cincinnatti seventy-three miles, and immediately after I left Platter's tavern and well

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cultivated farm on the right, a little beyond which is a school-house, where I observed the school-master, an Irish looking old man, with silver grey locks and barefooted, his whole appearance, and that of the cabin which was the school, indicating but little encouragement for the disseminating of instruction.

A mile from Platter's I stopped at Reeves's, where I had been informed I could be well accommodated, although it was not a tavern, and I proved my information to be correct, as I immediately got the breakfast I asked for, excellent bread, and rich milk, neatly served, in a large handsome and clean room, for which it was with difficulty I could prevail on Mrs. Reeves to accept any recompence.

This house is charmingly situated near the bank of Paint creek, and was the best I had seen since I entered the state of Ohio, it being spacious, of two lofty stories, and well built with very handsome stone. It is surrounded on all sides by a noble and well improved farm, which nine years ago, when Reeves came here from Washington in Pennsylvania, was a wilderness. He built his handsome house about five years ago, and at some distance on the bank of the creek, he has a large tanyard and leather shop, from whence one of his men, ferried me across the creek in a canoe.

[192] Paint creek is a beautiful little river about forty yards wide, running easterly to join the Scioto near Chilicothe.

My walk from hence to the north fork of Paint creek, 214 was a most fatiguing one, being thirteen miles, mostly along a very rich bottom, with the creek on the right, and steep hills on the left, over spurs of which the road sometimes leads, which was always a relief to me, after wading for miles through the mud below. This tract is tolerably well settled, the soil being esteemed as rich as any in the state. At eleven miles from Reeves's, is a hamlet of six or seven cabins called Cat-tail swamp, and two miles further I came to Rogers's on the bank of the north fork of Paint.

Reeves's appears to be the best land and the best improved farm on this side the Ohio, but Rogers's, nearly as good a soil, is I think superiour in beauty of situation. The house which is a story and a half high is of square logs, and commodious enough for a farm house. It is on a moderately high bank, from whence they descend to the river by a flight of wooden steps, at the foot of which is a most beautiful spring which flows into a cask sunk on purpose, and from thence is conveyed by a small spout into the river, whose bank is guarded by a natural wall of soft slate, which I think could be easily wrought into good covering for houses. Nature has formed natural stairs of the slate, by which one may descend to any depth into the river for bathing, washing linen, or for any purpose which may be necessary, in proportion as the river rises or falls. A swimmer may also enjoy that invigorating exercise charmingly, as though the river is only about thirty yards wide, it is at this place sufficiently deep, and the current is moderate. Rogers has been here about nine years from Virginia, and was one of the first settlers in this part of the country.

[193] I supped and slept here, and next morning, Thursday the 13th August, after refreshing by swimming in the river, I pursued my way to Chilicothe four miles, the first mile and half of which was over a chain of moderately high and not very steep hills of a tolerably good soil, to colonel 215 M'Arthur's elegant stone house and noble farm.<sup>139</sup> The other two miles and a half was through a level plain, passing a neat house and handsome improvement of Mr. Henry Massey's, just before entering Chilicothe, which I did at eight o'clock, stopping at Muker's tavern, as the breakfast bell rang, which summoned seventeen or eighteen boarders and travellers to an excellent breakfast with good attendance, to which I did ample justice, after my bath and walk.

<sup>139</sup> The home of General McArthur was known as "Fruit Hill." Duncan McArthur was of Scotch parentage, born in New York in 1772. Left early to his own resources, he volunteered under Harmar in 1791, worked at the Maysville salt-works, and in 1793 became chain-bearer for General Massie in the latter's survey of Ohio lands. McArthur's industry and capacity soon secured his promotion to the position of assistant surveyor,



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and by judicious choice of lands he acquired wealth and prominence. Having been major-general of Ohio militia for some years, his services were called for in the War of 1812–15, and he was at Detroit when it was surrendered by Hull. Released on parole, he was elected to Congress, whence he resigned to become brigadier-general in the army, and served in the Western division thereof throughout the war. Later began his political career, consisting of two terms in Congress (1822–26), and the governorship of Ohio (1830). But as an anti-Jacksonian, he failed of re-election, and retired to “Fruit Hill” where he died in 1840.— Ed.

### CHAPTER XXXI

The Scioto—Chilicothe—Indian monument—Fine prospect—Colonel M'Arthur's—Colonel Worthington's.

Chilicothe, which signifies town in most of the Indian dialects, is most beautifully situated on the right bank of the Scioto, about forty-five miles by land, and nearly seventy following its meanders from the confluence of that river with the Ohio, between Portsmouth and Alexandria. In all that distance the river has a gentle current, and unimpeded navigation for large keels, and other craft for four feet draught of water. It continues navigable for smaller boats and batteaux upwards of one hundred miles above Chilicothe, towards its source to the northward, from whence it glides gently through a naturally rich, level, and rapidly improving country.

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[194] The situation of the town, which is the capital of the state,<sup>140</sup> is on an elevated and extensive plain of nearly ten thousand acres of as fine a soil as any in America, partly in cultivation and partly covered with its native forests.

<sup>140</sup> By a law of the last session of the legislature, the seat of the state government was removed to Zanesville, on the Muskingum river.— Cramer.

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This plain is nearly surrounded by the Scioto, which turning suddenly to the N. E. from its general southerly course, leaves the town to the southward of it, and then forms a great bend to the eastward and southward.

Water street which runs about E. by N. parallel to the Scioto, is half a mile long, and contains ninety houses. It is eighty-four feet wide, and would be a fine street, had not the river floods caved in the bank in one place near the middle, almost into the centre of it. There is now a lottery on foot, to raise money for securing the bank against any further encroachments of the river. Main street, parallel to Water street, is one hundred feet wide, as is Market street which crosses both at right angles, and in which is the market-house, a neat brick building eighty feet long. The court-house in the same street is neatly built of freestone, on an area of forty-five by forty-two feet, with a semicircular projection in the rear, in which is the bench for the judges. It has an octangular belfry rising from the roof, painted white with green lattices, which is an ornament to the town, as is the small plain belfry of the Presbyterian meeting-house, a handsome brick building in Main street; in which street also is a small brick Methodist meeting-house. These are the only places of publick worship in the town, if I except the court-house, which is used occasionally by the Episcopalians and other sects.

[195] The whole number of dwelling houses in Chilicothe, as I counted them, is two hundred and two, besides four 217 brick and a few framed ones now building. I reckoned only six taverns with signs, which small proportion of houses of that description, speaks volumes in favour of the place. There are fourteen stores, a post-office, and two printing-offices, which each issues a gazette weekly.<sup>141</sup>

<sup>141</sup> These were the *Sciote Gazette* and *The Supporter*, the latter a Federalist paper in existence from 1807 to 1821.— Ed.

The scite of the town being on a gravelly soil, the streets are generally clean. The houses are of freestone, brick, or timber clap-boarded, the first of which is got in the

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neighbourhood, is of a whitish brown colour, and excellent for building. They are mostly very good and are well painted.

On the whole I think Chilicothe is not exceeded in beauty of plan, situation, or appearance, by any town I have seen in the western part of the United States.

There is a remarkable Indian monument in Mr. Watchup's garden in the very heart of the town.—Like that at Grave creek, it is circular at the base, about seventy or eighty feet diameter, but differs from that, by being round, instead of flat on the top, which has an elevation of about thirty feet perpendicular from the level of the plain. It is formed of clay, and though it has been perforated by the proprietor, nothing has been found to justify the common opinion of these mounts having been barrows or cemeteries. They talk of having it levelled, as it projects a little into Market street, but I think it a pity to destroy any of the very few vestiges of aboriginal population, which this country presents to the curious and inquisitive traveller.

From a steep hill, about three hundred feet perpendicular height, just outside the western extremity of the town, is a most charming view of the streets immediately below, under the eye like a plan on paper: Then the Scioto, from one hundred to one hundred [196] and fifty yards wide, winding 218 on the left, and some low hills about two miles beyond it terminating the view, to the N. E. while to the eastward and westward, as far as the eye can reach both ways, is spread a country, partly flat, and partly rising in gentle swells, which if cultivation proceeds in equal proportion, to what it has done since Chilicothe was first laid out about ten years ago, must, in a very short time present one of the finest landscapes imaginable.

Colonel M'Arthur coming to town was polite enough to invite me to take a bed at his house, which I had passed about two miles back in the morning. I found the situation surpassed what I had thought of it then, when I only saw it from the road, it commanding a beautiful and extensive prospect including the town of Chilicothe, which, however is now seen

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rather indistinctly on account of the foliage of some trees on the brow of a small projecting hill, which will probably soon be cut down.

Next morning, Friday, 14th August, I walked before breakfast half a mile through the woods to the northward, to an elegant seat belonging to Col. Worthington.<sup>142</sup> It will be finished in a few weeks and will be one of the best and most tasty houses not only of this state, but to the westward of the Allegheny mountains. It is about sixty feet square, with a square roof, and two large receding wings. It has two lofty stories, with six rooms on each floor, and cellars

<sup>142</sup> Colonel Thomas Worthington was a Virginian who had emigrated to Ohio in 1798. He liberated over forty slaves on coming to the Northwest Territory, and was a pronounced upholder of free labor. His services for his adopted state were considerable. The year after his first arrival he was sent to the territorial legislature; in the State Constitutional Convention (1802) it was Colonel Worthington who proposed the northward extension of the boundary. Turning to national affairs, he represented Ohio in the United States Senate for two terms (1803–07; 1810–14), and returned to serve as governor of his adopted state for four years (1815–19). His remaining years were given to service in the State legislature, developing the common-school system, championing sound finance and internal improvements. He died in New York City in 1827. The home of which Cuming here speaks was known as “Adena,” and is still standing.— Ed.

219 and vaults beneath. The wings contain kitchen, scullery, apartments for servants, &c.

Like colonel M'Arthur's it is built with freestone, but the stone of the front is all hewn and squared, like the generality of the houses in the new part of Glasgow in Scotland, the stone being very similar both in colour and quality. The situation is like Col. M'Arthur's, being on the brow of the same ridge of hills, and affording nearly the same prospects. Both houses were built by two young Virginians of the [197] name of Morris, who are almost self taught masons and architects, and whose work and style does them much credit.

I returned to town on Friday after breakfast, and dined, supped and slept at Muker's, which is a very good and well frequented inn, and at five o'clock on Saturday the 15th August, I left Chilicothe in the stage with a Mr. M'Cammon of Charleston and two other passengers.

## CHAPTER XXXII

Congo—Crouse's mill—Pickaway plains—Beautiful prairies—Tarleton and Lybrant's excellent inn—Vestiges of a great fire—River Hockhocking—New Lancaster—Babb's—Jonathan's creek—Springfield—River Muskingum and falls—Zanesville.

We crossed the Scioto at a ferry from the town, the stage and four horses being all carried over in the boat.

The first two miles were over a rich bottom, subject to inundation from the river floods in the winter. We had then three miles of a hilly country to Congo, a fine settlement in and round a beautiful prairie, a mile long to Crouse's mill. This Crouse is a wealthy man, having a good house and offices, a farm of two sections, containing thirteen hundred acres, and an excellent mill house and mill wrought by a creek which crosses the road and falls into the Scioto 220 half a mile on the left. Another mile brought us to Rickey's tavern, from whence a road leads to the left to Pickaway Plains, which is a noble and rich prairie, on the west side of the Scioto, fourteen miles long, formerly a principal settlement of the Indians,<sup>143</sup> and [198] now well inhabited by their white successors, who have a town called Levingston on the Prairie.

<sup>143</sup> Pickaway Plains, in Pickaway County south of Circleville, was said to contain the richest land in Ohio. It was a noted rendezvous for the Shawnees; from hence started the army that Lewis defeated at Point Pleasant (1774), and here at a camp which he called Camp Charlotte in honor of the queen, Lord Dunmore made the peace that ended the war. Here, also, Chief Logan's famous speech was delivered.— Ed.

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From Rickey's to M'Cutchin's tavern is four miles, across a beautiful savanna, variegated with clumps of trees, and fine groves, with farms at every half mile. We here stopped for a few minutes to water the horses, and I exchanged my seat in the stage, with a Mr. Willis of Chillicothe,<sup>144</sup> who had accompanied us on horseback, on his way to the federal city, Washington, to make some arrangements respecting the mails. The exchange suited us both, as on horseback I had a better view of the country, and his health being delicate, he preferred the stage.

<sup>144</sup> Nathaniel Willis, the grandfather of the poet by that name, was a printer, who prided himself on having been a participant in the Boston Tea-party. During the Revolution, he was proprietor of the Boston *Independent Chronicle*. On peace being declared, he went to Virginia, and at Martinsburg published for a few years the *Potomac Guardian*. Tempted by reports from the new territory, he once more removed and established (probably in 1800) the *Scioto Gazette* at Chillicothe, the third newspaper of the state. He was also, for a time, state printer, and as Cuming informs us connected with the forwarding of the mail.— Ed.

The next six miles were through a thinly wooded but rich plain, with a farm every mile, and a tavern every three miles. The road was so far level but very miry, then another mile and a half over some hilly and broken land brought us to Lybrant's tavern.

Had I not been informed, I should not have known that <sup>221</sup> I was now in the town of Tarleton, as there was but one other house besides the tavern; three or four more were however just going to be built, and our landlord had no doubt of its soon becoming a smart town. The lots were sold at from sixteen to twenty-five dollars each.

Lybrant's is one of the best and most reasonable inns I had met with in my tour. At one o'clock we set down to a most excellent breakfast of good coffee, roast fowls, chicken pie, potatoes, bread and butter, and cucumbers both sliced and pickled, all not only good, but delicate and fine even to the pastry, which is very uncommon in this country, and our charge was only a quarter of a dollar.

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For eight miles from Tarleton, the road runs through low, rich and miry black oak woods, and now and then a small prairie, and settlements not [199] nearer each other than every two miles. The country then rising into hills the road improves, but it continues equally thinly inhabited, the settlements being mostly on what is called the old county road, which runs parallel to the state road about a mile and a half to the northward of it, and is better and shorter by a mile between Chilicothe and New Lancaster.

After riding a mile among the hills I passed Stukey's tavern, for six miles beyond which the face of the country is very picturesque; the tops of the hills terminating in rocks, some impending and some perpendicular, while the road leads through a defile winding round their bottoms. The whole country is covered with dwarf oak, and other low shrubs and bushes and some thinly scattered black oaks of stunted growth. This scarcity of timber is partly owing to the poverty of the soil, and partly to the effect of fire, which must have gone through this whole district of six or seven miles, and that at no very distant period back, from many evident marks still remaining. What a grand yet awful scene must have been such a tract of woods in flames! 222 There is no house for three miles from Stukey's tavern, and from that to within a mile of New Lancaster, there are but two other settlements.—Then, on descending a low hill, and emerging from the woods into an extensive natural meadow on the western bank of the Hockhocking, that town presents itself suddenly to view, well situated on a rising ground on the opposite side of the river, and making a better appearance at that distance than it has on entering it. A wooden bridge crosses the river, which is here only a rivulet just below the town, and here I passed a number of men engaged in racing their horses.

New Lancaster<sup>145</sup> is a compact little town of one wide street, about six hundred paces long, containing [200] sixty houses, amongst which is a neat little court house of brick, forty-two by thirty-six feet, just built, with a cupola belfry. There are six stores and nine taverns. There is but one brick house, all the rest being of wood, amongst which

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conspicuously the best is that of Mr. Bucher a lawyer. In most towns in the United States, the best houses are chiefly inhabited by gentlemen of that profession.

145 The site of New Lancaster had previously been that of a well-known Indian village called Standing Stone from an eminence in the vicinity. It was the most southwestern town of the Delawares in Ohio, and was also called French Margaret's Town, because a daughter of Madame Montour had at one time resided therein. As an American settlement it was laid out by Zane in 1800; later, "New" was dropped from its title by legislative enactment.— Ed.

After supping at the inn where the stage stopped, I was shewn to bed up stairs in a barrack room the whole extent of the house, with several beds in it, one of which was already occupied by a man and his wife, from the neighbouring country, who both conversed with me until I feigned sleep, in hopes that would silence them, but though they then ceased to direct their discourse to me, they continued to talk to each other on their most private and domestick affairs, as though there had been no other person in the room. In spite of their conversation I at last fell asleep, but I was soon awoke in torture from a general attack made on me by hosts of vermin of the most troublesome and disgusting genii. I started from the bed, dressed myself, spread a coverlet on the floor, and lay down there to court a little more repose, but I was prevented by a constant noise in the house during the whole night, beginning with church musick, among which some sweet female voices were discernible, and ending in the loud drunken frolicks of some rustick guests, who kept Saturday night until late on Sunday morning.

Previous to going to bed I had sauntered round the town, and I observed all the taverns filled with guests in the roughest style of conviviality, from which I infer that the last day of the week is generally devoted to the orgies of Bacchus; by the same classes of people who on the succeeding day, attend with pious regularity the dogmatick lectures of some fanatick dispenser of the gospel. What an heterogeneous [201] animal is man!



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—sometimes exalted to an approach towards divinity, sometimes debased to lower than brutality:—A perpetual struggle between the essence and the dregs.

The dawn of morning relieved me from my uncomfortable couch, and going down stairs, I found all as silent as an hour before it had been noisy. I walked out into the town, where the same stillness prevailed, so I lounged along the banks of the Hockhocking enjoying the morning air, until a thick mist rising with the sun envelopped me, when I returned to the inn and finding the stage ready to depart, I again mounted Mr. Willis's horse, and set out in advance of it.

Leaving New Lancaster and the fog below, I proceeded eighteen miles through a hilly country, with settlements within every mile, many of which were taverns. I then stopped at Babb's, the sign of the house, appropriate to its 224 being the half way house between Lancaster and Zanesville. Here an old father, two sons and three daughters, (spruce, well formed girls, with a most wonderful volubility of tongue) worried me with questions, until I excused myself from further gratifying their inexhaustible curiosity by pleading fatigue, and throwing myself on a bed, I awaited the arrival of the stage, about an hour, when we got an excellent breakfast, every article of which served as a topick for conversation to our garrulous entertainers, who affected to know a little of every thing and of every body.

Nine miles from Babb's, through a similar country and very bad road with houses and taverns as in the morning, brought me to Jonathan's creek, a handsome little river, about twenty yards wide, which I forded. The road was now generally level seven miles to Springfield, mostly through pleasant and rich little bottoms, with the creek close on the right more than half the way, and the country so thickly [202] inhabited, that was it not for the dead girdled<sup>146</sup> trees every where in the corn and wheat fields and meadows, it would have the appearance of an old settlement.

<sup>146</sup> A hasty and temporary way of clearing land, by notching the bark all round the trunks of the large trees, which kills them, and in a few years they fall by their own top weight

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aided by the least gust of wind, if not cut down in the interim at the increasing leisure of the cultivator.— Cramer.

About a mile from Springfield I passed through a fine plain of a light sandy soil very proper for small grain, such as wheat, rye and oats, which has been cleared previous to this country being known to the whites. It is now covered with dwarf oak, hazle, and other copse wood, and contains probably fifteen hundred acres.

Springfield is a long straggling village, on a fine flat, sheltered on the north by a small chain of low but abrupt hills, and bounded on the south by the beautiful river Muskingum. The road or street is of clean gravel, and the 225 cabins are distinguished from those I had hitherto seen by their chimneys of brick, instead of stone or logs. There are some good brick houses building, and some taverns and some stores, which give it a thriving appearance. There is also a fine grist and saw mill at the falls of the Muskingum at the upper end of the town. That river is about a hundred yards wide at the ferry just below the falls, which are formed by its being precipitated in a sheet, over a rock of about three feet perpendicular depth, which extends quite across, and is a fine object in the surrounding picturesque scenery. Another good object is a cliff impending over the falls, which terminates the chain of low hills behind Springfield.

I crossed the ferry to Zanesville, and dismounted at an inn where the stage generally stops. On entering I walked into a room, the door of which was open, where the first object that met my eye was the [203] corpse of a female, laid out in her shroud on a bier. There was no person in the room but another female who was seated near the corpse, and to whom I apologized for my abrupt entrance, explaining my reasons as being in advance of the stage. She answered by wishing she had some mode of preventing the stage from driving up to the house, as her sister had died that morning, and it would be inconvenient to accommodate travellers that night, on which I remounted, rode to the post office, where I found the stage delivering the mail, from whence in consequence of my information, the

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driver took us to Harvey's very good inn, where we found an excellent supper, clean beds, a consequential host and hostess, and the highest charges I had hitherto paid in Ohio.

Zanesville was laid out for a town six or seven years ago. It contains forty houses much scattered and does not seem to thrive so much as Springfield, which is only two or three years old, contains fifty houses, and bids fair to become of 226 more consequence than Zanesville,<sup>147</sup> notwithstanding the latter is the county town of Muskingum county. It was named after Mr. Zane of Wheeling, who as a recompense for opening the first road from Wheeling to Chilicothe, got a grant of three sections of land of six hundred and forty acres each. On one section he founded Zanesville; on another, New Lancaster, and the third is part of the rich bottom on the bank of the Scioto opposite to Chilicothe.

<sup>147</sup> Since it has been determined that Zanesville is to be the seat of the state government at least for a time, the town is making a rapid progress in population, buildings, and improvements generally. The country around it is also opening into fine farms on both sides of the river. Furnaces and forges are erecting in the neighbourhood, saw and grist mills, and a paper mill not far distant.— Cramer.

### [204] CHAPTER XXXIII

Brown's—Extensive prospect—Anticipation—Ensloe's—Will's creek plains—Will's creek—European and American drivers compared—Cambridge—Beymer's—Drove of cattle—Two travelling families—Good effects of system.

On Monday 17th August, I proceeded from Zanesville before breakfast. The first nine miles were through a hilly country with houses every mile or two, the road tolerably good except in a few steep or miry spots. I then passed Brown's tavern, most romantically situated in a deep and narrow valley, with Salt creek, a rivulet which I crossed, running through it. Two genteel looking travellers were at Brown's door as I passed. It was about breakfast time. My appetite tempted me to stop and join them, but reflecting the stage would then

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get before me, I repressed it, and trotted on towards the usual place of breakfast of the stage.

From Salt creek, I ascended half a mile of a steep road to the highest hill which I had been yet on in this state, and keeping two miles along its ridge, I had there to ascend a still higher pinnacle of it, from whence there is a most extensive 227 view in every direction, of ridges beyond ridges covered with forests, to the most distant horizon; but though grand and extensive, it is dreary and cheerless, excepting to a mind which anticipates the great change which the astonishingly rapid settlement of this country will cause in the face of nature in a few revolving years. Such a mind will direct the eye ideally to the sides of hills covered with the most luxuriant gifts of Ceres; to valleys divested of their trees, and instead of the sombre forest, strengthening the vision with their verdant herbage, while the rivers and brooks, no [205] longer concealed by woods, meander through them in every direction in silvered curves, resplendent with the rays of a glowing sun, darting through an unclouded atmosphere; while the frequent comfortable and tasty farm house—the mills—the villages, and the towns marked by their smoke and distant spires, will cause the traveller to ask himself with astonishment, “So short a time since, could this have been an uninhabited wilderness?”

This lofty ridge continues with various elevations five miles and a half farther to Ensloe's tavern, and is well inhabited all the way, and well timbered, though the soil is rather light. I here stopped to await the stage and breakfast, after which I rode on through a hilly country, rather thinly inhabited, five miles, and then three more on a flat, of the most wretched road imaginable, from the frequency of sloughs of stiff mud and clay. Travellers have ironically nicknamed this part of the road Will's creek plains. It is really almost impassable for even the strong stage wagons which are used here.

After getting safely through the plains, and a mile further over a ridge, I came to Will's creek, which is a small muddy river with a very slow current. The banks are steep and the bottom muddy, so that it has to be crossed by a wooden bridge, which has become

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extremely dangerous, from some 228 of the posts having been unplaced by floods, so that it is shelving, one side being a good deal higher than the other, and the balustrade is so much decayed that it would not support a man, much less a carriage, yet bad as it was, I had to pay a toll of an eighth of a dollar for my horse. Though the European drivers far exceed the American in dexterity and speed, on their fine roads, in this country they would be good for nothing, and would pronounce it impossible to get a carriage through roads, that the American driver dashes through without a thought.—So much for habit.

[206] On crossing the bridge, I was astonished to find myself in a town of cabins in the midst of a forest, which I had heard nothing of before. It is called Cambridge, and was laid out last year by Messrs. Gumbard and Beattie the proprietors, the first of whom resides in it. The lots sell at from thirty to thirty-five dollars each. There are now twelve cabins finished and finishing, each of which contains two or three families; about as many more and some good houses, are to be commenced immediately. The settlement being very sudden, there was not as yet house room, for the furniture, utensils, and goods of the settlers, those articles were therefore lying out promiscuously about the cabins. The settlers are chiefly from the island of Guernsey, near the coast of France, from whence eight families arrived only four months ago.

I think Cambridge bids fair to become the capital of a county very soon.<sup>148</sup> The lands in the neighbourhood are equal in richness of soil to any I have seen on this side of Paint creek bottoms near Chilicothe.

<sup>148</sup> Cambridge was made the seat of Guernsey County when the latter was established in 1811.— Ed.

Four miles from hence through a hilly country, brought me to Beymer's tavern, passing a drove of one hundred 229 and thirty cows and oxen, which one Johnston was driving from the neighbourhood of Lexington in Kentucky, to Baltimore. The intercourse between the most distant parts of the United States is now so common, that imported merchandize

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is waggoned all the way to Chilicothe and the intermediate towns, from Philadelphia and Baltimore, nearly six hundred miles, and then retailed as cheaply as at the ports of entry.

The drover with six assistants, two horsemen, two family wagons, and the stage wagon, put up at Beymer's for the night, so that the house which was only a double cabin, was well filled, though not so much crowded as might have been expected, as the cattle drivers made a fire and encamped without doors, convenient to where they had penned the cattle, and [207] one of the travelling families slept in their wagon.—This family consisted of a man and his wife, and a neighbour's daughter, who had removed to this state last year, from near Washington in Pennsylvania, and were now returning two hundred miles for some effects they had left behind. The other family, named Hutchinson, had emigrated from Massachusetts to Franklinville in this state, four years ago. By clearing and cultivating a farm and keeping a store, a distillery, and a saw mill, and then selling their property at its increased value, they had in that short time acquired a sufficiency to think themselves independent, and were now returning, to settle in some place in the neighbourhood of Albany, in the state of New York, where the old man said, "he would be once more in the world." The systematick order which this family observed in travelling, and the comparative ease and comfort they enjoyed in consequence, were circumstances noticed by me with much admiration. The family consisted of Hutchinson and his wife, two daughters from fifteen to seventeen years of age, a grown up son they called doctor, another son about ten, 230 and a young man who had had the charge of the mill, and who still continued with the family. They had a wagon, with four horses, and a saddle horse rode by one of the girls. On their stopping, the daughters began directly to prepare supper, as though they were at home, baked bread enough to serve them that night and next day, and then they sat down to sewing as composedly, as if they had been in their own house, and not on a journey; while the boys took care of the horses, and the old couple, though still active and healthy, sat at their ease, chatting and enjoying themselves. At all events *they* were reaping the benefit of having brought up their family in orderly and industrious habits, and the cheerfulness and hilarity which pervaded each individual, was a proof that they were

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all equally [208] sensible of the blessings which their own good conduct had put them in the enjoyment of.

I had a good supper and bed, and found Beymer's double cabin a most excellent house of accommodation. He is one of the proprietors of the stage wagons, and owns very considerable property in the state.

### CHAPTER XXXIV

Proceed on foot—Washington—Frankfort—Morristown—Usual consequences of a militia muster—St. Clairsville—Another traveller—Indian Wheeling—Canton—River Ohio and Zane's island—Wheeling—Part with my fellow traveller.

On Tuesday the 18th August, the stage being only to go fifteen miles, and the same distance next day, on account of the arrangement of the carriage of the mails, rather than travel such a snail's pace, I proceeded on foot, leaving my baggage to follow in the stage. The first five miles were excellent road, over a long but not very high ridge of hills, 231 without a single house to Washington, or Beymerstown, as it is more generally called, from its being owned by the family of Beymer, two of whom keep taverns in it.—It has twelve cabins, four of which are taverns, and a blacksmith's shop.

Four and a half miles further have no inhabitants; the road is still good, but is led over several high, short and steep ridges, which generally run from north to south. Then passing a cabin and farm, in half a mile more I came to Frankfort or Smithstown, where I breakfasted. This is a small village or rather hamlet of eight or ten houses and cabins, some of which, as well as several in the neighbourhood, are inhabited by families from Peeks-hill in New York, many of whom regret their having removed [209] from thence to this place, and with great reason, if one may judge from the appearance of the soil, which is all a red and yellow clay, very stiff, and apparently very unproductive.

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The country now became better settled, but still continued very hilly. I walked on, passing Wherry's tavern where the stage was to sleep at five miles, and stopping at Bradshaw's, where I rested about half an hour, and got some refreshment. This family is from the county Monaghan in Ireland. Their house is too small for an inn, but they have a good farm. Ten miles further brought me to Morristown, through a similar hilly country, with a succession of woods and farms, the latter at every mile, and a tavern at every two miles.

On the road I met in straggling parties above fifty horsemen with rifles, who had been in Morristown at a militia muster, for the purpose of volunteering, or of being drafted to serve against Britain, in case of a war with that country, now much talked of. Most of them were above half seas 232 over, and they travelled with much noise—some singing, some swearing, some quarrelling, some laughing, according to their different natural dispositions, which are always most manifest when in that unguarded situation.

I found Morristown, where I arrived just before dark, all in a bustle from the same cause, many of the-country people remaining to a late hour, drinking and fighting.

My host Morrison who is a justice of the peace, and a major of the militia, had shut his house against them, but there was another tavern, where squire Morrison, while commanding the peace, during an affray, came in for his share of the blows, and had his shirt torn.

I got a very good supper—bathed my feet and went to bed in a room where a man and his wife, a young married couple, in another bed, acted over a [210] similar scene to what I had experienced at New Lancaster, keeping me awake chatting to me until a very late hour.

After a short but sound sleep, I awoke at an early hour well refreshed, and pushed on eleven miles to St. Clairsville, through a fine, well improved, and well inhabited country,



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which was still hilly, but the ridges were neither so steep nor so high, as they are in general at this side of Chilicothe.

I stopped at Thompson's stage inn, where Mrs. Thompson who was very civil, prepared me a good breakfast.

St. Clairsville, or Newelstown, as it is more frequently improperly called, is the capital of Belmont county, and is pleasantly situated on the point and top of the highest hill within sight, from whence twelve or fourteen miles of ridges and woods may be seen in every direction, some of them across the Ohio, which I was now again approaching. The town is only about four years old, and already contains eighty good houses, including several stores and taverns. It has a 233 court-house and gaol, and altogether it has the greatest appearance of wealth and business of any town between Chilicothe and itself. There are several Quakers, settled in the neighbourhood, who are a snug, wealthy and industrious people, and who enhance the value of real property in a wide extent around the focus of their settlements.

Leaving St. Clairsville at eleven o'clock, I joined a footman named Musgrave, who was going to Morgantown in Virginia, to collect money to pay off some incumbrances on his lands below Limestone. He was a plain man, but an intelligent, expeditious and economical traveller, whose company shortened the road to Wheeling. It is a well settled country and a fine road, the first six miles from St. Clairsville. We then descended a long hill into the river bottom of Indian Wheeling, where we came to a good grist [211] and saw mill. Keeping down that fine little mill river five miles to its confluence with the Ohio, we forded it five times in that distance.

On the banks of the Ohio is a new town called Canton, laid out by Mr. Zane last year, which has now thirteen houses. We here crossed a ferry of a quarter of a mile to Zane's island, which we walked across, upwards of half a mile, through a fertile, extensive, and well cultivated farm, the property of Mr. Zane, some of whose apples, pulled from the

orchard in passing, were very refreshing to us, while we sat on the bank nearly an hour awaiting the ferry boat. At last the boat came, and we crossed the second ferry of another quarter of a mile to Wheeling.

Here my fellow traveller took leave of me, purposing to go five or six miles further ere night, though it was now five o'clock, and we had already walked upwards of thirty miles since morning.

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### CHAPTER XXXV

Economy of my late fellow traveller—Proceed towards Washington—Fine view of Wheeling and the Ohio—Lose my road—Get right again by descending a precipice—A fine valley with several handsome seats and mills—Stop at Mr. Eoff's—A well regulated family—Little Wheeling creek—An obliging traveller—Roney's point—Beautiful and picturesque country—Alexandria or Hardscrabble—M'Crackan's—Good effects of temperance and cleanliness in travelling.

I stopped at Knox's inn, where I asked for some beer, not daring to drink wine or spirits. They had none, so I walked out to a small house where I had observed on a sign *Beer and Cakes*. On entering [212] I found Musgrave making a hearty meal on a cent roll and a pint of beer. He appeared as glad to see me again as if we had been old acquaintances, and had been long parted, and was easily prevailed on to make a second libation with me to the prosperous termination of our journies, in that humble, but wholesome and refreshing beverage. I then returned to Knox's, where I supped and slept. Next morning at dawn, I took a plunge in the river, and after breakfast, finding my strength invigorated and my spirits renovated by the cold bath, I continued my journey on foot by the most direct road to Washington, instead of awaiting for the stage according to my first intention, as it had to go ten miles out of the direct road to deliver the mail at Charlestown.

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I set out at half past nine o'clock, and soon gained the top of the hill immediately over Wheeling, from whence there is a handsome bird's eye view of that town, Zane's island in fine cultivation, the two ferries across the Ohio, and the village of Canton beyond; while on the left the Ohio is seen winding among hills five or six miles below, and the 235 view is bounded in that direction, by one ridge rising beyond another to a great distance. Turning round on the narrow ridge over which the road leads, I had Wheeling creek directly under me at the foot of a precipice, it running in such a manner as to make the scite of the town with the hill behind, almost a peninsula, between it and the Ohio.

I had proceeded about a mile, when meeting a traveller, of whom I inquired, I found I had taken a wrong road, in consequence of which I had to descend a steep precipice on my right, letting myself down with my hands from one tree to another, to the bottom. Here I got into the right road, which follows the meanders of the creek up a fine valley that has been settled about thirty years, and is now in a state of excellent cultivation.

[213] At two miles from Wheeling I passed a very handsome house, a fine farm, and a mill of a Mr. Woods on the left. Here I could not help being struck with the difference of appearance between this wooden house painted white, with green jalousie window shutters and red roof, and the stone and brick houses of Ohio and Kentucky, much in favour of the former, however better in reality the latter may be. A mile farther I passed Mr. Chaplin's fine merchant mill, and about a mile and a half beyond that, where the valley narrows, I observed on the left, some very remarkable large loose rocks, which seem to have fallen from a rocky cliff which impends above.

Half a mile beyond this, I stopped at a Mr. Eoff's neat cottage and good farm, where every thing had an air of plenty and comfort. Four or five genteel looking young women were all engaged in sedentary domestick avocations, and an old lady served me with some milk and water which I had requested, after which I resumed my walk.

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A mile up the side of the creek brought me to Mr. Shepherd's 236 mill, and elegant house of cut stone.<sup>149</sup> Here the creek forks and the road also, one of the forks called Big Wheeling coming from the S. E. and the right hand road leading along it to Morgantown; the left fork called Little Wheeling, which forms Mr. Shepherd's mill race, coming from the eastward, and my road towards Washington leading along it, through a narrow valley with small farms, wherever a bottom or an easy declivity of the hills would permit.

<sup>149</sup> This was the home of Moses Shepherd, son of one of the most prominent pioneers of this region. For a sketch of his career, see Harris's *Journal*, vol. iii of this series, p. 348, note 35.— Ed.

I was here overtaken by a man on horseback, who very courteously insisted on my riding his horse, while he walked above a mile. He was a county Tyrone man in the north of Ireland, settled twelve years in America, the last six of which has been in this neighbourhood, where he cultivated a farm with good success. Indeed industry and sobriety is all [214] that is necessary in any part of the United States, to the westward of the mountains, to insure a comfortable independence in a very few years.

My companion stopping at a house on the road, I again proceeded alone to M'Kinley's tavern, four miles from Shepherd's. I here left the creek on the left, crossing a smaller one which falls into it from the right, and I then ascended a steep and high hill, called Roney's point, from its being the point of a ridge, and first owned by one Roney. It was above half a mile to the top of hill, from whence a fine, thickly settled and well cultivated, but very hilly country broke on my view, beautifully variegated with cornfields in tassel—wheat and oat stubble—meadows—orchards—cottages—and stacks of grain and hay innumerable, with a small coppice of wood between every plantation.

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Descending a little, a mile and a half further brought me to William Trusdale's cottage, where I rested, and refreshed with some buttermilk and water, and then went on through

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the same kind of country, four miles from Trusdale's, to the Virginia and Pennsylvania boundary line, half a mile beyond which I entered the village of Alexandria. A gust approaching fast I stopped about half an hour at John Woodburn's tavern. This village is named from a Mr. Alexander, the proprietor of the soil, and is nicknamed Hardscramble, either from the hilly roads by which one arrives at it, or from the difficulty experienced by the first settlers to obtain a subsistence. It contains about a dozen houses and cabins, a meeting house, and three taverns, but it does not seem to thrive.<sup>150</sup>

<sup>150</sup> On the origin of the name Alexandria, and the early history of the town, see Harris's *Journal*, vol. iii of this series, p. 348, note 33.— Ed.

After the gust I proceeded six miles through a very fine country, charmingly variegated, but hilly, to M'Crackan's tavern. The rain had rendered the road so slippery, that I could travel but slowly, so that it was almost dark when I arrived there.

[215] I found another traveller in the house, who was going from the western part of Massachusetts near Albany, to the western part of Virginia, as an agent to dispose of some large tracts of land there, owned by some people in Albany. Having got some thickened milk for supper, and bathed my feet in cold water, I had a fine night's rest.

I would not mention so often my mode of living and treating myself while on this journey, only to shew the good effects of temperance and cleanliness, which enabled me, though in so warm a season, to travel either on foot or on horseback, without fatigue or injury to my constitution.

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## CHAPTER XXXVI

Fine morning—Clement's tavern—Washington—Go on in the stage—Meet an acquaintance—Canonsburgh—Morganza—Colonel Plummer's—Coal Hill—Frightful road—Charming views—Monongahela ferry—Arrive at Pittsburgh.

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Thursday, twenty-first August, I walked on with the first dawn of a fine morning, nothing being wanting to render it delightful, except the carrol of the winged inhabitants of the woods, which throughout this whole country is very rare. I stopped to rest a few minutes at Clement's tavern, five miles on the road, where I found a number of young men and women up, and drest decently, and even genteelly, though so early; indeed many of them had the appearance of not having been in bed all night. On inquiry I learned that there had been a wedding here last night, which had occasioned such a concourse of young people. Several of the males joined [216] the landlord in civilly pressing me to take my morning dram of bitters with them, and they were not a little astonished at my excusing myself, and requesting in lieu, a little milk and water.

Wishing to arrive in Washington in time to join the stage for Pittsburgh, I walked very fast, on a good road, through a pleasant but hilly country, and got to M'Cammont's tavern, as the family were rising from breakfast.<sup>151</sup> The table was however soon replenished with plenty and variety, to which I did ample justice from the excellent effect on my appetite, of early rising, and a ten miles' walk.

<sup>151</sup> William McCammant's tavern, at the sign of the "Cross Keys," was first opened in 1801. An advertisement of early prices cited "dinner and horse-feed, twenty-five cents; jurors and others attending court, two dollars per week."— Ed.

Having a little time before the stage would depart, I walked through the town, and was much pleased with it. Washington is surrounded by a fertile, well cultivated, and 239 well inhabited country, rather hilly, but the hills not very steep. The town occupies a hill itself, and consists of one main street, intersected at right angles by four shorter ones, the whole containing one hundred and seventy-five dwelling houses, a good brick court house and a stone gaol adjoining; two meeting houses, one of brick for Presbyterians, and an old one of logs for Methodists; a neat masonick lodge of stone and lime, and a small market house. There are several stores and taverns, and on the whole it is a thriving town, and

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a pleasant residence for either trader, mechanick or private man, the inhabitants being a spirited and polished people, mostly descendants from the northern Irish.

At noon I left Washington in the stage, having the pleasure of a fellow traveller in my old acquaintance Dearborn, who was returning to Pittsburgh after an excursion to Washington for the purpose of taking some likenesses. His anecdotes of domestick and social occurrences at Pittsburgh during my absence, beguiled the time pleasantly, and we were in Canonsburgh, without being sensible of the seven [217] miles between Washington and it. The road leads mostly along Chartier's creek, crossing it three times in that distance. We stopped at Westbay's excellent tavern, where is also the post office. They were making preparations for dinner, which (having breakfasted so late) we declined partaking of, and amused ourselves with a walk through the town. It is on the S. western declivity of a steep hill, having Chartier's creek at the bottom. It contains eighty eight houses, of different descriptions, exclusive of the college, which is a plain stone edifice, much out of repair, with a cupola belfry. There is also a small market house, but the town does not seem flourishing; indeed was it not for the college, it would probably soon go to decay, in favour of its more successful neighbour Washington.<sup>152</sup> The most striking

<sup>152</sup> For the history of Canonsburgh and the college here mentioned, see Harris's *Journal*, vol. iii of this series, p. 347, note 31.— Ed.

240 thing I saw here was my landlord's garden, which is both good and handsome, being laid out with taste, abounding in a variety of the best culinary vegetables, and having some very pleasant shady bowers, where the student, or man of leisure, sheltered from the noonday sun, and inhaling the fragrance of the surrounding aromattick plants, might luxuriantly roam into the realms of fancy.

Two miles from Canonsburgh, we passed Morganza, the seat of general Morgan, on the left. It is a long and narrow frame building, with two ends lower than the body of the house, by way of wings—the whole ornamented with green jalousie window shutters. The situation, immediately on the road side, does not appear well chosen, especially

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as the general apparently had a choice of a variety of situations, any of which I should have supposed, would have merited a preference. One is more apt to be struck with any thing like false taste in any work which has been finished under the direction of a man of education and refinement, which in addition to [218] liberal hospitality, is general Morgan's character, as well as that of his amiable and accomplished lady.<sup>153</sup>

<sup>153</sup> Morganza was the home of Colonel George Morgan, a prominent character in Western land history. He was originally a member of a large firm of Philadelphia Indian traders, and made journeys to Pittsburg as early as 1768. In the treaty of Fort Stanwix of that year, his firm was one of those reimbursed for losses by a grant of Western lands, out of which grew the Indiana Company, for which Morgan during many years acted as agent and secretary, vainly seeking confirmation of the grant by the Virginia legislature and later by Congress. At the outbreak of the Revolution, Morgan was made Indian agent for the Western Department, with headquarters at Pittsburg. At the close of the war, removal to Princeton, New Jersey, brought Morgan into contact with college life, his services as trustee being much appreciated. In 1788–89, he was engaged in a scheme for settling a colony on Spanish territory at New Madrid, but several trips to New Orleans on this business failed to effect a satisfactory arrangement. Morgan next turned his attention to the estate in Washington County, Pennsylvania, which had recently been bequeathed to him by his brother. Thither he removed in 1796, and at Morganza occurred the dinner at which Burr was charged with treasonable remarks against the authority of the United States. The death of Morgan occurred at Morganza in 1810.— Ed.

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At Fosset's, three miles further, we changed an excellent set of grey horses, for as good a one of bays, owned by my friend M'Cullough of Pittsburgh.—For four miles from Fosset's to M'Cully's, the country is neither so fertile, nor so well cultivated as before, but it there improves again a little, and is ornamented at two miles further, by colonel Plummer's fanciful but handsome house and fine farm on the left. Rather exceeding three miles more brought us to the top of the Coal hill, the descent of which to the Monongahela, almost



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a mile, is so steep that two of the wheels of the stage wagon had to be locked, and I frequently wished myself out of it, but it was impossible to stop to get out, so I comforted myself with the reflection that no unfortunate accident had yet happened to the stages on this hill, which giving me courage, I was enabled to enjoy the views so inexpressibly fine, which are perpetually varying, as the road winds down the hill.

From a bird's eye view on the top, the town of Pittsburgh, Grant's hill, and even Boyd's hill so much higher than Grant's, appear as a plain, enclosed by the Monongahela from the S. E. directly under one, and the Allegheny meeting it at a point below the town, and both together forming the Ohio, which glides off majestically towards the N. W.—keeping the course of the Monongahela rather than that of the more rapid Allegheny, which flowing into it at a right angle from the N. E. is seen several miles upwards in that direction, with some beautiful islands about three miles above Pittsburgh. Descending the hill, the Monongahela gradually opens more on the right from its breadth assuming the appearance of a beautiful lake surrounded by irregular hills, with Mr. Beelen's finely situated country house, shewing to great advantage, at its upper end.

[219] When near the bottom of the coal hill, a sudden precipice on the right, and a short turn of the road to the left, brought back our thoughts home to ourselves, but the well trained horses seeming to know exactly where they should place their feet, soon removed us from the object of terror, and without stopping, trotted directly with the stage and us into the ferry flat, which was prepared to receive us—after which, ten minutes sufficed to land us at Pittsburgh.

## CHAPTER XXXVII

Pittsburgh—Panorama round it

AT the conflux of the rivers Allegheny and Monongahela, the French when possessed of Canada, had the principal of a line of posts extending from that country round the back frontier of the British settlements, for the purposes of awing the aborigines and

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commanding their trade, and to prevent the spreading of the Anglo-American colonization beyond these limits. It was named Fort Du Quesne, after the Marquis Du Quesne, a governour of Canada. It was always kept well garrisoned by European troops, and in time of war, was never without an army of auxiliary Indians encamped under its protection. This continual state of preparation cost the British much blood. In the year 1757, general Grant, with a regiment of eight hundred Scotch highlanders, arrived without discovery on a hill immediately commanding the fort, since named after him Grant's hill, where thinking himself secure of conquest, he alarmed the enemy by beating the reveille at sunrise. The garrison, without awaiting [220] to be attacked in the fort, which would not have been tenable, and reinforced by a strong body of Indians, stole out under the high river banks, and divided itself into two parties, one of which took the route upwards of the Monongahela, and the other that of the Allegheny, until they flanked Grant's little army, when profiting by the woods, with which the hill and surrounding country were 243 then covered, they suddenly attacked it in flanks and rear, cut to pieces, tomahawked and scalped the greater number, while the rest with the general saved their lives by becoming prisoners to the French, on whose mercy they threw themselves.<sup>154</sup>

<sup>154</sup> Cuming's historical narratives are not as accurate as his observations. This defeat of Grant occurred in 1758, and but a third of the troops engaged were killed and captured—540 out of 813 returning to Bouquet's camp at Loyalhanna. See Parkman, *Montcalm and Wolfe* (Boston, 1885), ii, pp. 150–154.— Ed.

The following year 1758, was productive of greater slaughter to the British, by the defeat of general Braddock's army of five thousand men, being surprised by the French and Indians in great force on the banks of the Monongahela, when within eight miles of Fort Du Quesne, then a wilderness, but now well inhabited and ornamented on the very spot by the handsome brick house and fine farm of judge Wallace.<sup>155</sup> The general and three fourths of the army, were shot down from behind trees, while in the parade of European tacticks, presenting four bold open fronts to the enemy, being formed in a hollow square. The few who escaped, did so under the protection of Col. since Gen. Washington's

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provincial militia, who by opposing a similar warfare against the savage enemy, covered the retreat of the few remaining regulars.

Some time afterwards in the same year, the fort capitulated to general Forbes, and the river Allegheny having made some encroachment on it by undermining its banks, a new and more extensive fortification of a square with four bastions

155 General Braddock's defeat occurred July 9, 1755; the site of the battle-field is now covered by the manufacturing town of Braddock, Pennsylvania.

Judge George Wallace, whose farm comprised the field of battle when Cuming wrote, was an eminent citizen of Allegheny County. First appointed presiding judge of Westmoreland (1784), then of Allegheny County (1788), he acted as magistrate until his death (1814). Wallace had not studied law, but held his position on account of being a large landholder; his fairness and moderation, especially during the Whiskey Rebellion, proving of great service to the settlements.— Ed.

244 was erected by general Stanwix just above, and named Fort Pitt, in honour of the then prime minister of England.—It cost government £60,000 sterling. A garrison [221] was kept here for several years after the peace of 1763, but it was withdrawn on the commencement of the disputes between Britain and America, and the inhabitants of the surrounding settlement, which had not yet taken the form of a town, occasionally fortified themselves for defence against the Indians, and so late as the year 1781, there were only a few small houses and cabins on the banks of the two rivers, under protection of the fort, a noble row of brick and stone houses built by the French Indian traders on the banks of the Allegheny, having been undermined and swept away by that river since 1766, in the memory of some of the present inhabitants of Pittsburgh.<sup>156</sup> After 1781, Pittsburgh began to improve slowly, and in 1784 a gazette<sup>157</sup> was established in it.<sup>158</sup> In 1783 Fort Pitt was repaired by general Irwin, but was afterwards neglected, and a stoccado fort called Fort Fayette, was erected on the bank of the Allegheny, half a mile above Fort Pitt.<sup>159</sup> Fort Fayette is now

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156 Brackenridge's *Gazette Publications*.— Cramer.

157 Published by Mr. John Scull, the first press established west of the Allegheny mountains.— Cramer.

158 The publication of the Pittsburg *Gazette* was begun July 29, 1786, and continued for several years under great difficulties. Sometimes the consignment of paper from Philadelphia failing to arrive, it was printed on cartridge paper obtained from the commandant of the fort. John Scull remained the owner and proprietor until 1818, when he retired to Westmoreland County where he died ten years later. The publication of the *Gazette* has been continuous to the present day, being now known as the *Commercial Gazette*.— Ed.

159 For note on Fort Fayette, see Michaux's *Travels*, vol. iii of this series, p. 32 note 12.

General William Irvine was a Scotch-Irish Revolutionary officer who had been captured on the Canadian expedition (1776) and not exchanged until two years later. Commissioned brigadier-general, he was sent by Washington, at a critical juncture, to take command at Fort Pitt, and there remained until peace was signed (1783). Thereupon he retired to Carlisle, and after distinguished public services died in 1804. Pennsylvania granted him a tract of land near Erie in return for his services.— Ed.

245 used as a barrack and place of deposit of stores, but is useless for either offence or defence. The surrounding grounds were handsomely laid out, planted, and ornamented by general Wilkinson<sup>160</sup> some years ago, and considering the smallness of the field he had to work on, shew much taste, and are an ornament to the eastern and principal approach to the town, in which situation the fort stands.

160 The career of General James Wilkinson is as remarkable as his character is despicable. His adroitness and power of inspiring confidence maintained him in his intrigues, and gave him the opportunity of playing a prominent part in early Western

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affairs. His share in the Revolution was indicative of the man, he being concerned in the Conway Cabal and other questionable movements. At the close of the war, he migrated to Kentucky and engaged in mercantile business. His commercial connection with New Orleans furnished the opportunity for his intrigue with the Spaniards, whose paid agent he became, for attempting to dismember the union. Returning to the army, he acted as second in command under Wayne. Upon the latter's death, he became commander-in-chief, and after 1805 was appointed governor of Louisiana. In this position he first embarked upon, and then betrayed the schemes of Aaron Burr. Not able entirely to clear himself of suspicion, Wilkinson was removed from his Western position at the outbreak of the War of 1812–15; and after a futile and mismanaged campaign against Montreal demanded an investigation by court-martial. This being inefficiently conducted, Wilkinson was acquitted, but he soon (1815) retired to extensive estates which he had acquired near the City of Mexico, where he died ten years later.— Ed.

The town or borough, as it now is, has increased in a very rapid degree both in size and consequence since the last ten years. The plan, by its being designed to suit both rivers, is rather irregular, Penn and Liberty streets which are very fine streets, running parallel to the Allegheny, while the principal [222] part of the town is parallel and at right angles with the Monongahela.

In seventeen streets and four lanes or alleys in March 1808, were two hundred and thirty-six brick houses, of which forty-seven were built in the last twelve months, and three hundred and sixty-one wooden ones, seventy of which were added last year. There are fifty stores generally well assorted and supplied, and which divide the retail business of the town and adjacent country in tolerably good proportion. 246 Some however have rather a superiority of custom, the owner of one of which, a man of veracity, assured me that he received in ready money, one market day with another, one hundred and fifty dollars, and that he had once taken one hundred and eighty besides the credit business. Either as a trading or a manufacturing town, I think Pittsburgh for situation, is not excelled in the United States, and that it bids fair to become the emporium of the centre of the federal

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union. There are 24 taverns, four or five of which are excellent ones, and the rest of every grade. An account of the manufacturies and tradesmen was taken in the fall of 1807, the result of which was—A cotton manufactory, having a mule of 120 threads, a spinning jenny of 40 threads, 4 looms and a wool carding machine under the same roof; a glasswork for green glass on the opposite side of the Monongahela, and another just erected for white glass on the town side of the same river; two breweries, where are made excellent beer and porter, equal to any in the United States; an air furnace, where all sorts of hollow iron utensils are cast; four nail factories, at one of which one hundred tons of cut and hammered nails are made annually; seven coppersmiths, tinplate workers and japanners; one wire weaving and riddle factory; one brass foundery; six saddlers and harness-makers; two gun-smiths; two tobacconists; one bell-maker; three tallow-chandlers; [223] one brush maker; one trunk-maker; five coopers; thirteen weavers; ten blue-dyers; one combmaker; seven cabinet-makers; one turner in brass, ivory and wood; six bakers; eight butchers; two barbers; six hatters; two potteries of earthen ware; eight straw bonnet-makers; four plane-makers; six milliners; twelve mantua-makers; one stocking weaver; two book-binders; four house and sign painters; two portrait painters; one mattress-maker; three wheel-wrights; five watch and clock-makers and silversmiths; five bricklayers, five plasterers; three stonecutters; eight boat, 247 barge and ship builders; one pump-maker; one looking-glass plater and maker; one lock-maker; seven tanners; two rope-makers; one spinning wheel maker; seventeen blacksmiths; one machinist and whitesmith; one cutler and tool-maker; thirty-two house carpenters and joiners; twenty-one boot and shoemakers; five windsor chair-makers; thirteen tailors; one breeches-maker and skin-dresser; twelve school-masters; four schoolmistresses; four printing offices; six brick-yards; three stone masons; two book-stores; four lumber yards; one maker of machinery for cotton and woolen manufacturies; one factory for clay smoking-pipes; and one copper-plate printing press.

The tradesmen above mentioned are all master-workmen, who employ more or less assistants in proportion to their business.

Besides the fine situation of Pittsburgh for manufacturies, another circumstance encourages much the settlement of industrious tradesmen in it, which is the cheap, plentiful and various market. There are two market days weekly, and the common prices of necessaries are,—good beef, from 2½ to 4 cents per lb. pork 3½, mutton 4, veal 3, venison 3 to 4, bacon 6 to 10, butter 10 to 18, cheese 8 to 12, hogs lard 8, [224] fowls each 10 to 12, ducks 25, geese 33 to 37, turkies 40 to 75, flour \$1 75 to 2 50 per cwt. or from 3 50 to 4 50 per barrel, corn 33, potatoes 40, turnips 18, Indian meal 40 cents per bushel, onions a dollar, white beans a dollar, dried apples and peaches a dollar, and green 40 cents per bushel, eggs 10 to 18 cents per dozen, fresh fish 3 to 6 cents per lb. maple sugar, very good, made in the country, 10 to 12 cents a pound, whiskey 30 to 40 cents per gallon, peach brandy 75 to 80, beer 5 to 7 dollars a barrel, and cider 3 to 4, 700 country linen 40 cents, and tow cloth 33 cents per yard;161 but salt comes high, being generally 2½ dollars per bushel,

161 Ohio and Mississippi Navigator—sixth edition.— Cramer.

248 which is occasioned by its being supplied from the Onondago salt works, in the upper part of the state of New York, from whence it is brought by water with a few portages, through part of Lake Ontario and Lake Erie, and down French creek and the Allegheny to Pittsburgh, where it is a great article of trade, giving employment to several keel boats on the river.

The situation of Pittsburgh is unrivalled with respect to water communication, with a great extent and variety of country; and would also be so in beauty was it not hemmed in too closely by high and steep hills. It may notwithstanding be called a beautiful situation, as there is a variety in those very hills, which all differ in appearance from each other, and admit between them fine vistas up the Allegheny and Monongahela, and down the Ohio, which river is formed by the confluence of the other two, and which after flowing eleven hundred miles through all its sinuosities, is itself lost in the Mississippi, at a point about W. S. W. from Pittsburgh, from whence eleven hundred miles more carry that chief of

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Atlantick rivers (whether with regard to unimpeded navigation, or the immense body of water discharged through it) into the ocean below New Orleans, in [225] about a south direction from its confluence with the Ohio.

Standing on the point which was the scite of the old French Fort Du Quesne, about the middle of the last century, and of which there is now no vestige, and looking up the Allegheny to the northward, a chain of hills, with a narrow bottom partially cultivated between the hills and the river, bound the view on the left, while two beautiful little islands, the uppermost one cultivated, and owned by a Mr. Wainwright from England, terminate the water prospect in front.

Turning gradually to the right, the eye looks over the dry ditch and old ramparts of the former English Fort Pitt, 249 which succeeded Fort Du Quesne, beyond which are a few straggling apple and pear trees, being all that remains of the king's and artillery gardens, planted and cultivated by the first British garrison, and now laid out in streets and town lots. Looking onward up the bank of the river, which is about thirty feet above the surface, when the water is lowest, houses, trees, and cultivated fields, are seen for three miles to Mr. Davis's large, and handsomely situated house, about half a mile beyond the race course, and the same distance above Wainwright's island. Hills covered with wood, rising amphitheatre-like behind Davis's, terminate the view that way.

Turning a little more to the right, the eye follows the Quarry hill, which is a ridge of from two hundred and fifty to three hundred feet perpendicular height, crowned with lofty forest trees, under which is a quarry of fine building stone, about half a mile long, with a good wagon road along its whole length, from every part of which are most charming views of the town and rivers, the cultivated sides of the hill below, and the rich and luxuriant plain of a quarter of a mile wide between the foot of the hill and the Allegheny, [226] with the post and stage road from Philadelphia and the eastern states running through the middle of it two miles from Hill's tavern to the town, which in its most compact part, with the belfry of the court-house, the Episcopal brick octagonal church, a handsome Presbyterian brick



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meeting house, and the roofs of the dwelling houses intermixed with lombardy poplars and weeping willows, the eye still approaching itself, is the next object.

A little to the right of the last line of view, Grant's hill, with its sloping sides and regular ascent to about one hundred feet perpendicular height, covered with delightful short green herbage, seems to obtrude itself into the town, affording to the citizens a charming mall or promenade both for exercise and air. It lies within the bounds of the borough; but it is to be hoped that general O'Hara, who is the proprietor, will with true patriotism, reserve it for its present use, and not permit one of the greatest ornaments of Pittsburgh to be destroyed, by having it cut down and levelled for building lots. Its belonging to a man of such extensive property is a fortunate circumstance for the inhabitants, as that may prevent its being changed from pleasure to profit, to which it might be more liable was it owned by some needy person. Was the general to fence it in, terrace it, which could be done at a small expense, ornament it with clumps of evergreens and flowering shrubs, and erect a few banqueting houses in the forms of small temples according to the different orders of architecture, it would be one of the most beautiful spots, which not only America but perhaps any town in the universe could boast of.

Grant's hill is united to the Quarry hill, by a plain at first flat, then rising gradually, over the middle of which on a very commanding situation, is seen the handsome cottage of Mr. Tannehill, a continental officer during the revolutionary war, who now enjoys [227] the evening of life in the shade of the finest fruit trees of this climate, of his own planting, for which rational and delightful employment as well as horticulture in general, he has a good taste.<sup>162</sup>

<sup>162</sup> What adds to the beauty of Mr. Tannehill's seat is, a handsome grove of about two acres of young black oaks, northwest of his dwelling, through the middle of which runs a long frame bowery, on whose end fronting the road, is seen this motto, "1808, *Dedicated to Virtue, Liberty and Independence*." Here a portion of the citizens meet on each 4th of July, to hail with joyful hearts the day that gave birth to the liberties and happiness of their

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country. On the opposite side of the road to the bowery, is a spring issuing from the side of the hill, whose water trickles down a rich clover patch, through which is a deep hollow with several small cascades, overhung with the willow, and fruit trees of various kinds.—Cramer.

Still continuing to turn to the right, the next prominent object is the house of Mr. James Ross, an eminent lawyer, which he purchased from a Mons. Marie, a Frenchman, 251 who had taken great pains to cultivate a good garden, which Mr. Ross does not neglect, and in which, on the top of an ancient Indian tumulus or barrow, is a handsome octangular summer house of lattice work, painted white, which forms a conspicuous and pleasing object.

From Mr. Ross's, which is immediately behind the top of Grant's hill, there is a gradual slope to a small but elevated plain, called Scotch or Scots hill, from its being the residence of several families from the northern Hebrides. It is improperly called a hill as it is no higher than the general level of the town, which is about forty feet above the low water mark of the Monongahela, to the bank of which river this plain extends, from the foot of the hill below Mr. Ross's house.

A valley commencing at the upper extremity of this plain, divides Grant's and Grove hills (the latter the seat of Mr. Tannehill before mentioned) from Boyd's hill, which equally steep and twice as high as Grant's, is the most striking feature in the view, [228] still looking to the right over the principal part of the town. This valley is watered by a little rivulet called Suke's run, which flows past a pleasant retired situation, said to have been formerly inhabited by one Anthony Thompson, long before Pittsburgh was a town. A few indigenous plum trees are the only vestiges of its former occupancy. The rivulet passes Mr. Watson's large brick house, supplies a tanyard owned by general O'Hara, then crossing the Monongahela road, falls into that river at the shipyards, at a low inlet between Scots hill plain and Boyd's hill, where several vessels have been built, some as large as

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four hundred tons. The coal which supplies Pittsburgh with fuel, is brought on wagons from a distance not

163 This rivulet derives its appellation from the circumstance of a woman named Susan, nicknamed Suke, having either hung herself in a thicket of plum trees here, or drowned herself in the run, about thirty-five years ago.— Cramer.

252 exceeding two miles, and is delivered in the town at six cents a bushel.

Boyd's hill was formerly named Ayre's hill, from a British engineer of that name who wished to have it fortified, but it changed its appellation about twenty years ago in consequence of one Boyd, a printer, hanging himself there on a tree. It was first cleared and cultivated by a Highland regiment, which built huts on it, no remains of which now exist.

The view from Boyd's hill exclusive of the Allegheny, which is veiled by Grant's and the Quarry hills, is as fine as that from the Quarry hill exclusive of the Monongahela, shut out from it by Boyd's, and is more uninterrupted down the Ohio to Robinson's point and Brunot's island, almost three miles.

The Monongahela is then the next object to the right of Boyd's hill. It is four hundred and fifty yards wide, and is seen to the N. E. in a vista of about two miles, when it takes a sudden bend to the eastward, and disappears behind the hills, at the extremity [229] of this vista, at the Two mile run, Mr. Anthony Beelen, a respectable merchant, has a neat ornamented cottage, opposite the bend, on the left bank, which commands a view of the reach above, as well as of that below to the town. The intermediate bank between Mr. Beelen's country seat and Pittsburgh, has a pleasant road along it, which is one of the principal avenues to the town, and which is surmounted by the ridge, of which Boyd's hill is the termination, whose round regular bluff verges into a bare rock, crowned with trees, impending romantically over the road in the whole distance from Two mile run.

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Still turning to the right the opposite bank of the Monongahela presents to the eye a fine level bottom well cultivated and settled, with a ridge of hills half a mile behind it, which 253 gradually approach the river until immediately opposite the town, where rising abruptly from the water's edge to the height of about five hundred feet perpendicular, they take the name of the Coal hill, from that fuel being formerly dug out of it for the use of the town, before pits were opened more convenient on this side of the river. It still supplies the coal for general O'Hara's glass-works, which, with the houses of the overseer and workmen, forms a village at the foot of the hill on the river bank, immediately opposite the point where the spectator stands, who has now gone round rather more than half a circle since his first view up the Allegheny. Window glass of a good quality and quart bottles, are made at this manufactory, which with a rival one at New Geneva, about sixty miles up the Monongahela, supplies all the western country.

The face of the Coal hill is very steep, and on the summit, major Kirkpatrick<sup>164</sup> has a farm house and barn, which seem to hang immediately over Pittsburgh, to a traveller approaching from the north [230] eastern avenues. The bird's eye view from thence of the town and rivers is very striking. Every street, lane, alley, house and object, however minute (if visible to the eye) being delineated under the spectator, as a plan on paper, the inequalities of surface not being discernible, and even Grant's hill being flattened to a plain on the optick sense.

<sup>164</sup> Major Abraham Kirkpatrick, a Marylander by birth and a Revolutionary officer, was one of the earliest settlers of Pittsburg. A brother-in-law of John Neville, he aided the latter in his difficulties with the insurgents in the Whiskey Rebellion. Nevertheless, he was popular in his vicinity, and left a number of descendants who became useful citizens.— Ed.

Continuing to turn to the right from our original centre, the point, we see the Ohio for about two miles, with Elliot's mills on Saw mill run below Coal hill on the left, an amphitheatre

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of lower hills about Chartier creek and M'Kee's farm to Brunot's island in front, and Robinson's point 254 and Smoky island at the mouth of the Allegheny on the right.

The eye still keeping its circuit, looks over a fine level of three thousand acres, once intended as the scite of a town to be called Allegheny, to be the capital of the county, but the situation of Pittsburgh being very properly judged more convenient, it has eventually become the seat of justice of the county, and the most flourishing inland town in the United States. A chain of irregular hills, not so steep, but nearly as high as Coal hill, bounds this level, and completes the Panorama.

The plan of Pittsburgh by being designed to suit both the rivers, is in consequence irregular. The ground plot is a triangle. Some of the streets run parallel to each river, until they meet at the point, and they again are intersected by others at right angles, meeting at acute angles in the centre. At one of those acute angles at a corner of Wood street, is the Episcopal church, an octagonal building of brick not yet finished, and nearly opposite on the other side of the same street is a Presbyterian meeting-house of brick also, well built, neat, and roomy. In a remote street near Grant's hill, is a small old framed Presbyterian meeting-house, used by a sect a little differing from the other, and the German Lutherans [231] have a small house of worship near it—at the N. E. end of the town is a very good brick meeting-house for a large congregation of Covenanters—and without the town, near Mr. Woods's handsome seat, a handsome brick church is building for a society of Roman Catholics. The court-house in the centre of the town is the only public building which remains to be mentioned.

It is well built of brick, is spacious, and convenient for judiciary purposes, and serves for a place of worship for the Episcopal society until their own church is finished, as 255 also occasionally for itinerant preachers to display their oratory—and the jury room up stairs is sometimes converted into a very good temporary theatre, where private theatricals are practised in the winter by the young gentlemen of the town.

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A respectable society of Methodists meet at each others houses, not having yet any house for that express purpose.

From the number of religious houses and sects, it may be presumed that the sabbath is decently observed in Pittsburgh, and that really appears to be the case in a remarkable degree, considering it is so much of a manufacturing town, so recently become such, and inhabited by such a variety of people.

Amusements are also a good deal attended to, particularly concerts and balls in the winters, and there are annual horse races at a course about three miles from town, near the Allegheny beyond Hill's tavern.<sup>165</sup>

<sup>165</sup> We are sorry to have it to acknowledge that *horse racing*, contrary to an express law of the state, has been more or less practised within the vicinity of this place a few years back, but are pleased with the prospect of having it totally abolished by the influence of its evident impropriety, danger, and wickedness, operating on the minds of the more thoughtful and judicious.— Cramer.

On the whole let a person be of what disposition he will, Pittsburgh will afford him scope for the exercise of it.

[232] *Notes made in descending the rivers Ohio and Mississippi in the spring of 1808—from Maysville.*

### CHAPTER XXXVIII

Columbia—Newport—Cincinnati—Port William—Louisville and the falls.

May 7th, at 8 P. M. departed from Maysville—8th, the Ohio is safe and clear of obstructions from Maysville to the Little Miami river, fifty-six miles.

Little Miami is a beautiful river, sixty or seventy yards wide, falling into the Ohio on the right from the northward.

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The village of Columbia just below, is beautifully situated on an extensive bottom. Seven miles lower we passed on the left the village of Newport, containing a large brick arsenal and magazine, the property of the general government. It is just above the conflux of Licking river, which is about one hundred yards wide. The banks of the Ohio display a great sameness so far, they having a gentle slope, and rich soil, thickly wooded and thinly inhabited.

We stopped at Cincinnati which is delightfully situated just opposite the mouth of Licking river.<sup>166</sup>—This town occupies more ground, and seems to contain nearly as many houses as Lexington. It is on a double bank like Steubenville, and the streets are in right lines, intersecting at right angles. The houses are many of them of brick, and they are all in general well built, well painted, and have that air of neatness which is so conspicuous in Connecticut and Jersey, from which latter state, this part of the state of Ohio is

<sup>166</sup> The Licking was explored by Harrod's party in 1774, and five years later Bowman's unfortunate expedition rendezvoused at its mouth. The next year (1780) George Rogers Clark in his raid against the Chillicothe Indians built two blockhouses on the site of Cincinnati; and again in 1782 started from hence against the Miamis. In 1785–86, the Federal Government built Fort Finney above the mouth of the Great Miami, where Clark held a treaty in the latter year. After the erection of the Northwest Territory, and the opening of the district to landholders, John Cleves Symmes bought a million acres between the two Miami rivers, and towns were soon formed. Matthias Denman (1788) purchased of Symmes for two hundred dollars a square mile opposite the mouth of the Licking, and forming a partnership with Robert Patterson of Lexington, and John Filson, a Kentucky schoolmaster, founded a town which the latter entitled Losantiville, “town opposite the mouth of the Licking.” This fantastic compound was retained until Governor

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St. Clair (1790) changed the name to Cincinnati in honor of the military society. Fort Washington, government post, built in 1790, protected the infant settlement.

Meanwhile Symmes had platted a town on the Great Miami, which he called North Bend, and desired to have established as the capital of the new Northwest Territory. Columbia was also laid out at the mouth of the Little Miami, and the three towns contended for leadership until Cincinnati was made capital of the Territory in 1800, and began to flourish apace. The garrison was removed from Fort Washington to Newport barracks in 1804. The residence of Colonel Suydam has given its name to Suydamsville, a western suburb of Cincinnati.— Ed.

257 principally settled. Some of the new brick houses [233] are of three stories with flat roofs, and there is one of four stories now building. Mr. Jacob Burnet, an eminent lawyer, has a handsome brick house beautifully situated just outside the west end of the town.<sup>167</sup> Cincinnati, then named Fort Washington, was one of the first military posts occupied by the Americans in the western country, but I observed no remains of the old fort. It is now the capital of Hamilton county, and is the largest town in the state.

<sup>167</sup> Jacob Burnet, born in New Jersey in 1770, was of Scotch descent. When a young man of twenty-six he came to the Northwest Territory to practice law, and settled at Cincinnati. His public services were as member of the territorial council (1798), as supreme judge of the State, and as United States Senator. He was the author of *Notes on the Early Settlement of the Northwestern Territory* (Cincinnati, 1847), a valuable pioneer history. Burnet's home was the scene of noteworthy hospitality, all prominent visitors to the region being there entertained. A portion of his estate is now a public park for Cincinnati, known as Burnet Woods.— Ed.

After remaining at Cincinnati from three o'clock until half past five, we then proceeded, passing Col. Suydam's very handsome stone house with piazzas and balconies, in the French West India style, three or four miles below.



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May 9th, having passed the Big Miami, the boundary between Ohio and the territory of Indiana in the night, at seven in the morning we were abreast of Big Bone Lick creek, so called from a skeleton of the mammoth being found here.<sup>168</sup> This is fifty-nine miles below Cincinnati. The tiresome sameness of the banks continued until noon when being abreast of one Reamy's, thirty-two miles further, the settlements became thicker on the Kentucky side, and the river assumed a more cheerful appearance. I observed some farms on the opposite shore of Indiana, at one of which I was informed was a vineyard.

<sup>168</sup> For note on Big Bone Lick, see Croghan's *Journals*, vol. i of this series, p. 135, note 104.— Ed.

At three P. M. we stopped at Port William, delightfully situated just above the embouchure of Kentucky river, <sup>258</sup> which is from eighty to a hundred yards wide. This is the capital of Gallatin county, and contains twenty-one houses, many of which are of brick, but all rather in a state of decay.<sup>169</sup> The lands appear good, but probably the country is not in a sufficient state of improvement to admit of a town here yet. Frankfort the capital of the state, is on the Kentucky, only sixty miles above Port William.

<sup>169</sup> Port William is now called Carrollton, and is the county-seat of Carroll County, erected out of the limits of Gallatin in 1838.— Ed.

[234] At four we gave our boats to the stream, and after floating all night seventy-eight miles, past some islands and some thinly scattering settlements, we rowed into Bear Grass creek, which forms a commodious little harbour without current for Louisville, May 10th, at 9 A. M.

Louisville is most delightfully situated on an elevated plain to which the ascent from the creek and river is gradual, being just slope enough to admit of hanging gardens with terraces, which doctor Gault at the upper, and two Messrs. Buttets at the lower end of the town have availed themselves of, in laying out their gardens very handsomely

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and with taste. From the latter, the view both up and down the river is truly delightful. Looking upwards, a reach of five or six miles presents itself, and turning the eye to the left, Jeffersonville, a neat village of thirty houses, in Indiana, about a mile distant, is next seen. The eye still turning a little more to the left, next rests upon a high point where general Clark first encamped his little army, about thirty years ago, when he descended the river to make a campaign against the Indians, at which time Louisville, and almost the whole of Kentucky was a wilderness covered with forests. The rapids or falls (as they are called) of the Ohio, are the next objects which strike the observer. They are formed by a range of rocks and low islands, which extend across the river, the deepest channel through which is near the Indiana shore, and has only six feet water, and that even very narrow when the river is low. The fall here has been proved by a level to be twenty-two inches and a half in two miles, from Bear Grass creek to Shipping Port, which causes a velocity of current of about twelve miles an hour in the channel. Clarksville, a new village in Indiana at the lower end of the rapids, is next seen, beyond which Silver creek hills, a moderately high and even chain, bound the view five or six miles distant.<sup>170</sup> Continuing [235] to turn to the left, Rock island, and the same chain of hills appearing over it, finish two thirds of a very fine panorama. The town and surrounding forests form the other third.

<sup>170</sup> On the early history of Louisville, see Croghan's *Journals*, vol. i of this series, p. 136, note 106.

Clarksville was established (1783) on the grant of lands given by the Virginia legislature to the soldiers who had served in Clark's campaign in the Illinois. Much was expected of this new town opposite the Falls of Ohio; but it never flourished, and gradually declined before its more prosperous neighbor, Jeffersonville (founded in 1802), and has now become but a suburb of the manufacturing town of New Albany. General George Rogers Clark had a home on a point of rocks near Clarksville.— Ed.

Louisville consists of one principal and very handsome street, about half a mile long, tolerably compactly built, and the houses generally superiour to any I have seen in the

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western country with the exception of Lexington. Most are of handsome brick, and some are three stories, with a parapet wall on the top in the modern European taste, which in front gives them the appearance of having flat roofs.

I had thought Cincinnati one of the most beautiful towns I had seen in America, but Louisville, which is almost as large, equals it in beauty, and in the opinion of many excels it. It was considered as unhealthy which impeded its progress, until three or four years ago, when probably in consequence of the surrounding country being more opened, bilious complaints ceased to be so frequent, and it is now considered by the inhabitants as healthy as any town on the river. There is a market house, where is a very good market every Wednesday and Saturday. The court house is a plain two story stone building with a square roof and small belfry. There are bells here on the roofs of the taverns as in Lexington, to summon the guests to their meals. Great retail business is done here, and much produce is shipped to New Orleans.

May 11.—At four P. M. Mr. Nelson, a pilot, came on board and conducted the boats through the falls, by the Kentucky chute, and in forty-five minutes we moored at Shippingport, where we found commodore Peters's boat and officers, and captain Nevitt's gun boat, all bound to New Orleans in a few days.

[236] Shippingport is a fine harbour, there being no current in it, but the banks are rather low, so as to be inundated at very high floods.

Mr. Berthoud, who has a handsome house here, is connected with Mr. Tarascon of Louisville in one of the finest rope walks in the United States. It is twelve hundred feet long, of which seven hundred and fifty are covered.<sup>171</sup>

<sup>171</sup> Shippingsport—now a portion of the city of Louisville—was incorporated under the name of Campbellville in 1785. The name was changed when James Berthoud became its

proprietor in 1805. Shippingsport was an important starting place for traffic west and south from Louisville, until the construction of the Louisville and Portland Canal in 1832.

The Tarascons were brothers who came from France to Kentucky, early in the nineteenth century. They built large mills at Shippingsport (1815–19), and were known as enterprising and public-spirited citizens.— Ed.

A little above the port is a mill wrought by the Ohio, the race being formed by a small bank, which has been cut through purposely.

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## CHAPTER XXXIX

Doe run—Blue river—Wheatley's—Conversation with Wheatley about the Indians—Squire Tobin's—Horse machinery boat.

May 12.—At six A. M. proceeded down the river, and seven miles from Shippingport, passed Sullivan's ferry, from whence a road is traced one hundred and twenty miles to Post Vincennes, the capital of Indiana.<sup>172</sup> The current of the Ohio now carried us five miles an hour, passing settlements on the right every mile with a range of picturesque hills behind them.

<sup>172</sup> For the early history of Vincennes, see Croghan's *Journals*, vol. i of this series, p. 141, note 113.— Ed.

Twenty-five miles from the falls, we passed Salt river, about eighty yards wide, on the left, with some neat settlements on each side of it, and also on the opposite bank of the Ohio, which latter bank is overhung by some very high rocky precipices. Twelve miles further on the left, we stopped at Doe run to purchase necessities. This is a small creek, but has a thriving little settlement of half a dozen families on its [237] banks. The price of provisions is here as we had found it generally, viz. Butter 12½ cents per lb. eggs 6¼

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cents per dozen, milk 6¼ cents per quart, fowls 12½ cents each, and turkies in proportion to their size from 25 to 50 cents each. At half past six, P. M. we passed Buck creek on the right, five miles from Doe run, and half a mile lower on the same side, we stopped and moored at an excellent landing under a house on the bank.

May 13th, at dawn of day we went on, passing at two miles and a half, on the right, a very remarkable rocky cliff overhanging a cabin and small settlement. We passed Indian creek and two islands in twelve miles more, and then came to Blue river, on the right, fifty yards wide.

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The river hills, which are generally a considerable distance behind the banks below Louisville, now approached quite close on each side.

On each side of Blue river is a settlement, the uppermost one three years old, but very little advanced, has a large family of children and their mother almost naked. Nothing apparently flourishing except a large garden of onions, for a few of which with a pound or two of Indian meal to make leaven, the woman would fix no price, but thinking herself badly paid with a quarter of a dollar, I gave her an eighth more to satisfy her. The lower settlement was began two years ago by one Thomas Davidson, from Carlisle, in Pennsylvania, and must become a fine property if Mr. Harrison, the present governour of Indiana, succeeds in establishing, according to his intentions, a ship yard on Blue river, which is a most eligible situation for it. He has already erected a grist and saw mill about eight miles up it,<sup>173</sup> where it is joined by a rivulet, which rising suddenly from a spring in a prairie seventeen miles above the mill, tinges the water from its source to its discharge into the Ohio with a clear blue colour, which however [238] does not effect its goodness, it being of an excellent quality.

<sup>173</sup> The career of William Henry Harrison, ninth president of the United States, belongs to general history. Harrison was appointed governor of Indiana Territory upon its erection in

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1800, and took much interest in its development. While making his home at Vincennes, he became interested in the Blue River settlement, which was begun about 1802 by Squire Boone (brother of Daniel) and his son Moses. The settlement and Harrison's mills were at a place now called Wilson's Springs in Harrison County, Indiana.' Ed.

Blue river itself is navigable for batteaux forty miles.

An old Indian trace, now the post road from Louisville to Vincennes, crosses it at twenty-five miles from its mouth.

The distance from the governour's mills to Vincennes, is about one hundred miles.

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After leaving Blue river we went sixteen miles without any settlement, and then passed a small one on the left. The river having narrowed in that distance to less than a quarter of a mile wide, and very crooked, with gently sloping hills rising from the banks. Ten miles lower, on the left, we came to the next settlement just began, and three miles further passed Flint island, one mile long, with the hull of a small ship on the upper end, stranded there in descending last winter from Marietta.

When about three miles below Flint island, the wind blowing very fresh ahead and causing a good deal of sea, we stopped on the right shore abreast of Wheatly's cabin, and moored. Wheatly comes from Redstone in Pennsylvania, and first lived on the opposite bank in Kentucky, where he owned one thousand acres of land, which he was obliged to part with from following boating and neglecting farming. He has now three hundred and forty acres here, from six of which that he has cleared, he raised last year five hundred bushels of corn. He told us that a small tribe of Miami Indians were encamped on Oil creek about two miles distant. On asking if they were troublesome, he replied with much sang froid, still splitting his log, "We never permit them to be troublesome, for if any of them displease us, we take them out of doors and kick them a little, for they are like dogs, and so will love you the better for it." This doctrine might suit an athletick, active man, [239] upwards of six

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feet high and in the prime of life, like Wheatly, but I question whether the Indians would submit to it from people less powerful. He informed us, that they frequently get the Indians together, take their guns, knives and toma-hawks from them, then treat them with whiskey until they are drunk, when they set them by the ears, to have the pleasure of seeing them fight, at which they are so awkward 264 (like young bears, according to his phrase) that they scuffle for hours without drawing blood, and when their breath is exhausted they will sit down quietly to recruit, and then "up and at it again."

We picked some fine wild greens (lamb's quarters) and got some milk, and next morning, May 14th, proceeded. At eight miles below we passed some good settlements on the right, and a ferry, from whence a trace is opened seventy-five miles, to Vincennes. Leaving Sinking creek on the right, and a large double log cabin and very fine settlement on the left, ten miles more brought us to squire Tobin's on the Indiana side, where we landed in the skiff. The squire has opened a fine farm in the three years he has been from Redstone, Pennsylvania.

A keel of forty tons came to the landing at the same time we did. She was worked by a horizontal wheel, kept in motion by six horses going round in a circle on a gallery above the boat, by which are turned two cog wheels fixed each to an axle which projects over both gunwales of the boat, one before and the other behind the horizontal wheel. Eight paddles are fixed on the projecting end of each axle, which impel the boat about five or six miles an hour, so that she can be forced against the current about twenty miles a day. One Brookfield, the owner, who conducts the boat, had her built last year about two miles above Louisville, in Kentucky, and then went in her to New Orleans, from whence he was now [240] returning, disposing of a cargo of sugar from place to place in his ascent. He expected to get home and to commence a second voyage in about a month. Seven horses had died during the voyage, and he had only two remaining of the first set he had commenced with.

## CHAPTER XL

Scuffletown—A good military position—Green River—Scarcity of stone—A hospitable Scotchman—Town of Henderson—Cotton machine—Diamond island—Banditti and their extermination—Former dangers in descending the rivers.

We continued to float down the river the remainder of the 14th and all night, fifty miles—passing Deer creek, Windy creek, Anderson's river and Crooked creek, and some islands—the banks having settlements at every mile or two. The shores of the river now became low, the hills being lost in the distance on each side.

May 15th.—Having passed two more islands, and some new farms, in nine miles and a half, we came to a string of six or seven good looking settlements, called Scuffletown, on the left, and two miles and a half farther on the right, we observed two new settlements, a small creek, and a bluff rock, serving as a base to an elevated conick promontory, terminating a wide reach, and narrowing the river so by its projection, as to make it an eligible situation for a fortified post. Seven miles from hence we came to Green river on the left, about two hundred yards wide. It falls into the Ohio from the eastward, and at the junction the latter river, changing its direction from S. W. to west, the view of it upwards is lost, [241] and looking back to the eastward, Green river appears to be a continuation of the Ohio. Several new settlements are forming on the banks of Green river, the climate and soil being well adapted to the culture of cotton, but the former is esteemed unhealthy, the inhabitants being very subject to intermittent fevers. A skiff boarded us here from an ark astern, which was bound to the mouth of the Ohio, from whence the people on board were to proceed in a keel up the Mississippi to St. Genevieve 266 in Upper Louisiana.<sup>174</sup> A few miles farther we spoke two large loaded canoes bound upwards.

<sup>174</sup> The original village of Ste. Genevieve was about three miles south of the present Missouri town of that name. The exact date of its founding is not known, but it was upon a mining grant given to Regnault. A relic of a chimney found in 1881 bears the date



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1732—possibly the first year of the settlement. The cession of the Illinois to the English (1763) brought an accession of French inhabitants; and in 1766, the Spanish ordered to Ste. Genevieve a commandant and garrison. The earliest American inhabitants were John and Israel Dodge, the latter being father of Governor Henry Dodge of Wisconsin. The encroachment of the river (about 1784–85) caused the old to be abandoned for the modern site.— Ed.

Nine miles below Green river, we passed a point of rocks on the right—the only stone on the river between this and Shawanee town, a distance of seventy miles, on which account the section it lies in was bid up at publick sale to ten dollars an acre, though the usual price is two. Three miles from hence we left Blair's ferry on the right, where a road crosses from Kentucky, fifty-four miles to Vincennes. A mile more brought us to Patterson's on the right, where we landed in the skiff. Mr. Patterson is a Scotchman from Aberdeen, which he left before the revolutionary war, going to Grenada in the West Indies, where he managed the noble estate of Harvey's plains (noted for its rum of much superiour quality) nine years. The liver complaint forced him to remove from thence to New York, where he married and resided several years. He brought his family from thence to this place last year. Mrs. Patterson thought they were to find a country abundant in every thing, with little or no trouble, but now, being undeceived by experience, she jocularly remarked, that if the current of the river would change, she would most gladly seize the occasion to return immediately to where she came from. This family is settled in a much more comfortable manner than the generality of new planters. There were some neighbours on a [242] visit, and the table was covered for supper in a very neat and plentiful manner, which, with much hospitality, we 267 were pressed to partake of, but the boats having passed, we could not stop.

Five miles from hence we stopped and moored for the night at Henderson or Redbank. This is the county town of Henderson county in Kentucky.<sup>175</sup> It contains about twenty wooden houses and cabins, including two stores and two large tobacco warehouses. At a squire M'Bride's we saw a patent machine, which gins, cards and spins cotton, all at once,

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by one person (it may be a child) turning a wheel. Eight threads are spun at once, and wound upon eight spools. It is ingenious and simple, and occupies no more room than a small table.

175 Henderson County was formed in 1798, being named in honor of Colonel Richard Henderson of Transylvania fame. The great ornithologist, John James Audubon, came to Henderson in 1812; but it was not until many years later that his work made him known to the scientific world.— Ed.

About five hundred hogsheads of tobacco are shipped here every year, and the place now begins to thrive a little, since several wealthy people have settled in the neighbourhood, and on Green river. From the opposite bank a road leads to Vincennes, which is only fifty-two miles distant.

May 16th.—Proceeding, we went to the right of Redbank island, and at twelve miles passed a ferry on the right, and entered the right hand channel of Diamond island—there being settlements every half mile. Nothing can be more beautifully situated than this fine island. It is four miles and a half long, and contains eight hundred acres of the finest land, well timbered.

It takes its name from its form, which is that of a rhombus or diamond. The river is above a quarter of a mile wide all around it, and above half a mile wide below in a straight reach of two or three miles. It is owned by a Mr. Alvis, a Scotchman, of great property in South Carolina, who bought it about two years ago of one Wells, the original locator. Alvis has a negro quarter, and near one hundred and 268 fifty acres of land cleared on the Kentucky shore opposite [243] the island. This used to be the principal haunt of a banditti, from twenty to thirty in number, amongst which the names of Harper, five Masons, and Corkendale, were the most conspicuous. They attacked and plundered the passing boats, and frequently murdered the crews and passengers. At length the government of Kentucky sent a detachment of militia against them. They were surprised, and Harper, one

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of the Masons and three or four more were shot, one in the arms of his wife, who escaped unhurt though her husband received eleven balls. The rest dispersed, and again recruiting, became under Mason the father, the terror of the road through the wilderness between Nashville in Tennessee and the Mississippi Territory. About four years ago, two of the gang, tempted by the reward of five hundred dollars for Mason dead or alive, offered by the governor of Mississippi Territory, shot him, carried his head to Natchez, received the promised reward, which they expected, and a more just one which they did not expect, being both found guilty of belonging to the gang, and being executed accordingly.<sup>176</sup>

<sup>176</sup> The tales of the robberies and atrocities of the Harpe and Mason banditti are numerous, differing largely in details. Cuming's account seems to be fairly accurate. See Claiborne, *Mississippi* (Jackson, 1880), pp. 225–228.— Ed.

It is impossible to convey even a faint idea of the dangers to which people descending those rivers were liable, until within a few years that the population of the banks has become general.

The Indians could not brook the intrusion of the whites on the hunting grounds and navigable waters which they had been in habits of considering as their own property from time immemorial, and partly through revenge for the usurpation of their rights, partly to intimidate others, but chiefly from the hopes of booty, all the nations in the neighbourhood of the Ohio, the Cumberland, the Tennessee, and the Mississippi, and even those more remote, used to send detachments of warriors and hunters to lie in wait in the narrow passes, and do their utmost to cut off all travellers, in which they often succeeded through [244] their expertness with the rifle; and it is not improbable but some white desperadoes, under the appearance of Indians, were guilty of atrocities of the same nature against their countrymen, without the shadow of any of the excuses afforded to the aborigines.

## CHAPTER XLI

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Highland creek and good settlements—Carthage—Wabash island—Wabash river—Shawanee town—Saline river and salt works—Remarkable cavern—The Rocking cave.

Seven miles below Diamond island, we came to Straight island, and nine miles further, to Slim island, which is three miles and a half long, with a settlement on its upper end.

Highland creek, the mouth blocked up with drift, is three miles below Slim island on the left, and opposite on the Indiana shore are three families of Robinsons, the first settlements in that distance. There is a fine landing just below Highland creek, and two beautiful settlements owned by Messrs. Cooper and Austin, and a framed house rented by a Mr. Gilchrist, a temporary settler.<sup>177</sup> We observed several boats laid up here, which had lately brought families down the river, which are all settled in the neighbourhood, and a mile lower down, we passed the scite of an intended town called Carthage, but where there is yet but one house.

<sup>177</sup> This was the settlement that later developed into Uniontown, Kentucky, a place of some importance on the lower Ohio.— Ed.

Two miles and a half below, we entered the Indiana sound of Wabash island, in a west direction, leaving the Kentucky sound (forming a beautiful coup d'œil with a 270 small island and clump of trees directly in the centre) running S. W. on the left.

[245] We would have gone through the latter sound, but for a wish to see the Wabash,<sup>178</sup> the largest river in Indiana, and upon which its capital Vincennes is seated. Its mouth is overlapped from three miles above to two below by Wabash island, which is five miles long and contains three thousand acres.

<sup>178</sup> On the early history of the Wabash River, see Croghan's *Journals*, vol. i of this series, p. 137, note 107.— Ed.

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The Wabash is a noble river, about three hundred yards wide at its mouth, but its banks are so low, that they are overflowed up to the eaves of two cabins which are just above its embouchure, at every high fresh. The inhabitants had their cattle all drowned last spring, and were obliged to save themselves by going some miles from the banks. The cabin next the point where the two rivers join, is large and has a tavern sign.

About three miles below the end of Wabash island, leaving Brown's island, and the two uppermost of the Three Sisters on the right, we rowed to the Kentucky shore, and moored for the night just under the cabin and well improved farm of Peter Lash, who has been here four years, and informed us, that there was a fine populous settlement of several families behind us.

May 17th, we cast off at the dawn of day, passed the third Sister, and a lake on the right which extends about ten miles into the country, and abounds in fish, and at seven miles from Lash's we rowed in among some trees, and moored and landed at Shawanee town.<sup>179</sup>

179 On the early history of Shawneetown, see Croghan's *Journals*, vol. i of this series, p. 138, note 108.— Ed.

This was formerly an Indian settlement, the only vestiges of which now remaining, are two barrows for interment at 271 the upper end, and a growth of young trees all around the town, which evince that the land has been cleared, at no great distance of time back. The town now contains about twenty-four cabins, and is a place of considerable resort on account of the saline salt-works about twelve miles distant, which supply with salt all the settlements within one [246] hundred miles, and I believe even the whole of Upper Louisiana.

The United States' general government having reserved to itself the property of the scite of this town, the salt licks, and all the intermediate tract from Saline river, the inhabitants

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have no other tenure than the permission of the governour of the territory to reside there during his pleasure, so they make no comfortable improvements, although they appear to be in a very prosperous situation from their trade; so much so, that they say, that it would immediately become one of the most considerable towns on the river, if they could purchase lots in fee simple.—There were several trading boats at the landing, and more appearance of business than I had seen on this side Pittsburgh. We walked to the Indian burying ground, where we saw several human bones, and picked up some of the small copper bells, used by the natives as ornaments, which had been interred with them, and which had become as thin and light as paper.

May 18th, proceeded nine miles to Saline river on the right. This is a fine stream, fifty yards wide, navigable for keels and batteaux. The salt-works are about twenty miles up it with the turnings of the river, though not over ten in a right line. There is a considerable hill on the right, on the lower bank of this river where it joins the Ohio.

Five miles from Saline river, we passed Battery rock, which is a very remarkable point of rocks on the right, with a cabin and farm beautifully situated on the hill above. 272 We now began to see river hills again, rising to a moderate height, from a little behind the banks on each side.

Four miles from hence we left Flinn's ferry, where is a very handsome settlement on the left. Three miles and a half farther brought us to the upper end of Rocking cave island, just above which the river is [247] a mile wide, and in another mile we saw on the right Casey's farm, where the landing abounds in curious loose limestone petrifications. Two thirds of a mile from hence, we thought we saw the Rocking cave, when we observed a cavern forty-five feet deep, three wide, and nine high, the floor ascending gradually to the vault at the end, where it is terminated by a petrification, like the hanging pipes of a large organ.—The sides which meet at the top, forming a Gothick arch, are of limestone, with several large nuclei of flint, which seem to have been broken off designedly to smooth the inside of the cavern.

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Rowing along shore with the skiff, we were soon undeceived as to that's being the Rocking cave, as a third of a mile lower down, one of the finest grottos or caverns I have ever seen, opened suddenly to view, resembling the choir of a large church as we looked directly into it. We landed immediately under it and entered it. It is natural, but is evidently improved by art in the cutting of an entrance three feet wide through the rock in the very centre, leaving a projection on each hand excavated above to the whole breadth of the cavern, the projections resembling galleries. The height of the mouth is about twenty-two, and that of the rock about thirty. It is crowned by large cedars and black and white oaks, some of which impend over, and several beautiful shrubs and flowers, particularly very rich columbines, are thickly scattered all around the entrance. The length (or depth) of the cavern is fifty-five paces, and its breadth eleven or twelve.

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Standing on the outside, the appearance of some of the company at the inner end of the cave was truly picturesque, they being diminished on the eye to half their size, and removed to three times their real distance.

On advancing twenty paces within, the path or aisle gradually ascending has risen to the level of the [248] galleries, and from thence to the end is a spacious apartment of the whole breadth, ascending until it meets the rocky vault, which is of bluish grey limestone. Twelve paces from the end is a fissure in the vault, to which is fixed a notched pole, to serve for a ladder, but the cavity has the appearance of nothing more than a natural cleft in the rock, large enough to admit the entrance of a man, and perhaps extending some little distance sloping upwards.<sup>180</sup>

<sup>180</sup> This is now known as Cave-in-Rock, from a large cave (Hardin County, Illinois) in which a band of robbers hid themselves (1801).— Ed.

There is a perpendicular rocky bluff, just opposite the lower end of Cave island, about two hundred yards above the cave, where the river narrows to less than half a mile wide, forming a fine situation for a fortification.

### CHAPTER XLII

Extortion of a countrywoman—Robins's ferry—Lusk's ferry—Cumberland river—Smithland—Tennessee river—Fort Massack—Wilkinsonville—Ship Rufus King—Enter the Mississippi.

Half a mile below the Rocking cave, we stopped at Perkins's finely situated farm, where we feasted on some good buttermilk, and bought some eggs, but on demanding the price, and being asked by Mrs. Perkins, with an unblushing face, four times as much as we had hitherto paid for the first article, and twice as much as had ever been demanded for the second, we left the eggs with her, and paid her for the buttermilk, not however without telling her, how 274 much she ought to be ashamed to take such advantage of the necessities of travellers.

The right hand shore now consisted of bold projecting rocks, with openings at intervals, in all of [249] which are settlements, while the Kentucky side being low is more thinly inhabited.

After passing Hurricane island, we came to Robins's ferry on the right, from whence is a road one hundred and thirty miles to Kaskaskias on the Mississippi, and about two miles lower on the left, we observed one of the finest situations we had seen on the Ohio; it was a hill occupied by a house and farm, opposite to a rectangular bend of the river which forms a beautiful bason. Three miles further on the right, is a hill with a remarkable face to the river, of perpendicular rocks of a reddish colour, below which, is a settlement and a creek, from whence Cumberland river is twenty-five miles distant.



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Four miles more brought us to Lusk's ferry on the right, now owned by one Ferguson from South Carolina, who has a very good house and fine farm, with Little Bay creek joining the Ohio just above. The main road from Kentucky to Kaskaskias crosses here—the latter distant one hundred and fifteen miles.

Having passed the Three Sisters' islands and Big Bay creek on the right, at eleven miles below Ferguson's, we rowed in to the right shore, and moored to some trees, where we had a heavy storm all night, with thunder, lightning, and hail as large as pigeons' eggs.

May 19th, proceeding at early dawn, we passed Stewart's island on the left, and the first of Cumberland islands on the right, just below which, we observed on the Indian shore, the fine settlement we had seen from Big Bay creek, nine miles.

With some difficulty and much rowing, we forced our 275 boats into the narrow Kentucky channel of the second Cumberland island a mile below the first, as otherwise we should not have been able to have got into Cumberland river, which the second island overlaps. A mile more brought us to the entrance of [250] Cumberland river, across which we rowed, and moored at the little town of Smithland.

This town contains only ten or a dozen houses and cabins, including two stores, two taverns and a billiard table. There appears to be only about thirty acres of land, badly cleared and worse cultivated around it, though the soil seems very good, but as it is as yet only considered as a temporary landing to boats bound up and down Cumberland river, the inhabitants depend on what they can make by their intercourse with them, and are not solicitous to cultivate more land than will suffice to give them maize enough for themselves and their horses. They live chiefly on bacon, which comes down the two rivers, and corn, being too indolent to butcher or to fish, though they might raise any quantity of stock, and doubtless the Ohio and Cumberland both abound in fish. On the whole it is a miserable place, and a traveller will scarcely think himself repaid by a sight of the Cumberland, for stopping at Smithland.

There is an old Indian burying ground at the upper end of the town, where we found several human bones enclosed in thin flattish stone tombs close to the surface.

Cumberland river mixes its clear blue stream with the muddy Ohio at an embouchure of about three hundred yards wide. It is the principal river for business in the state of Tennessee, Nashville the capital, being situated on its banks, one hundred and eighty miles by water, and one hundred and thirty by land, above its conflux with the Ohio.<sup>181</sup>

<sup>181</sup> For the early history of Nashville, see Michaux's *Travels*, vol. iii of this series, p. 61, note 103.— Ed.

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May 20th, having parted with Mrs. Waters, her charming daughter, and the rest of her family, they being destined for Nashville, we cast off, and rowed out of Cumberland river against the back water of the Ohio, whose true current we took on turning the lower point of Cumberland.

[251] The first three miles brought us abreast of Lower Smithland, a settlement on the left—having passed all Cumberland islands, and after dropping four miles lower, the sea ran so high, from a strong wind up the river, that we judged it prudent to row in and moor under a low willow point on the left, where we remained all the rest of the day and night, and had a violent tornado at midnight, of thunder, lightning, wind, and rain.

May 21st, we proceeded early this morning and at five miles and a half passed the mouth of Tennessee river joining the Ohio on the left from the S. E. and nearly half a mile wide. There are two islands at its mouth, the second one of which has an abandoned settlement on it. In the next eleven miles we passed three small settlements on the right, being the first habitations we had seen below Lower Smithland, and at noon, a mile below the last, we rowed into the mouth of a creek at the bottom of a bay, which forming an eddy, makes a fine landing for boats of all sizes, on the right shore.

On fastening the boat, a corporal from Fort Massack just above the landing, came on board, and took a memorandum of our destination, &c. We landed, and approaching the fort, we were met by lieutenant Johnston, who very politely shewed us the barracks, and his own quarters within the fort, in front of which is a beautiful esplanade, with a row of Lombardy poplars in front, from whence is a view upwards to Tennessee river, downwards about two miles, and the opposite shore which is one mile and a quarter distant—the Ohio being now so wide.

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The fort is formed of pickets, and is a square, with a small bastion at each angle. The surrounding plain is cleared to an extent of about sixty acres, to serve for exercising the garrison in military evolutions, and also to prevent surprise from an enemy. On the esplanade is a small brass howitzer, and a [252] brass caronade two pounder, both mounted on field carriages, and a centinel is always kept here on guard. The garrison consists of about fifty men. Some recruits were exercising. They were clean, and tolerably well clothed, and were marched in to the barrack yard preceded by two good drums and as many fifes. The house of captain Bissel the commandant, is without the pickets.

Though the situation of Massack is pleasant and apparently healthy, it is a station which will only suit such officers as are fond of retirement, as there is no kind of society out of the garrison, and there are only a few settlements in the neighbourhood, which supply it with fresh stock.

This was one of the chain of posts which the French occupied between Detroit and Orleans, when that nation possessed Canada and Louisiana. It had fallen into ruin, but it has been reconstructed by the United States' government. It keeps its original name, which it derived from a massacre of the French garrison by the Indians.<sup>182</sup>

<sup>182</sup> On the history of Fort Massac, and the origin of its name, see Michaux's *Travels*, vol. iii of this series, p. 73, note 139.

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Captain Daniel Bissell, the commandant at this point, had welcomed Burr on his descent of the Ohio two years before Cuming. Bissell joined the army from Connecticut as lieutenant, in 1794, being made captain in 1799. During the War of 1812–15, he became brigadier-general and served on the northern frontier, winning a slight skirmish at Lyons Creek. He resigned from the army in 1821, and died in 1833.— Ed.

At one o'clock we proceeded on our voyage, and in half a mile turning a little to the right with the river, we entered a very long reach in a W. N. W. direction, and at three miles passed a new settlement on the right where the river 278 is two miles wide, with a very gentle current. The current carried us twelve miles and a half farther, without our perceiving any signs of inhabitants on either shore, we then rowed in to Cedar Bluffs or Wilkinsonville, where we found an eddy making a fine harbour, and an ascent up a low cliff by sixty-two steps of squared logs, to a beautiful savannah or prairie of about one hundred acres, with well frequented paths through and across it in every direction. We observed on it, the ruins of the house of the commandant, and the barracks which were occupied by a small United States' garrison, until a few years ago, when it was removed [253] to Fort Massack; some time after which, about two years ago, the buildings were destroyed by the Indians.

Though our harbour here was a good one, yet we did not spend our night with perfect ease of mind, from the apprehension of an unwelcome visit from the original lords of this country, recent vestiges of whom we had seen in the prairie above us.

May 22nd, at day break we gladly cast off, and at a mile below Wilkinsonville, turned to the left into a long reach in a S. W. by S. direction, where in nine miles farther, the river gradually narrows to half a mile wide, and the current is one fourth stronger than above. Three miles lower we saw a cabin and small clearing on the right shore, apparently abandoned, five miles below which we landed in the skiff, and purchased some fowls, eggs, and milk, at a solitary but pleasant settlement on the right just below Cash island. It

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is occupied by one Petit with his family, who stopped here to make a crop or two previous to his descending the Mississippi, according to his intention on some future day.

Two miles and a half from hence we left Cash river, a fine harbour for boats about thirty yards wide at its mouth, on the right, and from hence we had a pleasant and cheerful 279 view down the river, in a S. S. E. direction five miles to the Mississippi.

First on the right just below the mouth of Cash river, M'Mullin's pleasant settlement, and a little lower a cabin occupied by a tenant who labours for him. A ship at anchor close to the right shore, three miles lower down, enlivened the view, which was closed below by colonel Bird's flourishing settlement on the south bank of the Mississippi.<sup>183</sup>

<sup>183</sup> The Missouri point opposite Cairo was acquired by an American from the Spanish government, but no settlement seems to have been made thereon until 1808, when Abraham Bird, who had several years previous removed from Virginia to Cairo, crossed over and built a home at this place, thereafter known as Bird's Point. This property was in the hands of the Birds for three generations.— Ed.

We soon passed and spoke the ship, which was the Rufus King, captain Clarke, receiving a cargo of tobacco, &c. by boats down the river from Kentucky, and intended to proceed in about a week, on a voyage [254] to Baltimore. It was now a year since she was built at Marietta, and she had got no farther yet.

At noon we entered the Mississippi flowing from E. above, to E. by S. below the conflux of the Ohio, which differs considerably from its general course of from north to south.

## CHAPTER XLIII

River Mississippi—Iron banks—Chalk bank—Remarkable melody of birds—Bayou St. Jean—New Madrid—Delightful morning—Little Prairie—An Indian camp—Mansfield's island.

We had thought the water of the Ohio very turbid, but it was clear in comparison of the Mississippi, the two rivers being distinctly marked three or four miles after their junction. The Ohio carried us out almost into the middle of the Mississippi, so that I was almost deceived into thinking that the latter river ran to the westward instead of to the eastward; by the time however that we were near midchannel the Mississippi had gained the ascendancy, and we were forced to eastward with increased velocity, its current being more rapid than that of the Ohio. We soon lost sight of the labyrinth of waters formed by the conflux of the two rivers, and quickly got into a single channel, assuming gradually its usual southerly direction. We now began to look for Fort Jefferson, marked in Mr. Cramer's Navigator as just above Mayfield creek on the left, but not seeing either we supposed they were concealed by island No. 1 acting as a screen to them.<sup>184</sup>

<sup>184</sup> Fort Jefferson was built by George Rogers Clark in the spring of 1780, in order to protect the Illinois settlements, and maintain the Virginian claim to this part of the territory. Clark planned a town here to receive his own name (Clarksville); but few settlers went out, as the post was distant and much exposed. In 1781, Fort Jefferson was besieged by the Chickasaws under the lead of a half-breed, Alexander Colburn. Timely assistance arriving, the siege was raised but the fort was abandoned in June of the same year.— Ed.

At fifteen miles from the Ohio, we observed a fine new settlement on the right, with the boats moored [255] at the landing which had brought the family down the river.

Five miles lower we passed the Iron banks on the left. These are very remarkable, being a red cliff near the top of a high ridge of hills about a mile long, where the river is narrowed to little more than a quarter of a mile wide.

From the Iron banks a fine bay of a mile in breadth is terminated by the Chalk bank, which is a whitish brown bluff cliff, rising from the water's edge, surmounted by a forest of lofty trees. Having passed some other islands, we made a harbour for the night on Wolf island just opposite Chalk bank, about three miles below the Iron banks.

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May 23d.—A steady rain did not prevent our proceeding this morning. We found the river generally from half to three quarters of a mile wide, and the navigation rather intricate on account of the number of islands and sand-bars, 281 which gave us some trouble to keep clear of. The rain ceased about three o'clock, when it cleared up calm and hot. At 4 o'clock we passed Island No. 10, on the right. The singing of the birds on this island exceeded every thing of the kind I had ever before heard in America. Notes resembling the wild clear whistle of the European black birds, and others like the call of the quail, or American partridge, were particularly distinguishable among a wonderful variety of feathered songsters. The island probably bears some vegetable production peculiar to itself, which attracts such uncommon numbers of small birds.

At seven, P. M. we rowed into Bayou St. Jean, on the right, at the upper end of New Madrid, to which settlement it serves for a harbour,—having only advanced about fifty miles this whole day. We found here several boats bound down the river.

New Madrid contains about a hundred houses, much scattered, on a fine plain of two miles square, [256] on which however the river has so encroached during the twenty-two years since it was first settled, that the bank is now half a mile behind its old bounds, and the inhabitants have had to remove repeatedly farther back. They are a mixture of French creoles from Illinois, United States Americans, and Germans. They have plenty of cattle, but seem in other respects to be very poor. There is some trade with the Indian hunters for furs and peltry, but of little consequence. Dry goods and groceries are enormously high, and the inhabitants charge travellers immensely for any common necessities, such as milk, butter, fowls, eggs, &c. There is a militia, the officers of which wear cockades in common as a mark of distinction, although the rest of their dress should be only a dirty ragged hunting shirt and trowsers.—There is a church going to decay and no preacher, and there are courts of common pleas and quarter sessions, 282 from which an appeal lies to the supreme court at St. Louis, the capital of the territory of Upper Louisiana, which is two hundred and forty miles to the northward, by a wagon road which passes through

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St. Genevieve at 180 miles distance.—On account of its distance from the capital, New Madrid has obtained a right to have all trials for felony held and adjudged here without appeal.

The inhabitants regret much the change of government from Spanish to American, but this I am not surprised at, as it is the nature of mankind to never be satisfied.<sup>185</sup>

<sup>185</sup> New Madrid was originally the site of a Delaware Indian town, at which two Canadians, named LeSueur, established a trading-house in 1780. Eight years later Colonel George Morgan attempted to obtain a large concession from the Spanish government to establish an American colony at this point, with rights of local self-government. Morgan brought out the first installment of colonists, but the arrangements at New Orleans which were to confirm his title to the grant failed of completion. The Spanish authorities sent Lieutenant Pierre Foucher, with a garrison of ninety men, to command here in 1789. A settlement of a heterogeneous character, as Cuming indicates, gradually grew up around the fort. The later history of New Madrid is chiefly concerned with the disastrous earthquakes of 1811–12, and the congressional grant of relief for the settlers.—Ed.

We had observed no settlements between the Ohio and New Madrid except one new one before mentioned.

May 24th.—At eight, A. M. we left New Madrid, and after toiling until three, P. M. against a fresh southerly wind, when we had advanced only eleven miles, we were forced to shore on the left, and hauling through some willows which broke off [257] the sea, moored and remained there until four A. M.

May 25th—when we were awoke to the enjoyment of a delightful morning, by the enchanting melody of the birds saluting the day, while the horn of a boat floating down the far side of the river, was echoed and re-echoed from both shores, to all which we added,



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with fine effect, some airs on the clarionet and the octave flute. When we hauled out of the willows, several boats were in sight, which added much to the cheerfulness of the morning.

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Having passed several islands, we saw on the right the settlement of one Biddle, being the first on the river since four miles below New Madrid.

Four miles lower we landed in the skiff at the town of Little Prairie on the right, containing twenty-four low houses and cabins, scattered on a fine and pleasant plain inhabited chiefly by French creoles from Canada and Illinois. We were informed that there were several Anglo-American farmers all round in a circle of ten miles. We stopped at a tavern and store kept by a European Frenchman, where we got some necessities.

Every thing is excessively dear here, as in New Madrid—butter a quarter of a dollar per pound, milk half a dollar per gallon, eggs a quarter of a dollar a dozen, and fowls half to three quarters of a dollar each.

We found here five lumber loaded boats owned by Mr. Holmes of Meadville, which had left Pittsburgh about the 20th of March. Three of them had been stove, and they were going to unload and repair them.

Continuing to coast along in the skiff, while our ark fell down the river with the current, we landed about a mile below Little Prairie, at an Indian camp formed by the crews of three canoes, all Delawares except one Chocktaw. They had sold their peltry [258] and were now enjoying their whiskey, of which they had made such liberal use as to be most of them quite drunk. They did not seem to like our intrusion, but on our demanding whiskey from them, and drinking with them, they became more social.

Two miles below the Indian camp we again overtook our boat from which we had been absent the last fourteen miles, and seven miles lower, met a canoe with two Indians, who wanted to sell us skins.—After passing several islands as far as No. 21, of Mr. Cramer's

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Navigator, in twelve miles farther, we came to one not mentioned in the Navigator, 284 which we named Mansfield's island, from one of our passengers who was the first to land on it. It was a beautiful little island, and the evening being far advanced, we were tempted to moor at its west point, to some willows on a fine hard sand, but we had nothing to boast of our choice of situation, as myriads of mosquitoes effectually prevented our sleeping all night.

### CHAPTER XLIV

Visit from Indian warriors—Our apprehensions—Indian manners and customs not generally known—First, Second and Third Chickasaw Bluffs, and several islands.

May 26.—We drifted forty-three miles, between five o'clock, A. M. and five o'clock P. M.—passing several islands and sand-bars, and had got between island No. 31 and Flour island, when an Indian canoe from the left shore boarded us with a chief and three warriors of the Shawanee nation.<sup>186</sup> They had their rifles in the boat, and their knives [259] and tomahawks in their belts, and it is my opinion that their intentions were hostile had they seen any thing worth plundering, or found us intimidated—but by receiving them with a confident familiarity, and treating them cautiously with a little whiskey, they behaved tolerably well, and bartered a wild turkey which one of them had shot for some flour, though it might have been supposed that they would have made a compliment of it to us in return for our civility to them, as besides giving them whiskey to drink, we had given them good wheat loaf bread to eat, and had filled a bottle they had in their canoe with whiskey for their squaws at the camp. It is remarked, that the Indians are not in habits of generous acts, either through the niggardliness of nature, or selfish mode of bringing up; or it may be

<sup>186</sup> On the Shawnee Indians, see Weiser's *Journal*, vol. i of this series, p. 23, note 13.—Ed.

<sup>285</sup> owing to their intercourse with the white hunters and traders, who take every advantage of them in their dealings, and so set them an example of selfishness and

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knavery, which they attempt to follow. Our skiff which had been absent with some of the passengers now coming on board, encreased our numbers so as to render us more respectable in the eyes of our troublesome visitors, and being abreast of their camp, where the party appeared pretty numerous, they shook hands with, and left us, to our great joy, as we were not without apprehension that they would have received a reinforcement of their companions from the shore, which in our defenceless state would have been a most disagreeable circumstance.

They were well formed men, with fine countenances, and their chief was well drest, having good leggins and mockasins, and large tin ear-rings, and his foretop of hair turned up, and ornamented with a quantity of beads.

Evening approaching, we plied our oars diligently, to remove ourselves as far as possible from the Indian camp before we should stop for the night, and by six [260] o'clock we had the upper end of Flour island on our right, three miles below where the Indians had left us. The river making a sudden bend here from east to south, we lost sight of the smoke of the camp, and of our apprehensions also, and about a mile farther, seeing a South Carolina and a Pittsburgh boat moored at the left bank, we rowed in and joined them. Near the landing was a newly abandoned Indian camp, the trees having been barked only within a day or two. To explain this it may be proper to observe, that the Indians, who are wanderers, continually shifting their hunting ground, form their temporary huts with two forked stakes, stuck in the ground, at from six to twelve feet apart, and from four to six feet high. A ridge pole is laid from fork to fork, and long pieces of bark stripped from the 286 neighbouring trees, are placed on their ends at a sufficient distance below, while the other ends overlap each other where they meet at the ridge pole, the whole forming a hut shaped like the roof of a common house, in which they make a fire, and the men, when not hunting, lounge at full length wrapped in their blankets, or sit cross legged, while the women do the domestick drudgery, or make baskets of various shapes with split cane, which they do with great neatness, and a certain degree of ingenuity. If any of the men die while on an excursion, they erect a scaffold about five feet high, on which they place the

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corpse covered with the skin of a deer, a bear, or some other animal they have killed in hunting. The dead man's rifle, tomahawk, bow and arrows are placed along side of him on the scaffold, to which the whole is bound with strings cut from some hide. It is then surrounded with stout poles or stakes, ten or twelve feet long, drove firmly into the ground and so close to each other as not to admit the entry of a small bird. Some of the female relations, are left in the hut close to the scaffold, until the excursion is [261] finished; when, ere they return home to their nation, they bury the corpse with much privacy.—I had been informed that some priest or privileged person, who was called the bone picker, was always sent for to the nation to come and cleanse the bones from the flesh even in the most loathsome state of putrefaction, that the bones might be carried home and interred in the general cemetery, but I had frequent opportunities of proving the error of this opinion. As to the women, when they die, (which is very rare, except from old age) they are buried at once on the spot, with little or no ceremony. While on the subject of Indians, it may not be amiss to mention a trait in their character, of courage and submission to their laws, of which numberless instances have happened, particularly amongst the Chocktaws on the frontier of the Mississippi 287 Territory, and I believe common to all the Indian nations, which I do not recollect being noticed by any writer on the subject of their manners and customs. If any one maims or mutilates another, in a drunken or private fray, he must forfeit his life. A few days (or if necessary) even a few months, are allowed the offender to go where he pleases and settle his affairs, at the expiration of which it has rarely if ever happened, that he does not surrender himself at the place appointed, to submit himself to the rifle of the injured party, or one of his nearest relatives, who never fails to exact the full penalty, by shooting the criminal. This is a very common circumstance, and is an instance of national intrepidity and obedience to the laws, not excelled in the purest times of the Roman republic.<sup>187</sup>

<sup>187</sup> The Choctaws lived in what is now Mississippi, south of the more important Chickasaw tribe. Their position between the Creeks, Cherokee, Chickasaw, Spaniards, and English led to much intriguing for their alliance. The custom which Cuming here notes

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is verified by Mississippi historians, and was utilized by the early justices of the country See Claiborne, *Mississippi*, p. 505.— Ed.

We were now dreadfully tormented by mosquitoes and gnats, particularly at night, when moored [262] to the bank. By day, while floating in the middle of the river, they were less troublesome. I would recommend it to travellers about to descend the Ohio and Mississippi, to provide themselves, previous to setting off, with musquetoe curtains, otherwise they never can reckon on one night's undisturbed repose, while on their journey, during the spring, summer or autumn.

May 27th.—We proceeded this morning early with the other two boats in company, and passing Flour island (so named from the number of flour loaded boats which formerly were thrown on it by the current and lost) the first two miles brought us abreast of the first Chickasaw Bluffs, on the left. It is a cliff of pale orange coloured clay, rising from a base of rocks on the bank of the river, and surmounted by trees.—Half a mile below, another similar cliff rises suddenly from 288 the water's edge, the two being connected by a semicircular range of smaller ones receding from the bank, having a small willow bottom in front of them.

The river retaining its southerly course, floated us in another half league, past the beginning of island No. 34 of Cramer's Navigator, which is four miles and a half long, at the end of which, another large island (not mentioned in the Navigator, but probably included in No. 34, from which only a narrow channel separates it) begins. Two miles from hence a handsome little creek or river, about forty yards wide, joins the Mississippi from the N. E. and nearly a mile lower is another small creek from the eastward with willows at its mouth.

The second Chickasaw Bluff, which we had seen in a long reach down the river ever since we passed Flour island, commences at a mile below the last creek, on the left hand. The cliff, of a yellowish brown colour, has fallen in from the top of the bluff, which is about one hundred and fifty feet high, and immediately after is a cleft or deep fissure, through [263]

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which, a small creek or run enters the river. Half a mile lower down, the foundation of the cliff, formed apparently of potter's blue clay, assumes the appearance of the buttresses of an ancient fortification, projecting to support the huge impending yellowish red cliff above, the base of the whole next the water being a heap of ruins in fantastick and various forms, perpetually tumbling from the cliff, which is beautifully streaked with horizontal lines, separating the different strata of sand and clay of which it is composed.

The second bluffs are about two miles long, and form the interior of a great bend of the river, which curves from S. W. by S. to N. W. where being narrowed to a quarter of a mile wide between the bluff and the island, (on which the passengers had bestowed the name of Cuming's island) 289 the current is so rapid and sets so strongly into the bend as to require the greatest exertion of the oars to keep the boat in the channel. The river then turns a little to the left, and keeping a W. by N. course for three or four miles, then resumes its general direction, meandering to the southward.

A mile and a half below the bluffs, island No. 35 commences, doubling over Cuming's island, whose lower point is not in sight, being concealed by No. 35. The view of the river and islands from the top of the bluff must be very fine.

No. 35 is three miles long. From the lower end of this island we saw the Third Chickasaw Bluffs bearing east about six or seven miles distant, at the end of a vista formed by the left hand channel of island No. 36, and appearing to be a little higher than the First or Second Bluffs, but without any marked particularity at that distance.<sup>188</sup>

<sup>188</sup> The third Chickasaw Bluff is the place where De Soto is said to have crossed the Mississippi River. Here also it is supposed that La Salle built Fort Prud'homme on his exploration of the river in 1682. The later historic significance was over-shadowed by that of Fourth Chickasaw Bluff.— Ed.

## CHAPTER XLV

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The Devil's Race-ground—The Devil's Elbow—Swans—Observations on game—Remarkable situation—Enormous tree—Join other boats—First settlements after the wilderness—Chickasaw Bluffs—Fort Pike—Chickasaw Indians—Fort Pickering.

Rowing into the right hand channel of No. 36, we entered the Devil's Race-ground, as the sound is called between the island and the main, from the number of snags and sawyers in it, and the current setting strongly on the island, which renders it necessary to use the oars with continued exertion, by dint of which we got safely through this dangerous passage of three miles, leaving several newly deserted Indian camps on the right. At the end of the Devil's Race-ground the river turns from S. W. by W. to N. N. W. and here 290 opposite a small outlet of twenty yards wide on the left, we met a barge under sail, bound up the river.

After three miles on the last reach the river turns gradually with a bend, to its general southerly direction, the bend being encircled by a low bank covered with tall cypresses, which keep the traveller in constant dread of falling on his boat, which in spite of his utmost exertion is forced by an irresistible current close into the bend. The two other boats stopped here among some willows on account of a breaking short sea raised by a fresh southerly wind.

Nine miles from the Devil's Race-ground, we came to the Devil's Elbow, which is a low point on the left, round which the river turns suddenly, from S. W. to S. and from that to E. an island being in front to the southward, which intercepts the drifts, and fills the river above half channel over with snags and sawyers. There was a very large flock of swans [265] on the low sandy point of the Elbow. These were the first swans we had seen on the river, although they are said to abound throughout this long tract which is destitute of inhabitants. We had been long accustomed to see numbers of bitterns and cranes, mostly white as snow, and a few grey ones, and some duck and teal sometimes shewed themselves, but took care to keep out of gun shot. Travellers descending the river have but little chance of obtaining any game, as its having become so great a thoroughfare, has

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rendered both the four footed, and feathered tribes fit for the table so wild, that it is rare that any of them, even when seen can be shot, and if one lands for the purpose of hunting, the boat must stop, or else he is in danger of being left behind, as the current runs never or in no place slower than three miles an hour, and mostly four or five.

The easterly bend is six miles long, and about a mile wide, gradually inclining to the south, and on the right are eight creeks or outlets of the river, five of them divided 291 from each other by narrow slips of land about fifty paces wide each, and the other three by slips of one hundred and fifty paces. Their general direction from the river is S. S. W. and a point rounds the whole way from E. to S. E.—This is one of the most remarkable situations on the river.

Two miles lower we stopped at island No. 40, for the night, and moored by some willows at a sand beach, near a drift tree, the trunk of which was one hundred and twenty-five feet long, and from its thickness where broken towards the top, it must have been at least fifty feet more to the extremity of the branches, making in the whole the astonishing length of one hundred and seventy-five feet. Capt. Wells with two boats from Steubenville, passed and stopped a little below us.

The Musquitoes as usual plagued us all night, and hastened our departure at four o'clock in the morning. [266] Wells's boats were in company, and after floating six miles, we overtook two other boats from Steubenville under the direction of captain Bell.—The four boats had twelve hundred barrels of flour for the New Orleans market.

This accession to our company served to enliven a little the remainder of this dreary and solitary part of the river, the sameness of which had began to be irksome.

In a league more Bell's boats took the right hand channel round an archipelago of islands, while we kept to the left through Mansfield's channel, which is very narrow and meanders among several small islands and willow bars.



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This archipelago which is designated by No. 41 in the Navigator, is three miles long. At the end of it we rejoined Bell's boats, and passed a settlement pleasantly situated on the right, which was the first habitation since Little Prairie (one hundred and thirty-two miles.) Here we observed a fine stock of horses, cows, and oxen, and half a mile farther we landed in the skiff at Mr. Foy's handsome settlement 292 and good frame house. Foy was the first settler fourteen years ago on the Fourth Chickasaw Bluffs, which are opposite his present residence, to which he removed eleven years ago; since when five families more have settled near him, and about half a dozen on the Chickasaw side, just below Wolf river. Soon after Foy's first settlement, and very near it, the Americans erected a small stoccado fort, named Fort Pike, from the major commandant. After the purchase of Louisiana by the United States from the Spaniards, Fort Pickering was erected two miles lower down at the end of the bluffs, and Fort Pike was abandoned. There are two stores on each side the river, one of which is kept by Mr. Foy, who owns a small barge which he sends occasionally for goods to New Orleans, from whence she returns [267] generally in forty days, and did so once in thirty. Mrs. Foy was very friendly, amongst other civilities, sparing us some butter, for which she would accept no payment. This was the first instance of disinterestedness we had experienced on the banks of the rivers.<sup>189</sup>

<sup>189</sup> The first fort known to have been erected on the site of Memphis (Fourth Chickasaw Bluff) was that built by Bienville, governor of Louisiana, during his campaigns against the Chickasaws (1735–40) and called by him Fort Assumption. After the expedition of 1740, however, this was abandoned, the place not being fortified until the Spanish commandant Gayoso, in defiance of the authority of the United States, crossed (1794) to the Chickasaw territory and built Fort San Fernando. Two years later, after Pinckney's treaty was signed, the Spaniards reluctantly surrendered this outpost, whereupon the American Fort Pike was built (1796).

Judge Benjamin Foy, of the Arkansas town of Foy's Point, was a pioneer of German descent, whose settlement is said to have been the most healthful, moral, and intelligent

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community between the Ohio and Natchez—due to the influence of its first settler, and his magisterial powers. Volney, the French traveller, spent the winter of 1805 with Foy in his Arkansas home.— Ed.

Wolf river is the boundary between the state of Tennessee and the Mississippi territory. It is not more than about forty yards wide. The bank of the Ohio and the Mississippi, the whole way from Tennessee river is still owned by the 293 Chickasaw nation, who have not yet sold the territorial right.<sup>190</sup>

<sup>190</sup> The Chickasaws maintained their right to the territory between the Mississippi and the Tennessee until 1818, when commissioners for the Federal Government bought the tract for \$300,000. The town of Memphis was laid out in the same year.— Ed.

On the point immediately below Mr. Foy's (whose negro quarter gives his pleasantly situated settlement the appearance of a village or hamlet) was formerly a Spanish fort no vestige of which now remains.<sup>191</sup>

<sup>191</sup> This was the fort called Esperanza, where the village of Hopeland, Arkansas, now stands.— Ed.

Rowing across the river and falling down with the current, we landed under Fort Pickering, having passed the Fourth Chickasaw Bluffs, which are two miles long, and sixty feet perpendicular height. They are cleared at the top to some little distance back, and the houses of the settlers are very pleasantly situated near the edge of the cliff.

An Indian was at the landing observing us. He was painted in such a manner as to leave us in doubt as to his sex until we noticed a bow and arrow in his hand. His natural colour was entirely concealed under the bright vermillion, the white, and the blue grey, with which he was covered, not frightfully, but in such a manner as to mark more strongly, a fine set of features on a fine countenance. He was drest very fantastically in an old fashioned, large figured, high coloured calico shirt—deer skin leggins and mockesons, ornamented with

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beads, and a plume of beautiful heron's feathers nodding over his forehead from the back of his head.

We ascended to Fort Pickering<sup>192</sup> by a stair of one hundred and twenty square logs, similar to that at [268] Jeffersonville. There was a trace of fresh blood the whole way up

<sup>192</sup> Fort Pickering (at first called Fort Adams) was erected by Captain Guion on the orders of Wilkinson. Meriwether Lewis was for a brief time (1797) in command of this post.— Ed.

<sup>294</sup> the stair, and on arriving at the top, we saw seated or lazily reclining on a green in front of the entrance of the stoccado, about fifty Chickasaw warriors, dressed each according to his notion of finery, and most of them painted in a grotesque but not a terrific manner. Many of them had long feathers in the back part of their hair, and several wore breast plates formed of tin in the shape of a crescent, and had large tin rings in their ears.

On seeing so many Indians and the trace of blood before mentioned, an idea started in my imagination that they had massacred the garrison, but on advancing a little farther, I was agreeably undeceived by seeing a good looking young white centinel in the American uniform, with his musquet and fixed bayonet, parading before the gate of the fort. He stopped us until permission was obtained from the commanding officer for our entrance, and in the interim he informed me that he was a Frenchman, a native of Paris, that he had been a marine under Jerome Bonaparte, when the latter commanded a frigate, and that he had deserted from him on his arrival in the Chesapeake. We were ushered by a soldier to the officers' quarters where we were received by lieut. Taylor the commandant, with civility not unmixed with a small degree of the pompous stiffness of office.<sup>193</sup> He however answered politely enough a few interrogatories we made respecting the Indians. He said they were friendly, and made frequent visits to the garrison, but except a few of the chiefs on business, none of them were ever admitted within the stoccado, and that this was a jubilee or gala day, on account of their having just received presents from the United States' government. They have a large settlement about five miles directly inland from the river, but the most

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193 This was Lieutenant Zachary Taylor, later the twelfth president of the United States. His military commission dated from May 8, 1808, so that his manner was doubtless due to his youth and the unaccustomed novelty of his position.— Ed.

295 populous part of the Chickasaw nation is one hundred miles distant to the south eastward.

[269] When we were returning to the boat, one of the Indians offered to sell us for a mere trifle, a pair of very handsome beaded mockesons, which we were obliged to decline, from having neglected to bring any money with us.

Fort Pickering is a small stoccado, commanding from its elevated situation not only the river, but also the surrounding country, which however is not yet sufficiently cleared of wood to make it tenable against an active enemy. There are some small cannon mounted, and several pyramids of shot evince its being well supplied with that article.

### CHAPTER XLVI

A pleasant harbour—Barges from Fort Adams—River St. Francois—Big Prairie settlements—Remarkable lake and meadow—Settlements of Arkansas and White river—The latter broke up by general Wilkinson—Ville Aussipot.

A mile below Fort Pickering we passed a pleasantly situated settlement on a detached bluff on the left, and from thence eight miles lower we had an archipelago of islands on the right. We found this passage very good, though the Navigator advises keeping to the right of the first and largest island, named No. 46. Having passed Council island, four miles long, and several willow islands and sand bars, in the twenty-seven miles which we floated during the remainder of the day, we then at sunset stopped and moored in a little eddy under a point on the left, where several stakes drove into the strand indicate a well frequented boat harbour. We found adjoining the landing, a beautiful little prairie, and our being comparatively less troubled than usual with gnats [270] and mosquitoes, made us

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congratulate ourselves on the situation we had chosen for the night. Next morning, 296 May 30th, we continued our voyage with charming weather.

We passed several islands, and some very intricate channels, where we were obliged occasionally to work our oars with the utmost exertion, to avoid snags, sawyers, and improper sucks.

We this day spoke a large barge with some military officers on board from Fort Adams, bound to Marietta, with another following her, and having floated thirty-two miles, we passed the mouth of the river St. Francois on the right, but we could not see it on account of the overlapping of two willow points, which veil it from passengers on the Mississippi.

The river St. Francois rises near St. Louis in Upper Louisiana, and runs parallel to the Mississippi, between three and four hundred miles, between its source and its embouchure into that river.

The tongue of land between the two rivers, is only from six to twenty miles wide in that whole distance, is all flat, and great part of it liable to inundation in great floods. There is a chain of hills along the whole western bank of the St. Francois, and in this chain, are the lead mines of St. Genevieve, immediately behind that settlement, which supply all the states and territories washed by the Ohio and the Mississippi, and all their tributary streams, with that useful metal. The St. Francois rarely exceeds one hundred yards in breadth, its current is gentle, and its navigation unimpeded.

We landed at a fine well opened farm on the right, a mile below the mouth of St. Francois, where a handsome two story cabin with a piazza, seemed to promise plenty and comfort. This is the first settlement below the Chickasaw Bluffs, a computed distance of sixty-five miles. It is owned by one Philips from North Carolina, who has lived here six 297 years.<sup>194</sup> Notwithstanding [271] favourable appearances, we could obtain no kind of refreshments here, not even milk, they having made cheese in the morning, so we rowed down three miles and a half, to Wm. Basset's delightful situation on the Big Prairie, where

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was a large stock of cattle, yet we were still disappointed in milk, so we kept on four miles and a half to Anthony's, where we obtained milk, sallad, and eggs, and spent a pleasant night in a fine harbour, very little troubled by musquitoes.

194 Sylvanus Phillips later platted and became chief owner of Helena, a town named for his daughter, about ten miles below the mouth of St. Francis River. Phillips County, Arkansas, takes its name from this pioneer.— Ed.

We had passed Well's and Bell's boats at moorings at the Big Prairie, and about an hour after we stopped at Anthony's, the South Carolina and Pittsburgh boats arrived and made fast a little above us.

The Big Prairie is a natural savanna of about sixty acres open to the river on the right bank. It is covered with a fine, rich, short herbage, very proper for sheep. Immediately behind it at less than half a mile from the river, is a small lake eight or nine miles in circumference, formed in the spring and summer by the Mississippi, which in that season rising, flows up a small canal or (in the language of the country) bayau, and spreads itself over a low prairie. As the river falls, the lake discharges its water again by the bayau, and becomes a luxuriant meadow, covered with a tall but nutritive and tender grass. While a lake, it abounds in fish of every species natural to the Mississippi, and when a meadow, it is capable of feeding innumerable herds of cattle. It is then watered by a rivulet which descends from some low hills about three miles to the westward of the river bank. From its regular annual inundation, this appears to be a fine situation for rice grounds, if the water goes off soon enough to allow the rice to ripen.

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There are two settlements joining to Anthony's fronting the river, and five or six others at some little distance behind, there being in the whole about a dozen families between Philips's and a new settlement, [272] three miles below Anthony's, a distance of about twelve miles. The inhabitants are all from Kentucky, except Basset, who is from Natchez,

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and one family from Georgia. The soil here is good and the situation pleasant and healthy. The settlers have abundance of fine looking cattle, but they raise neither grain nor cotton, except for their own consumption. They would go largely into the latter, which succeeds here equal to any other part of the United States, but they want machinery to clean it, and none of them are sufficiently wealthy to procure and erect a cotton gin.

From hence to Arkansas is seventy miles, the road crossing White river at thirty-five.<sup>195</sup> At the former (Arkansas) is a good settlement of French, Americans, and Spaniards, who before the cession to the United States, kept there a small garrison, and on the banks of White river, some wealthy settlers had fixed themselves, one of whom had thirty negroes, but they were all forced off by general Wilkinson a few years ago, as they had no titles from the United

<sup>195</sup> Arkansas Post (or Poste aux Arkansas) was accounted the oldest white settlement in the lower Mississippi Valley. Tonty, on his voyage of relief in search of La Salle (1686), ascended the Arkansas River to a village of a tribe by the same name, where he left a detachment of six men headed by Couture. Thither, the following year, came the survivors of La Salle's ill-fated Texas colony, and related the assassination of their leader. The post was maintained as a trading centre and Jesuit mission throughout the French occupation, and survived an unexpected attack by the Chickasaws in 1748. The Jesuits abandoned it as an unfruitful field in 1763. During the Spanish occupation, the importance of this post as a trading station increased. Pierre Laclède, founder of St. Louis, had a branch warehouse at Arkansas Post, and died here in 1778. Upon the American occupation, civil government was established (1804), and it was the capital for the territory until 1820, when superseded by Little Rock. Arkansas Post was captured by the Union forces from the Confederates, in 1863. It is now a small town about seventy-five miles southeast of Little Rock.— Ed.

299 States. This was bad policy, as the White river lands were in such repute, that a great settlement would have been formed there ere now.

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May 31st, we proceeded in company with Bell and Wells, and to the latter's boats lashed ours, that we might drift the faster, from his loaded boats drawing more water, and being of course more commanded by the current than our light one.

Seventeen miles below Anthony's, the river banks begin to be very low, generally overflowed; the islands also are mostly willow islands, of which we passed several in forty miles farther, which distance we floated down until sunset, when we moored at a low point of willows, and were devoured by mosquitoes all night.

June 1st, after floating fourteen miles, and passing several islands and sand bars, we passed the mouth [273] of White river on the right, which appears more inconsiderable than it actually is, by its mouth being almost concealed by willows. Seven miles lower down we met a small barge with seven hands rowing up; she had come down Arkansas river, from the settlement of Arkansas, and was about returning by the channel of White river, which communicates with the Arkansas by a natural canal, so that we were puzzled to understand the steersman, who said he was from Arkansas and bound to Arkansas, until he explained it. Eleven miles from hence, we had Arkansas river, two hundred yards wide, on the right, and Ozark island two miles and a half in front below, the Mississippi being about a mile wide.

The settlement of Arkansas or Ozark is about fifty miles above the junction of that river with the Mississippi. It consists chiefly of hunters and Indian traders, of course is a poor place, as settlers of this description, never look for any thing beyond the mere necessities of life, except whiskey. Had the White river settlement been fostered, instead of 300 being broken up, Arkansas would have followed its example in the cultivation of the lands, and would have become very soon of considerable importance.

Having passed Ozark island (No. 75) two miles long, on the right, we came to a mooring eight miles below, where we had our usual torment of mosquitoes all night.



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June 2nd, we proceeded thirty-five miles, tired with the perpetual sameness of low banks, willow islands and sand bars, we then came to a settlement, the first below Big Prairie, from whence it is one hundred and thirty-six miles, and just fifteen leagues below Arkansas river.

This settlement was commenced two months ago by a Mons. Malbrock, from Arkansas, who has a large family and several negroes. He has named his place Ville Aussipot, and he is clearing away [274] with spirit, having already opened twelve or fourteen acres. His mode of providing meal for his people, was by pounding corn in a wooden mortar, with a wooden pestle, fixed to a spring sweep.

The neighbouring lands are all parcelled out and granted to settlers, who are to commence directly. There is a fine prairie a league inland. The river bank is sufficiently high to be secure from inundation, being now six feet above the surface of the water, and the soil is very fine.

We stopped for the night on the right bank, seven miles below Mr. Walbrock's.

### CHAPTER XLVII

Grand lake—Seary's island—Extraordinary effect of the power of the current—Musquitoe island—Crow's nest island—Humorous anecdote of a Carolinean—A battle royal—New settlements—Fine situations—Cuming's island.

June 3d, after proceeding three miles, the river was narrowed by a point of willows on the right to a quarter of a 301 mile wide, and five miles after, it widens gradually to half a mile.

In the next nineteen miles we passed several islands, giving a relief to the eye, by their variety and some fine views.

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We then passed on the right, the Grand lake, now grown up with willows, where the river formerly entered, and encircled a cotton tree island, which still rears itself predominant over the surrounding willow marsh. Two miles below, the old willow channel returns again, diagonally, to the present river bank, on the opposite side of which, on the left, the old channel seems to have been continued, there surrounding [275] another clump of cotton trees, called Seary's island, (No. 90) which is about a mile long, and which confines the present channel within a limit of a quarter of a mile, which contraction shoots the river so strongly against the low willow bend of the old channel below, that not being able to bear the impetus of the torrent in the present flooded state of the river, the tall willows are undermined, and falling every moment, dash up the white foam in their fall, and sometimes spring up again, as the root reaches the bottom of the river, in such a manner as to impress the beholder with astonishment.

Fourteen miles more brought us to island No. 92, where we moored for the night. We found abundance of blackberries on this island, but in gathering them, we were attacked by such myriads of mosquitoes, generated by a pond in the middle, that we named it Musquitoe island.

June 4th, in eleven miles we arrived at Crow's nest island, where invited by the beauty of its appearance, some of us landed in the skiff. It is a little narrow island, about a hundred and fifty paces long by forty broad. It is sufficiently raised above inundation, and is very dry and pleasant, with innumerable blackbirds, which have their nests amongst 302 the thirty tall cotton wood trees it contains. It is covered with brush, through which is an old path from one end to the other. A quantity of drift wood lies on its upper end, which projecting, forms a fine boat harbour just below it, quite out of the current. There are but few mosquitoes on the dry part, but a low, drowned point, covered with small poplars, and extending a hundred yards at the lower end swarms with them, and many of the largest size, called gannipers. These venomous and troublesome insects remind me of a humorous story I have heard, which I take the liberty of introducing here.

Some gentlemen in South Carolina had dined together, and while the wine circulated freely after dinner the conversation turned on the quantity of mosquitoes generated in the rice swamps of that country. One of the gentlemen said that those insects never troubled him, and that he believed people in general complained more of them than they had occasion to do—that for his part he would not notice them, were he naked in a rice swamp. Another of the company (according to the custom of the country, where all arguments terminate in a wager) offered him a considerable bet that he would not lie quietly on his face, naked, in the swamp, a quarter of an hour. The other took him up, and all the party immediately adjourned to the place fixed on. The gentleman stripped, lay down, and bore with the most resolute fortitude the attack of the hostile foe. The time had almost expired, and his antagonist fearing he must lose his wager, seized a fire brand from one of the negro fires that happened to be near, and approaching slyly applied it to a fleshy part of his prostrate adversary, who, not able to bear the increased pain, clapped his hand on the part, jumped up, and cried out “A ganniper by G—.” He then acknowledged he had lost his wager, by that “damned ganniper,” and the party returned to the house 303 to renew their libations to Bacchus, and to laugh over the comical termination of the bet.

Crow's nest island is a beautiful little spot, and is about a mile from the right bank, and half a mile from the left, and only a mile below the commencement of a noble reach of the river, which is perfectly straight for nine miles (therefore called the Nine mile reach) in a S. S. W. direction, and upwards of a mile wide.

Eighteen miles from the lower end of the Nine mile reach, we came to three new settlements on the left, within a mile of each other. The banks here [277] are not more than three feet above the present level of the river. Eleven miles farther, in an intricate pass between two islands captain Wells's inside boat was driven by the current against a quantity of drift wood, the shock of which parted her from his other boat and mine. She stuck fast, and we continued down the sound between the islands about two miles, when seeing a convenient place for stopping, we rowed in, and made fast in a fine eddy, among

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willows at the lower point of the right hand island, where we were soon after joined by Wells with his boat which he had got off again without damage.

Whiskey having been dealt liberally to the boatmen to induce them to exert themselves while the boat was in danger, it began to operate by the time they rejoined us, the consequence of which was a battle royal, in which some of the combatants attempted to gouge each other, but my boat's company interfering, separated them, and quelled the disturbance, after which I delivered them a long lecture on that shameful, unmanly, and inhuman practice, condemning it in such strong terms, as to almost provoke an attack against myself, but I at last succeeded, or thought I succeeded, in making them ashamed of themselves.

The two islands between which we had just floated, are 304 mentioned improperly in the Navigator as one island, which is numbered 100. The channel between is very narrow, the ship channel in this stage of the water being evidently to the right of both, and a small willow island besides to the right of them.—The second of the islands is properly No. 100.196

196 Noted in the seventh edition of the Navigator.— Cramer.

The mosquitoes were this night, as usual, insupportable, spite of smoke which we used almost to suffocation.

[278] June 5th, having lashed the boats together again, we cast them loose from their moorings at an early hour, and trusted them to the current, but after floating six miles we had to use our oars with the utmost exertion, to avoid some broken and hanging trees, with a whirling eddy just below them, occasioned by a point on the left projecting far into a bend on the right, and being rendered rapid by the channel above being narrowed by island 101. Inside of these broken trees, the canes were burnt, as if with intention to make a settlement. The canes or reeds, which grow to an immense size on the river banks, had

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now began to take the place of brush or copse wood, but they do not prevent the growth of the forest trees, which appear to gain in size the lower we descend.

A mile below the intricate pass, we came to a settlement commenced this spring by a Mr. Campbell from Bayau Pierre, who has made a good opening. The family which had commenced near the whirlpool above, were residing with him. The river in general at its greatest height never rises more than a foot higher than it was now. It is ten miles from hence to Yazooos river, and twenty to the Walnut hills, eighteen below the last three new settlements, and one hundred below Ville Aussipot.

A mile and a half lower, is a beautiful situation on the right, partly cleared, with a cabin on it, but no inhabitants. 305 The river trenches from hence E. S. E. and a mile lower is another new settlement on the right, from whence is a fine reach of the river downwards E.  $\frac{1}{2}$  S. In the next half league, are three more new settlements also on the right, all commenced this spring.

A mile lower is a charming situation for a settlement, at present unoccupied. It is opposite island No. 103, and continues three miles to a point where the river resumes its S. S. W. direction, at the end [279] of that island, which is itself a delightful and most eligible situation for an industrious and tasty farmer.

There are some settlements opposite the end of the island on the right bank, and on the left, opposite, is discernible the bed of an old schute of the Mississippi, or rather a mouth of the Yazooos, as the low willows which mark this old bed join that river two miles above where it enters the Mississippi. From my admiration of No. 103, my fellow voyagers named it Cuming's island, and indeed I should have been tempted to have settled on it, had every thing been perfectly convenient for that purpose.

## CHAPTER XLVIII

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The Walnut hills and Fort M'Henry—Palmyra—Point Pleasant—Big Black—Trent's point—The Grand Gulph—Bayau Pierre.

A Mile below Cuming's island, is a settlement on the right, and four others immediately below it, all within a quarter of a mile of each other, and all apparently commenced last year. Three miles below Cuming's island, we passed the mouth of the river Yazoos on the left. It is about two hundred and fifty yards wide, and affords a fine view up it four or five miles. Opposite, on the right, is the fine settlement of George Collins, with the Walnut hills in sight over the trees at the end of the reach. Three quarters of a mile 306 below Collins's there is another small settlement, from whence the Mississippi takes a curve to the N. E. and then again turns to the left, where at the end of a short easterly reach, we saw over the trees, a cliff of the Walnut hills three miles [280] lower down, and soon after, two large, well cleared farms, cultivated from the bank to the top of the hills, where are seen the earthen ramparts of Fort M'Henry, now abandoned. These hills are about as high as the lower Chickasaw Bluffs, but differ from them by rising gradually with a gentle slope, having a most delightful effect on the eye after the level banks with which it has been fatigued, since passing the Bluffs.<sup>197</sup>

<sup>197</sup> Walnut Hills is the site of Vicksburg, which was laid out as a town in 1811. This territory, between 31° and 32° 30' north latitude, was in contention between Spain and the United States from the treaty of 1783 until that known as Pinckney's treaty in 1795, when Spain consented to recognize the right of the United States to the disputed strip. Meanwhile, the local authorities refused to surrender the forts, and it was not until 1798 that a detachment of United States troops took possession of Fort Nogales (built on this site in 1789), and changed its name to Fort McHenry, in honor of the then secretary of war. This territory was part of the grant of the Yazoo Company, whose frauds caused so much contention over titles in the district. See Haskins, "The Yazoo Land Companies," in *American Historical Association Papers* (New York, 1891), v, pp. 395–437.— Ed.

Five miles below the hills, we lost sight of them, having passed several new settlements on the right, but none on the left below the hills for seven miles, where we observed a good large framed house with a piazza. Two miles farther we landed at a farm with a good negro quarter, belonging to a Mr. Hicks from Tennessee, where we got some milk, and returning to our boat, we boarded in the way the barge Adventurer, twenty-nine days from New Orleans, bound to Nashville.

There are a few new settlements in the next seven miles, when on a point on the left we passed the first farm in Palmyra, and rowing strong in to prevent being carried to the right of Palmyra island, we stopped and moored at the bank.

307

It is about seven years since several families from New England commenced this beautiful settlement. The situation is almost a peninsula, formed by a continued bending of the river in an extent of four miles, the whole of which is cultivated in front, but the clearing extends back only one hundred and fifty rods, where is a lake, and some low swampy land, always inundated during the summer freshes. There are sixteen families, who occupy each a front of only forty rods, so that the settlement has the appearance of a straggling village. The soil is very fertile, as a proof of which, Mrs. Hubbard, to whose house I went for milk, informed me that last year she had gathered seventeen thousand pounds of cotton in [281] seed, from nine acres, which, allowing it to lose about three quarters in cleaning, left five hundred pounds of clean cotton to the acre, which is a great excess of produce over the West India or Georgia plantations, where an acre rarely yields more than two hundred and seventy-five pounds. At this early season the corn was well advanced, and I observed some in tassel.

Palmyra is one of the most beautiful settlements in the Mississippi Territory, the inhabitants having used all that neatness and industry so habitual to the New Englanders. They now complain that they have too little land, and several of them have appropriated more on the banks of a lake about a mile behind the opposite bank of the Mississippi,

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in Louisiana. I think the lake and swamp behind Palmyra must render it unhealthy, and the pale sallow countenances of the settlers, with their confession that they are annually subject to fevers and agues, when the river begins to subside, confirms me in my opinion. Indeed this remark may be applied to the banks of the Mississippi in the whole of its long course, between the conflux of the Ohio and the Gulph of Mexico.

June 6th.—We proceeded this morning through the 308 channel between Palmyra and Palmyra island, which at low water is almost dry.

The Mississippi has a westerly course past Palmyra, from which it crooks gradually to the southward, and then to the eastward, so that Point Pleasant in Louisiana, fifteen miles by the river below Palmyra, is only two miles distant by a road across the swamp from the opposite bank. There are some islands in the river in that distance, but few settlements on either bank, until we came to Point Pleasant, from whence downwards the banks gradually become more thickly inhabited.

[282] Let it be remarked that the river is generally from half to three quarters of a mile wide, except in such parts as I have particularized its breadth.

Big Black river, which is deep, but only forty yards wide at its mouth, after a S. W. course from the Chickasaw nation, discharges itself into the Mississippi on the left, seven miles below Point Pleasant. There are several settlements on the banks of Big Black, for forty miles above its mouth, and a town was laid out on it which has not succeeded, and on account of its unhealthy situation, probably never will.<sup>198</sup> A quarter of a mile below Big Black, a ridge of hills called the Grand Gulph hills, terminates abruptly at a bluff on the left bank. At the base of the bluff, are a heap of loose rocks, near which is a quarry of close granite, from which some industrious eastern emigrants have cut some excellent mill and grindstones. These hills form a barrier which turns the river suddenly from the eastern course it had held for a few miles above, to a S. W. direction, and it is at the same time narrowed by a projecting point on the right, called Trent's point, to about a quarter of a



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198 This settlement on the Big Black was made by Connecticut emigrants upon a grant to General Phineas Lyman (1775), when the region was part of West Florida. Several journals detailing the hardships of the colonists are extant, notably that of Captain Matthew Phelps. — Ed.

309 mile wide. The acute angle and the sudden compression of the waters of the river, form what is called the Grand Gulph, immediately below the narrows, making two great eddies, between which the true current runs in so narrow a limit for about half a mile, that some skill and dexterity are necessary to keep a boat in it, and to prevent her being sucked into one or the other eddy, in which case, particularly in that on the left, she will be carried round in a circle of a mile or two, and require the greatest exertions of the oars to extricate her. Delay is the only inconvenience attending the getting engulfed, as there is no whirlpool of sufficient suction to draw down even a skiff. Trent has a good house and farm, and a most delightful situation on the right hand point, which is as high above common inundation, [283] as any other part of the river level banks, but the swamp approaching close behind, contracts the farm more than a proprietor would wish.

I may here observe that the banks of the Mississippi form a natural dam, barrier or levée, more or less broad, from fifty paces to three or four miles, behind which the land slopes to nearly the level of the bed of the river, so that in every summer flood, there is a general back inundation, on the subsiding of which, so much stagnant water remains, as to cause annual attacks of fever and ague, which accounts for the sallow complexion of the inhabitants of the banks.

In the eight miles between the Grand Gulph and Bayau Pierre, there are several settlements on the right, and but three or four on the left bank of the river, the most conspicuous of which is that of Major Davenport, began about a year ago.

At three, P. M. having cast off from Mr. Wells's boats, we rowed into the mouth of Bayau Pierre, up which we advanced a quarter of a mile, and then fastened to a willow, in the middle of the river.

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The contrast between our situation now, and while in the Mississippi was very striking. From a noble, majestick, stream, with a rapid current, meandering past points, islands, plantations and wildernesses, and bearing the produce of the inland states, in innumerable craft of every kind, to New Orleans and the ocean. To find myself suddenly in a deep, dark, narrow stagnate piece of water, surrounded closely by a forest of tall willows, poplars, and other demi aquatick trees, and not a sound to be heard, except the monotonous croakings of frogs, interrupted occasionally by the bull like roaring of an alligator—the closeness of the woods excluding every current of air, and hosts of mosquitoes attacking one in every [284] quarter. The *tout ensemble* was so gloomy, that a British seaman, one of Wells's boat's crew, who had volunteered to assist in getting our boat into the bayau, looking round, exclaimed emphatically—

“And is it here you stop, and is this the country to which so many poor ignorant devils remove, to make their fortunes?—D—n my precious eyes if I would not rather be at allowance of a mouldy biscuit a day, in any part of Old England, or even New York, Pennsylvania, or Maryland, than I would be obliged to live in such a country as this two years, to own the finest cotton plantation, and the greatest gang of negroes in the territory.”

## CHAPTER XLIX

Commence my tour by land—Bruinsbury—A primitive clergyman—Bayau Pierre swamp—Hilly country—Plantations—Thunder storm—A benevolent shoemaker—Norris's—Cole's creek—A consequential landlord—Greenville—Union town—A travelling painter.

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On Monday 22d August, I set out from Bruinsbury on horseback, for the purpose of visiting the most improved 311 parts of the Mississippi territory, and the adjacent part of the Spanish province of West Florida.

Bruinsbury was the property of judge Bruin,<sup>199</sup> until lately, that he sold it together with a claim to about three thousand acres of the surrounding land to Messrs. Evans and Overaker of Natchez, reserving to himself his house, offices and garden.

<sup>199</sup> Judge Peter Bryan Bruin was an Irishman, who having come to America while yet young, became a patriot in the Revolution, joined Morgan's riflemen, and was captured at the siege of Quebec. He entered Morgan's New Madrid land scheme, but proceeding to Natchez settled as a planter at the mouth of Bayou Pierre, where he was alcalde under the Spanish régime. Upon the organization of Mississippi Territory, Bruin was appointed one of the three territorial judges, which office he held until his resignation in 1810. The site of his plantation is noted as the point where Grant crossed the Mississippi and began his march against Vicksburg.— Ed.

It is a mile below the mouth of bayau Pierre, the banks of which being low and swampy, and always annually overflowed in the spring, he projected the [285] intended town of Bruinsbury, where there was a tolerably high bank and a good landing which has only been productive of a cotton gin, a tavern, and an overseer's house for Mr. Evan's plantation, exclusive of the judge's own dwelling house, and it will probably never now become a town notwithstanding many town lots were purchased, as Mr. Evans means to plant all the unappropriated lots, preferring the produce in cotton to the produce in houses.

I was accompanied from the judge's by an elderly Presbyterian clergyman, a native of New England, who had been a missionary among the Chickasaw or Cherokee nations. He was a man of great simplicity of manners, and wonderfully ignorant of all established modes. During the short time we rode together, the characteristick feature of his country was displayed in the innumerable questions he asked me relative to whence I came, where I

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was going, and my objects and intentions, particularly in my present journey. 312 I at last discovered a mode of parrying his wearisome curiosity, by becoming curious in my turn. This seemed to gratify him equally, as it led to a circumstantial account of a life as little chequered by incident as can be conceived. He had been the scholar of the family, one of the sons of a farmer's family in New England being always selected for that purpose. He had graduated at college—been ordained—went to Carolina—kept a school there—was appointed by a synod a missionary for the propagation of the gospel among the Indians, in which situation for several years, he had raised a family, and leaving his eldest children to possess and cultivate lands granted him by the Indians, he had removed with his wife and his youngest children to this territory, where, by keeping a school, preaching alternate Sundays, at two or three different places, twelve or fourteen miles asunder, and cultivating a small cotton plantation, he made a very comfortable subsistence. [286] Although I could not agree with him with respect to the comfort of a subsistence so hardly earned, yet I could not help admiring the truth of the old adage, that *custom is second nature*, and always fits the back to the burthen.

Our first two miles was through the river bottom, the most remote part of which from the river, is inundated annually by the back waters of bayau Pierre, which overflows all the neighbouring low lands for forty miles from its mouth, when its current is checked by the rising of the Mississippi. On the subsiding of the floods, so much water remains stagnant, as to cause the fever and ague to be endemick in all the tract of country washed by the bayau Pierre, from ten miles above the town of Port Gibson.

On leaving the swamp we ascended a hill, on the brow of which is a charmingly situated plantation owned and occupied by a Mr. Smith. The increased elasticity of the air, renovated our spirits, and seemed to increase the good 313 parson's garrulity. A mile of a delightful road through open woods on a dry ridge brought us from Mr. Smith's, to Mr. Robert Cochran's fine plantation. It was near dinner time, and a thunder cloud rising before us, gave my companion a pretext for wishing to stop, but I having declared before that I would not, and now refusing Mr. Cochran's invitation, who from the stile as we passed

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told us dinner was on the table, the good man good humouredly sacrificed his desire to mine, and proceeded with me, by which complaisance he got wet to the skin. He only accompanied me another mile, turning off to the left to go to Greenville, while I continued my route to the southward along the lower Natchez road, which runs nearly parallel to the Mississippi, on the ridges behind the river bottoms.

A thunder cloud which had been threatening at a distance for some time before, now began to rise and spread rapidly. It was in vain that I put spurs to my [287] horse—I was instantly deluged with torrents of rain, accompanied by as tremendous thunder and lightning as I ever had before witnessed, and a heavy gust of wind at the same time, blew down several trees in every direction close round me. My horse though an old steady traveller, was so affrighted that I could not manage him but with great difficulty. Three miles and a half through the storm brought me to Glascock's small plantation, where I fortified against a chill with a glass of gin presented to me by the good lady of the house, who also regaled me with some fine peaches. The rain soon subsiding, I resumed my journey in my wet clothes, but I had scarcely advanced a mile, when another shower forced me to take shelter at a small, but pleasantly situated farm, rented by a Mr. Hopper from Mr. Cochran.

The face of the country became now more broken, but the soil improved, and the road degenerating to a bridle path through the woods, and being hilly, and forked and 314 intersected by cattle paths, was both difficult to find and disagreeable to travel. A mile from Hopper's, I stopped at an old school-house, where I observed a shoemaker at work under a shed in front of the cabin, to get my boot mended. He was named Ostun, had lately arrived from South Carolina with his family, and had made the unoccupied school-house his temporary abode, until he should find an eligible situation for a settlement. He repaired my boot, entertained me with his intentions, hopes, and expectations, regretted he had no shelter to offer me for myself and my horse, that he might prevent my going farther that night through the rain (which was literally the case, as the old little cabin let the water in at almost every part) and would accept of nothing for his trouble. It would

be unpardonable to neglect noticing the kindness of this plain, honest shoemaker, in a country where benevolence is a virtue not too much practised.

[288] A mile from hence, by the advice of my friendly shoemaker, I turned to the left, to seek shelter for the night, at the hospitable cabin and fine farm of Mr. James Norris, half a mile farther, instead of keeping the usual road to the right, two miles to Mr. Joseph Calvet's.<sup>200</sup> I was well recompensed for my deviation, by a frank and hearty welcome, a pleasant fire, a good supper, an excellent bed, and the intelligence that I was on the best and plainest road, and the shortest by four miles. This neighbourhood consists of half a dozen families, chiefly from South Carolina, from which state Mr. Norris came a few years ago. I found him fully deserving the high character Mr. Ostun gave me of him for hospitality. He strongly recommended my settling some place near, and recommended it to me to purchase, if possible, a tract of land owned by Mr. Cochran, near Hopper's.

<sup>200</sup> Joseph Calvit served as lieutenant in Clark's Illinois campaign, and was with him at Kaskaskia in 1779. Later going to the Natchez country, he became a prominent and respected citizen of Mississippi.— Ed.

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August 23d, departing from Mr. Norris's at early dawn, the road, which had been opened wide enough for a wagon, but now much overgrown by poke and other high weeds, (the dew from which as I pressed through them, wet me as much as a shower of rain would have done) led me along the top of a narrow and very crooked ridge in generally a S. E. direction nearly four miles, where coming to three forks, I kept the left one which brought me in a mile more through some beautiful open woods on a light soil to a small corn field on the right, with no habitation visible, beyond which I crossed up to my horse's knees the North fork of Cole's creek, which now was a pretty little, transparent, sandy bottomed stream, but after heavy rains it swells suddenly and becomes a frightful and deep torrent, sometimes impassible for several days. Turning to the left beyond the creek, I had one mile to an old deserted field, now an arid plain, affording a very scanty pasture

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of poor grass to a few lean cattle. The distant crowing of a cock [289] advertised me of my approach to a settlement, and I soon after came to a corn field and a hatter's shop, on the banks of the middle fork of Cole's creek, a stream in size and appearance similar to the North fork. Crossing it, the road led through some small plantations on a light thin sandy soil, a mile and a half to Greenville, where I put up at Green's tavern and breakfasted. My host affected a little consequence, but when he understood that I was in search of land to settle on, he became more attentive, and persuaded me much, to purchase from him, a tract of land in the neighbourhood, which he recommended very highly.

Greenville (or Huntstown, its old name) the capital of Jefferson county, is very handsomely situated, on a dry sandy plain near the middle branch of Cole's creek. It is surrounded at a little distance by small farms and woods, which add variety and beauty to its appearance. A stranger would suppose it healthy, but my information respecting it was rather the reverse, particularly in the autumnal months, when it is subject to bilious disorders. Perhaps this may be owing to the excessive heat occasioned by the reflection of the sun from the sandy soil, as it is sufficiently elevated, and there is no stagnant pond, nor low marsh, near it to generate fevers. This is probably one cause of its being in a state of decay; another may be the difficulty of approaching it during floods in Cole's creek, which happen after every rain, and which in a manner insulate it while they last. It consists of one wide straight street nearly half a mile long, running N. by W. and S. by E. intersected by two small cross ones, containing in all forty tolerably good houses, many of which are now unoccupied, and offered for sale, at little more than a quarter of their cost in building. It has a small church for general use of all christian sects, a small court-house, a gaol and a pillory, a post-office, two stores, two taverns, [290] and an apothecary's shop. The town is well watered by wells dug to about thirty feet deep.<sup>201</sup>

<sup>201</sup> Greenville was laid out as the seat of Jefferson County, in 1802, being named in honor of General Nathaniel Greene, of Revolutionary fame. When the county-seat was

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removed to Fayette in 1825, Greenville declined in importance, and the site is now a cotton-field.— Ed.

Proceeding to the S. S. W. keeping to the right at the south end of the town, at one mile I crossed a deep ravine, with a spring well and a washing camp in it, overhung by a house on the projecting corner of a small plantation, on a hill on the left.

The road was well opened, but hilly, through the woods, for two miles farther, when on crossing a water course (now dry) and rising a hill, I had a view on the right, over the extensive plantation of colonel West,<sup>202</sup> who has upwards of

<sup>202</sup> Colonel Cato West was a Virginian who removed to Georgia at an early day, and subsequently left the Holston Valley to join George Rogers Clark in Kentucky. Finding the current of the Ohio difficult to stem, he floated down to Natchez, secured a Spanish grant, and became a leading citizen of early Mississippi. Colonel West was secretary of the territory from 1802–09, and member of the Constitutional Convention in 1817.— Ed.

<sup>317</sup> two hundred acres in one field in cultivation. The soil seems very thin, as in the whole neighbourhood of Greenville, but the crop of cotton and corn now looked luxuriant, from the wetness of the season.

Two miles farther I passed on the right Parker Cardine's delightfully situated plantation, with an excellent dwelling house, and good apple and peach orchards, with the south branch of Cole's creek, winding round on the right below, and which I crossed soon after. The soil however is very light, and is soon washed off, and worn out, where it has been cultivated a few years, on the whole tract between Greenville and Natchez.

The country here is well opened and inhabited to a little beyond Uniontown, which is a small village of three or four houses in decay, about a mile beyond Cardine's.<sup>203</sup>



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203 Parker Carradine was a Mississippian who came thither during the English rule, and belonged to the party who opposed Willing and Gayoso, the American and Spanish invaders of the Natchez district.

Uniontown is now a small hamlet known as Union Church.— Ed.

I stopped at Uniontown to *feed* my horse, (I make use of the active verb *feed* , instead of the passive one, *to have my horse fed* , as travellers in this country, who will not take the trouble of giving corn and fodder to their horses themselves, may expect to have them soon die of famine, although they pay extravagantly for food and attendance.) I was here joined by a trig looking young man mounted on a mule, who requested to accompany me on the road towards Natchez. [291] In riding along, he entertained me with his history. He said his name was Jackson—that he was born in London—was bred a painter, and was sent to a rich uncle in St. Vincents, when only fourteen years old. That aided by his uncle, he had traded among the West India 318 islands, until he was seventeen, when being concerned with a son of colonel Haffey, in a contraband adventure to Martinique, he lost every thing, and then came to the continent, where he had supported himself as an itinerant house and landscape painter, in which capacity he had travelled over most parts of the United States. Unfortunately for the credit of his veracity, he described my old friend colonel Henry Haffey, as a native French creole of Martinique, when in reality, he was born in the North of Ireland, and had nothing of the Frenchman, either in manner or character. Besides, having no children himself, he had adopted Henry Haffey Gums, a nephew of his wife's. On this discovery I humoured my companion, and affected to believe all he said, which betrayed him into many laughable absurdities and contradictions.

## CHAPTER L

Sulserstown—Washington—Mr. Blennerhasset's—Natchez—Historical sketch of Mississippi territory—Col. Sargeant's—Col. Scott's—Fine country—Mr. Green's.

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The road turning more to the S. W. led us through a wood along a high ridge a little broken by hills, descending abruptly on each hand at intervals, with only one small settlement in the six miles to Sulserstown, which is a village of ten small houses, [292] three of which are taverns. After passing it, I observed to the N. W. an extensive cotton plantation, with a good house in a very picturesque situation, occasioned by an insulated hill near it, with a flat plain on the top, cultivated in cotton, supported on every side by a cliff, clothed with wood, rising abruptly from the cultivated plantation below, which beyond the insulated hill, was bounded by a range of broken higher hills, cultivated to near the tops, and crowned with woods.

Six miles more brought us through a tolerably well inhabited country, to Washington, the capital of the territory, where we stopped at Hill's tavern.—This tavern (as I find is the custom in this country) is kept in a front building by Mr. Hill, assisted by some negro servants, while Mrs. Hill and her daughters live in a detached building in the rear, where I was received by them kindly, in remembrance of their having descended the Ohio and Mississippi in my boat with me.

Before supper I walked through the town, in which I counted thirty scattering houses, including one store, one apothecary's shop, three taverns and a gaol, all in one street on the Natchez road. The dress of some ladies I met in my ramble was tasty and rather rich. Water is well supplied by wells about forty feet deep, and about a quarter of a mile from the east end is a delightful spring, near the bank of St. Catherine's creek, where is a hot and cold bath—the price of bathing is three eighths of a dollar. Wine, liquors, and spirits are sold—and I found three or four companies of males and females, seated in the shade of some spreading forest trees, enjoying the cool transparent water, either pure or mixed to their taste. I was informed that this was a fashionable resort of the neighbouring country, for several miles round, and from Natchez, between which city [293] and Washington a stage coach plies, arriving here every evening and departing every morning.

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Hearing a drum beat, on enquiry, I was informed, that it was the evening roll call of three or four companies of foot, at a barrack a little beyond the baths.204

204 The seat of government for Mississippi Territory was removed from Natchez to Washington in 1802. Governor Claiborne was authorized to purchase land for a cantonment, and barracks, which was called Fort Dearborn. For an interesting description of Washington at an early day, see Claiborne, *Mississippi*, pp. 258–260.— Ed.

Governour Williams has a plantation adjoining the town, and resides in a neat cottage upon it.

320

Wednesday 24th August.—After a sleepless night, I arose early and found it raining, so I breakfasted, and awaited until ten o'clock, when it clearing up a little, I rode three miles in a southerly direction deviating a little to the right of the main road, to a farm rented from Mr. Forman by Mr. Blennerhasset, at whose hospitable dwelling, I was received by Mr. B. and his accomplished and amiable lady with the utmost kindness and politeness.205 I could not help contrasting their present temporary residence in a decayed cabin, with their splendid and tasty habitation on the Ohio. Blest however in each other, with kindred souls and similar tastes—possessing a noble library, and still a sufficiency left after all their losses, with a well regulated but liberal economy, for all the necessities, and many of the indulgencies of life.

205 General Ezekiel Forman, of New Jersey, secured a Spanish grant and migrated to the Natchez country in 1789–90. See his nephew's journal, *Narrative of a Journey down the Ohio and Mississippi* (edited by Lyman C. Draper; Cincinnati, 1888).

Blennerhassett retired to Mississippi after the Richmond trial, and remained at this plantation, which he called LaCache, until 1819. He was active in public affairs, serving on the committee of safety in 1813. He removed to Montreal, and later returned to England,

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dying at Guernsey in indigent circumstances in 1831. Attempts were made in 1842 to secure restitution for Mrs. Blennerhassett from Congress, but she died before this could be accomplished.— Ed.

After dinner I tore myself with difficulty from the social and intellectual feast I was enjoying, and proceeding on my journey through a woody country, and a light soil, I arrived at Natchez a little before dark.

I was much struck with the similarity of Natchez to many of the smaller West India towns, particularly St. Johns Antigua, though not near so large as it. The houses all with balconies and piazzas—some merchants' stores—several little shops kept by free mulattoes, and French and Spanish creoles—the great mixture of colour of the people in the streets, and many other circumstances, with the aid of a little fancy to heighten the illusion, might have made one [294] suppose, in the spirit of the Arabian Knight's Entertainments, that by some magick power, I had been suddenly transported to one of those scenes of my youthful wanderings. When the illusion was almost formed, a company of Indians meeting me in the street dispelled it, so bidding adieu to the romance of the fancy, I sat down to supper at Mickie's tavern, or hotel, by which appellation it is dignified.

On Thursday the 25th, I arose early, and sauntered to the market-house on a common in front of the town, where meat, fish and vegetables were sold by a motley mixture of Americans, French and Spanish creoles, Mulattoes and negroes. There seemed to be a sufficiency of necessaries for so small a town, and the price of butcher's meat, and fish was reasonable, while vegetables, milk and butter were extravagantly dear.

Natchez, in latitude 31° 33# N.—longitude 91° 29# W. of Greenwich, contains between eighty and one hundred dwelling houses, as nearly as I could enumerate them. It is situated on a very broken and hilly ground, but notwithstanding the irregularity and inequality of the surface, the streets are marked out at right angles, which makes them almost impassible in bad weather, except Market street and Front street which are

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levelled as much as the ground will permit. A small plain of a hundred and fifty yards wide in front of the town rising gradually to the edge of the high cliff or bluff which overhangs the river, veils the view of that interesting object from the inhabitants, but at the same time contributes to defend the town from the noxious vapours generated in the swamps immediately on the river banks, yet not so effectually as to prevent its being sometimes subject to fevers and agues, especially from July to October inclusive, when few strangers escape a seasoning, as it is called, which frequently proves mortal. The surrounding country at a little distance [295] from the Mississippi, is as healthy as most other 322 countries in the same parallel of latitude. The landing, where are a few houses immediately under the bluff, is particularly fatal to the crews of the Ohio and Kentucky boats, who happen to be delayed there during the sickly season.

Though Natchez is dignified with the name of a city, it is nevertheless but a small town. It is however a place of considerable importance in consequence of its being the principal emporium of the commerce of the territory, and of its having been so long the seat of government, under the French, English, and Spaniards, which caused all the lands in the vicinity to be cultivated and settled, while those more remote were neglected, though in general a much better soil. There is a Roman Catholick church, which is an old wooden building in decay, and there is a brick meeting-house for either Presbyterians or Anabaptists, I am not sure which. These, and an old hotel de ville, or court-house, are the only publick buildings the city boasts, except it be an old hospital, now fitting up as a theatre for a private dramattick society. Several of the houses are new and very good, mostly of wood, and I am informed many (more than half) have been added within the last four or five years. Fort Penmure, 206 on the edge of the bluff is now in ruins, but the situation, and the extent of the old ramparts, prove it to have been a post of considerable consequence. It effectually commands the river, without being commanded itself, and the view from it is very extensive, particularly over the flat swamps of Louisiana, on the opposite side of the Mississippi.

206 Fort Panmure was the British name of the Natchez Post, which had been called Fort Rosalie by the French. The English garrison found the latter in a ruinous condition when sent to take possession in 1764. Fort Panmure was the scene of a struggle between English Tories and American sympathizers in 1778–79. See Claiborne, *Mississippi*, pp. 117–124. The historical account of Natchez given by Cuming, is substantially correct. See F. A. Michaux's *Travels*, vol. iii of this series, p. 254, note 53.— Ed.

323

The first permanent settlement on the Mississippi was made in 1712, and notwithstanding many misfortunes, particularly the failure of the celebrated Mississippi company, founded by John [296] Law, during the regency of the duke of Orleans, the settlements extended in 1727 to Natchez, and a fort was erected there. In 1731, the Indians, disgusted with the tyranny and cruelty of the French colonists, massacred most of them, for which, in the following year, the French took ample vengeance, almost extirpating the whole Natchez race. The few who escaped took refuge amongst their neighbours the Choctaws, where becoming naturalized, they soon lost their original name. The French kept possession of the country until 1763, when it was ceded to the British. It continued under the British government until 1779, when it was surrendered by colonel Dickson the commander of the British troops at Baton Rouge, to the Spaniards under Don Bernando de Galvez. In 1798, in consequence of arrangements between the United States and the government of Spain, the latter gave up all claim to the country east of the Mississippi to the northward of the 31st degree of north latitude, in favour of the former, who erected it into a territorial government, under the name of the Mississippi territory.

Proceeding to the southward from Natchez, I passed some tasty cottages, and deviating a little to the right of the main road, in two short miles I came to colonel (late governour) Sergeant's handsome brick house.<sup>207</sup> The road led

<sup>207</sup> Winthrop Sargent was born at Gloucester, Massachusetts, in 1753, and served under General Knox throughout the Revolution. Shortly after he became interested

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in the Ohio Company of Associates, and in 1786 was appointed surveyor therefor. Upon the organization of Northwest Territory (1787), Sargent was appointed secretary, and continued in this office until chosen governor of the newly-organized Territory of Mississippi (1798). Sargent was a man of ability, a scholar, and a poet; but being a Federalist and of New England austerity, he was unpopular among his Democratic neighbors, and was removed by Jefferson in 1801. He died in New Orleans in 1820.— Ed.

324 through a double swinging gate into a spacious lawn, which the colonel has formed in the rear of the house, the chief ornament of which was a fine flock of sheep. The appearance of this plantation bespoke more taste and convenience than I had yet observed in the territory. Riding half a mile through the lawn, I left it by a similar gate to the first, and a quarter of a mile more of an open wood brought me to colonel Wm. Scott's, to whom I had a letter of introduction.

[297] He received me according to his usual custom with kindness and hospitality, and presented me to his lady and to governour Williams, with whom he had been sitting at breakfast. I was invited to join the breakfast party, and I spent an hour very agreeably. The colonel had been a captain in the United States' army under general Wayne, and on his arrival in this country, he married a lively, genteel French woman with a handsome fortune. He quitted the army, and joining the militia, he is now adjutant general of the territory. He is a fine, dashing, spirited and friendly Irishman, and has only to be known to be esteemed.208

208 Colonel William Scott enlisted from Maryland, being at first ensign (1795), then lieutenant in the third infantry, and captain (1800). Two years later, he was honorably discharged and retired to Mississippi. He served as lieutenant-colonel of the Thirty-sixth Infantry in the War of 1812–15.

Governor Robert Williams was a native of North Carolina, and had served in Congress and on a commission for adjusting Mississippi land-titles before he was appointed as governor

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of the territory (1804). The chief episode of his term (1805–09) was the apprehension of Burr.— Ed.

I forbear mentioning my opinion of the governour, as the curse of party pervades this territory, as well as every other part of the United States, and any opinion of a publick character, would not fail to offend one or the other party.

After resisting a pressing invitation to prolong my visit, I proceeded on my journey, passing several fine and well cultivated plantations, the most conspicuous of which were Mr. Burling's, Sir Wm. Dunbar's, Mr. Poindexter's and 325 Mr. Abner Green's.<sup>209</sup> I had now come twelve miles, and it being excessively hot, I stopped at Mr. Green's to request some fodder for my horse, to which Mr. Green obligingly added an invitation to dinner to myself. After dinner, Mr. Green invited me to look at his garden, which was very spacious, and well stocked with useful vegetables, and understanding that I had been in the West Indian islands, he made me observe some ginger in a thriving state, and the cullaloo or Indian kail, also some very fine plants of Guinea grass, which he proposes propagating. There was some

<sup>209</sup> These were among the most prominent of early Mississippians.

Sir William Dunbar was a Scotchman, who came to America because of failing health, and embarked in the Indian trade at Fort Pitt in 1771. Two years later he removed to West Florida, and shortly after settled at Natchez. Under the Spanish régime he was chief surveyor, and in 1797 boundary commissioner for that power. He was appointed judge of the first territorial court in 1798. Dunbar was a successful planter, and had the first screw-press for cotton, in Mississippi. He also had scientific attainments, and was a member of the American Philosophical Society. He died in 1810, leaving many descendants.

Abner Green belonged to one of the most prominent Mississippi families. He was brother of Colonel Thomas Green, first territorial delegate; his father was a Virginian who came to Natchez under the Spanish régime, and was influential in having Georgia assert its



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authority over this territory. Abner Green was register of probates under the Bourbon County, Georgia, act, and treasurer-general for the territory in 1801. He married a daughter of Colonel Anthony Hutchins, and was regarded as a model planter.

George Poindexter, one of the most able of Mississippi politicians, was regarded by his enemies as one of the most unscrupulous. A native of Virginia, he came to Mississippi in 1802. His first public office was that of attorney-general for the territory, as such conducting the prosecution of Aaron Burr. Having killed Abijah Hunt, a political enemy, in a duel, he was nevertheless exonerated by being chosen one of the territorial judges, which office he conducted with fairness and ability. In the War of 1812–15, he served as aide to Jackson at New Orleans, and became one of the general's warm partisans, defending him in Congress in 1819. Poindexter was a member of the Mississippi Constitutional Convention of 1817, and the first representative in Congress for the new state (1818–20). Upon his return home, he was elected governor of the State after a campaign of great personal bitterness, but was defeated in an attempt to secure a second term. In 1830, Poindexter again entered politics, being chosen United States senator, in which position he attacked Jackson with as much spirit as he had formerly defended him. Jackson even accused Poindexter of having instigated an attempt upon his life, but afterwards was convinced of his error. Poindexter retired from public life in 1835, but for twenty years longer continued a career of dissipation and excess.— Ed.

326 Guinea corn, and another kind of corn with a similar stalk and blades, but bearing its seed in a large close knob, at the extreme top of the stalk. That beautiful shrub the pomegranate, which, though scarce, seems natural [298] to this soil and climate, was in great perfection, and several beds were occupied by very fine strawberry plants, which are also scarce in this country.

## CHAPTER LI

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An Indian monument—Col. Hutchins—Second creek—The Homochito—Buffaloe creek—Long uninhabited wilderness—Remark on overseers—Wilkinsonburg and Fort Adams—An old friend—Mr. Carey's—Capt. Semple's—Pinckneyville.

Leaving Mr. Green's, I soon after past Mrs. Hutchins's on the left, in whose cotton field, at some distance from the road I observed an Indian mound or barrow, similar to those which one so often meets with in the vicinity of the Ohio, and of which I have been informed great numbers are in this country. Mrs. Hutchins is the widow of a col. Hutchins, who was a half pay British officer, had considerable landed property, was very hospitable, and had great influence in the political business of the territory, which by the manner he used it, acquired him the character of an ambitious monarchist.<sup>210</sup>

<sup>210</sup> Colonel Anthony Hutchins, of New Jersey, joined the Sixtieth Infantry and served under General Amherst in the French and Indian War. Retired on half-pay, he settled first in North Carolina, then removed to Natchez in 1772, forming a plantation twelve miles therefrom, at White Apple village. During the Revolution he was a persistent Tory, and headed the party which recaptured Fort Panmure in 1782. Upon the advance of the Spaniards, Hutchins escaped through the woods to Savannah, going thence to London. He was only permitted to return after several years of exile. Upon the installation of American government, Hutchins promptly took the oath of allegiance, dying shortly after (1804) at an advanced age.— Ed.

This and all the neighbouring plantations are called the Second creek settlement from a rivulet of that name which 327 flows from the eastward towards the Mississippi. The soil is much superiour to that near Natchez, and the farms are generally the best improved in the territory. I observed a very handsome coach under a shed near Mrs. Hutchins's cottage, which was the only one I had seen in this country.

The road led from hence southerly through pleasant open woods, with very few plantations in sight, [299] eight miles, to Greateon's tavern on the right bank of the Homochito. After

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putting up my horse, I joined Mr. Greateon in fishing, he providing me with a rod and line—I was unsuccessful, but he caught some delicate catfish, and four fine carp, about a pound and a half each. A thunder shower interrupting our sport, we returned to the house, supped on our fish, coffee, and bread and butter, and retired for the night.

The Homochito is a beautiful little river of clear water, and a sandy bottom, here about fifty yards wide. It falls into the Mississippi ten or twelve miles from hence, on its banks ten miles higher up, is a fine thriving settlement, called the Jersey settlement, from the inhabitants having generally emigrated from that state; and 10 miles still higher or more north easterly, the lake road from Orleans to Natchez crosses it.

Friday 26th, I was ferried across the Homochito by an old Spaniard, in a flat which he hauled over by a rope leading through two rollers fixed on the gunwale. I found the country hilly, but the road was pleasant, and the soil rich, though thinly inhabited. I had eight miles to Mrs. Crosby's, a remarkably fat widow, who keeps a tavern and receives the toll of a bridge over Buffaloe creek, which is a deep, slow and muddy little river, joining the Mississippi, six or seven miles from hence, through a long and extensive swamp. My fat landlady made breakfast for me, while my horse was feeding, after which I pursued my way to the left of 328 the swamp, mounting into a hilly country, covered with a thick cane brake, through which a wagon road is cut in a S. W. direction eleven miles, without settlement, house or water, in all that distance, so that it is both fatiguing and dreary.

I emerged from the hills and canes over a small creek, at a fine plantation of a Mr. Percy. My horse being fatigued, I stopped to request a little [300] fodder for him, which was accorded with a very ill grace by the overseer, the proprietor residing at Washington. And here I will remark that the overseers of plantations in this whole territory, are for the most part a rough, unpolished, uncouth class of people, which perhaps proceeds from their being made use of literally as negro drivers, to keep those unfortunate wretches to their work in the field, and to correct them for all real or supposed offences.—They do this with their own hands, and not as in the sugar colonies, by one of the slaves themselves,

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appointed for that purpose and called the driver. This renders them callous to every thing like sentiment or feeling, and gives them a roughness and abruptness in their manners, which is extremely disagreeable and disgusting.

A good road with a ridge of hills called Loftus's heights on the left, and the swamp which commenced at Buffaloe creek on the right, leads from hence to Fort Adams in a distance of six miles, there being a few plantations on both sides of the road, those on the right joining the swamp, and the left hand ones being on the broken land beyond the cliffs and hills.<sup>211</sup>

<sup>211</sup> Loftus Heights was so named from the Indian attack made therefrom in 1764, upon the British troops under Major Loftus, who were going to secure the Illinois country. The detachment was obliged to retire to New Orleans. Fort Adams was built by the orders of Wilkinson in 1798, and the American troops from Natchez and Vicksburg removed thither. — Ed.

Fort Adams or Wilkinsonburg is a poor little village of a 329 dozen houses, most of them in decay, hemmed in between the heights and the river. The fort from whence it derives its first name, is situated on a bluff overhanging the river, at the extremity of the ridge of Loftus's heights. It is about one hundred feet above the ordinary level of the Mississippi, which is not more than three hundred yards wide here, so that the fort completely commands it, with several small brass cannon and two small brass howitzers mounted "en barbette." The fort which is faced with brick, has only a level superficies large enough for one bastion, with a small barrack inside, the [301] whole of which is commanded by a block-house a hundred and fifty feet higher, on the sharp peak of a very steep hill, which in time of war might serve as a look out, as well as a post, as it commands a most extensive view over the surrounding wilderness of forest, as well as the meanders of the river for several miles.

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The ridge of hills near Natchez, bounds the prospect to the northward, but there is nothing for the eye to rest on, not even a plantation to be seen, as they are all veiled by the surrounding forests, the gloom of which is heightened by the idea, that a principal portion of the vast tract in sight, is nothing but an unwholesome swamp, which will cost thousands of lives before it can ever be made habitable, or fit for cultivation. This is experienced in a great degree at Fort Adams, which on account of its insalubrity, is deserted by its garrison, a subaltern with a platoon being left in it, to guard the pass, and prevent smuggling—while the garrison inhabits a pleasant cantonment in the hills towards Pinckneyville, about five miles distant. A path descends gradually from the block-house to the town, along a very narrow ridge, about the middle of which is the burying place of the garrison, the graves of the officers being conspicuous by head stones with the name, rank, and time of decease. Two or three are interred here who have been shot 330 in duels, to which barbarous custom they are much addicted in the American army.

There are two gun boats moored a little above the fort, which, with the long view up the river, and the flat country on the opposite bank put me in mind of the river Shannon at Tarbet in Ireland; to which however it is far inferiour in breadth as well as in magnificence, and variety of scenery. The unhealthiness of its scite is probably the reason that [302] Wilkinsonburg does not prosper, notwithstanding it is the capital of a county, and is a post town.

I put up at Marsalis's tavern, where my old and esteemed friend, doctor H—, lodged. I found him confined by a severe attack of the dysentery, which however did not prevent his giving me a cordial and a joyous welcome. Notwithstanding the poverty of the place, Marsalis gave us a tolerably good supper, according to the custom of the country, of coffee, bread and butter, sliced bacon, and a fine dish of gaspar-goo, the best fish I had yet tasted of the produce of the Mississippi.

Saturday, 27th—My horse being foundered, doctor H—accommodated me with another very good one, and after breakfast I proceeded on a good road to the south-eastward.

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over the most broken and hilly country I had yet seen in the territory, it leading sometimes along the brink of some high and steep precipices, but is kept in good order by the troops encamped in the neighbourhood. At four miles I kept to the left towards Pinckneyville, instead of turning to the right to the camp, at a mile's distance, as I intended to visit it on my return. I passed two small plantations near the forks of the road, they being the only ones between Wilkinsonburg and Mr. Carey's, which was three miles farther, the country becoming gradually less broken.

Mr. Carey, to whom I had a letter from H—, received me with cordial hospitality, but there was nothing strange 331 in that, he being a native of Erin, that country so noted for this now unfashionable virtue.<sup>212</sup>

<sup>212</sup> Curran, in one of his celebrated speeches, thus beautifully described the native hospitality of his country:

“The hospitality of other countries is a matter of necessity, or convention; in savage nations, of the first; in polished, of the latter: but the hospitality of an Irishman is not the running account of *posted* and *ledgered* courtesies, as in other countries; it springs like all his other qualities, his faults, his virtues, directly from the heart. The heart of an Irishman is by nature bold, and he confides; it is tender, and he loves; it is generous, and he gives; it is social, and he is hospitable.”—Cramer.

[303] After dinner I went half a mile farther to Capt. Robert Semple's, brother to my friend Steele Semple, Esq. of Pittsburgh. He was formerly a captain in the United States' army, and is now owner of a very fine plantation, where he resides, living in a style of well regulated, gentlemanly taste and liberality.—From him and his amiable lady I experienced a most friendly reception, and remaining with them until next morning (Sunday, 28th) I proceeded on my route, going back to Mr. Carey's. Keeping his plantation on the left, two miles S. S. E. brought me to Pinckneyville. On arriving at Mr. Carey's yesterday, I had got

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out of the broken hilly country, and I was now in one of alternate plains and gently sloping hills affording fine situations for plantations, mostly occupied.

Pinckneyville is a straggling village of ten houses, mostly in decay, and some of them uninhabited. It is situated on a pleasant sloping plain, and the surrounding country is comparatively well cultivated. It has a little church, a tavern, a store and a post-office.

### CHAPTER LII

Enter West Florida—Fine country—Don Juan O'Connor—A whimsical egarement—Capt. Percy—Bayau Sarah—Doctor Flowers—Don Thomas Estwar—Mr. Perrie's—Thompson's creek—Bad road—Beautiful plain—Montesano.

A Mile and a half farther, in a S. E. direction, the road crossed the demarkation line, which divides [304] the Mississippi 332 territory from the Spanish province of West Florida, at the first house from Pinckneyville, and the last subject to the United States. The line runs along the parallel of the 31st degree of north latitude. It was cut forty feet wide, but it is now scarcely perceptible, from the rapid growth of trees and shrubs, in the short space of seven or eight years since it was opened, under the direction of Mr. Ellicot, commissioner on the part of the United States, and major Minor on the part of Spain.<sup>213</sup>

<sup>213</sup> Andrew Ellicott was an American engineer of note. Born in Pennsylvania (1754) of Quaker ancestry, he passed his early life in Maryland, devoting himself especially to mathematical studies. In Baltimore and Philadelphia he became a friend of Washington and Franklin; and at their suggestion was employed to define the boundary between Virginia and Pennsylvania, and later that between New York and Pennsylvania. In 1792, he was appointed surveyor-general of the United States. He also assisted in laying out the national capital. While acting as commissioner for adjusting the southern boundary of the United States with Spain, according to the treaty of 1795, Ellicott encountered serious diplomatic difficulties, and alienated a party of the English inhabitants of the Natchez district. Claiborne's animadversions, however, in his *Mississippi*, seem hardly borne out

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by the facts. In 1808, Ellicott was appointed secretary of the Pennsylvania land-office; and four years later, professor of mathematics at West Point, where he died in 1820. His journal during his employment in the Southwest, is valuable as a record of conditions in that region.

Stephen Minor was a Pennsylvanian by birth, educated at Princeton, and early came west to explore the new country. At St. Louis he was persuaded to convey some dispatches to the governor-general of Louisiana at New Orleans, who, fancying the frank but politic young American, offered him a position in the Spanish army. Minor served the Spaniards with address and fidelity. Taking no advantage of his position, he remained loyal to Spain, at the same time becoming popular with the English-speaking inhabitants of the Natchez district, where he was stationed. He was finally promoted to the governorship of Natchez, which he retained until its surrender to the United States (1798), when he became an American citizen, and died at Concord, Mississippi.— Ed.

I was now in the district of New Feliciana, in the Spanish province of West Florida. A wagon road through a naturally fine country, with some small plantations at distances from half a mile to a mile, brought me in eight miles to Don Juan O'Connor's. This respectable old gentleman, to whom I carried a letter of introduction, has a fine 333 estate, and is building a very large and commodious house, which, when finished, he intends for the residence of his family now in Philadelphia. He is held in great estimation by the government, and throughout the country, where he many years exercised the office of Alcalde, or chief magistrate of the district; but resigning it on account of his increasing age, he has been succeeded by his neighbour, Capt. Robert Percy, formerly of the British navy, a gentleman perfectly well qualified to execute the office with becoming dignity and propriety.

I remained three days with Mr. O'Connor, at his friendly solicitation, visited by, and visiting the neighbouring gentry of this rich and hospitable country, during which time a laughable incident happened.



Accompanying Mr. O'Connor to Capt. Percy's, a distance of only two miles, through the lands of the two gentlemen, Mr. O'C. conducted me through the woods by a bridle path, instead of keeping the main road, for the purpose of seeing some of his people, who were sawing timber. After riding in different [305] directions for some time without finding them, he at last gave up the attempt, saying we would now take a path which would soon bring us into the road. The sun being overcast, the old gentleman soon lost his direction in a labyrinth of cattle paths, by which we got involved sometimes in a thick cane brake, and sometimes in a copse of briars. I saw he was astray, but without seeming to perceive it, I followed him, chattering on indifferent subjects. At last despair of extricating us conquering his shame of acknowledging himself lost in his own woods—he suddenly exclaimed, “Where is your pocket compass?”—I answered that accompanying him so short a distance on his own ground, I had not thought it necessary to bring it. “You should always carry it in this country,” exclaimed he, a little pettishly. “What course 334 do you wish to go?” said I —“N. E.” replied he, “ought to bring us into the main road.”—“Well,” said I, “let us leave the mossy side of the trees on our left shoulder.”

Following my advice, we soon heard some one at a distance singing loudly. We took the direction of the voice, and soon afterwards found the wagon road, after wandering above two hours in search of it. Mr. O'Connor's relating the story good humouredly at Capt. Percy's did not prevent his being rallied a good deal about it, and it spreading, became a standing subject of laugh against him, among his surrounding friends. The day after this, as I was accompanying Mr. O'C. and some of his neighbours to a militia muster, my horse took fright, at my suddenly raising my umbrella during a shower, and plunging violently, he threw me on my head, but without doing me any other injury than dirtying me all over.

On Thursday, 1st September, I left Mr. O'Connor's after breakfast, with the intention of pursuing my journey, but calling at Capt. Percy's, he said it was his birth day, and that I must spend it with him, [306] and that he had sent for Mr. O'C. for the same purpose.

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This was truly an agreeable day to me, it being devoted to social converse without ceremony, while the well regulated and liberal domestick arrangements of the amiable and well informed lady of our friendly host, recalled to my mind the elegant refinement I had so often enjoyed in the society of her fair countrywomen, during my residence in Scotland. To her engaging native manners, Mrs. Percy adds the advantages of a long residence in London, where she seems to have grafted on her native stock, such exotick knowledge only, as could farther expand a mind, already adorned both by nature and art.

Next day, Friday, 2d September, my worthy host and 335 hostess, after exacting a promise from me, that I should make their house my family's home, until fully provided in one myself, should I choose that part of the country for my future place of residence, accompanied me on my way, fording Bayau Sarah, which is about thirty yards wide, to the plantation of Mr. Sweezey, a mile distant, where a child being dangerously ill of a fever, Mrs. Percy had for several days before, and even nights, aided the disconsolate mother in the duties of nursing, while her humane and friendly husband prescribed and dispensed the necessary medicine in the absence of the physician—none living nearer than six or eight miles. Indeed he adds the gratuitous practice of physician and apothecary to the office of chief magistrate, and he is equally useful in each department to the surrounding country, while his amiable lady performs the part of a real Lady Bountiful, with judgement and true benevolence.

Capt. Percy rode with me about five miles farther, to shew me a tract of land he had in his disposal, on which he wished me to settle, and another, the property of Mr. Cochran of Bayau Pierre, which had [307] been offered for sale. He then bade me adieu, and I went on alone, passing Mr. Sterling's and doctor Bruin's, and proceeding to the southward four miles farther, I arrived and stopped at doctor Flowers's.

The doctor was absent, but Mrs. Flowers did the honours of her house to me, with the most pleasing attention, and he returning home in the evening confirmed the kind welcome I had received, and to which I was in no other way entitled than, in addition to my being a

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stranger (which about Bayau Sarah seems to be a general passport to hospitality) I had a letter of introduction from my valuable and respected friend, judge Bruin, whose name, where he is known, opens every door.

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The next two days were spent chiefly at doctor Flowers's, and in riding about the neighbouring country, during which I visited Mr. William Barrow, who has a very handsome house, a noble plantation of about four hundred acres of cotton all in one field, and a hundred and fifty negroes. I also accompanied the doctor to pay my compliments to Don Thomas Estevan, lately appointed commandant of New Feliciana, with full powers to act for the governour. He received me very politely, and appeared to be a man of pleasing manners, and good general information, although I was informed that he had risen from the rank of a private in the army, to his present situation. That, however, is a very common thing in the Spanish service, where merit is sure of being rewarded, without the aid of money or great connexions, notwithstanding the character for pride which that nation is taxed with.<sup>214</sup>

<sup>214</sup> The province of West Florida was settled during the British occupation (1764–83), and its population was of the same character as that of Mississippi, to the north of it—chiefly American colonists with an admixture of English, Irish, and Scotch emigrants. Feliciana was not erected into a Louisiana parish until 1811, but under the Spanish régime was made a district subordinate to the Baton Rouge province. In 1810 the inhabitants threw off the yoke of Spain, and declared themselves annexed to Louisiana.

William Barrow came to West Florida about 1795, entered land under a Spanish grant, and developed a fine plantation. His descendants have been prominent citizens of the district.  
— Ed.

On Monday, the 5th September, I proceeded on my tour, crossing Alexander's creek, an inconsiderable stream, and having a good road to the eastward, through a forest

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abounding with that beautiful and majestick evergreen, the magnolia or American laurel, six or seven miles to Mr. Perrie's. He was [308] absent until supper time, previous to which I amused myself with walking about his fine plantation, and the best garden I had yet seen in this country. A letter from doctor Flowers insured me a friendly reception, and I passed the night here.

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Mr. Perrie is a native of Fifeshire in Scotland, was a millwright, by which profession, aided by an advantageous matrimonial connexion, he now possesses a hundred negroes, and is alcalde of the quarter—yet he would gladly remove to the land of his nativity, if he could do it conveniently.

Tuesday 6th, a good road through open woods brought me in six miles to Doyle's, from whence, fording Thompson's creek, (a fine little river sixty yards wide) I stopped at Horton's tavern, on the opposite side. Mr. Murdoch, the proprietor, from whom Horton rents the house and adjoining plantation, but who reserves a room for himself, having seen me at Mr. O'Connor's, politely asked me to stay breakfast, after which I proceeded.

All the tract of country from Pinckneyville to near Thompson's creek, being watered by Bayau Sarah, or some of its tributary streams, is most generally known by the name of the Bayau Sarah settlements, and is part in the United States and part in the Spanish territory. It is esteemed as the finest soil, the best cultivated, and inhabited by the most wealthy settlers, of any part of the Mississippi territory or West Florida, but the land appeared to be liable to have its soil washed away, so as to lose it entirely in a few years after clearing it, on all the declivities. It is on the whole however, a charming country.

My road now led through a thick wood, much impeded by copse and briers, and it being a dead flat, the whole of it was a complete slough, in some places deep enough to mire my horse to the saddle skirts for several hundred yards together, so that I made slow

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progress, for the first six miles, in an easterly [309] direction, which had been the course of the road from doctor Flowers's.

I met a man on foot, of a very suspicious appearance, labouring through the mire. He was a stout active fellow, very ragged, and his face disfigured by a large scar across his mouth. I passed him however peaceably, and soon after leaving a Mr. Carter's plantation on the right, I entered the most beautiful plain I had seen in this country. It was a savanna or prairie, about six miles long, and from half a mile to a mile wide, skirted by woods, and a few plantations, and abounding with clumps of oak, ash, mulberry, poplar and other indigenous trees, affording between them beautiful vistas of various character, while large herds of cattle and horses appeared here and there, to enliven the scene, which had additional interest from two men galloping after and noosing some wild horses.

I stopped and dined at the house of Richard Dewal, esq. on the plain. Mr. Dewal is an Englishman, and alcalde of the quarter. He was absent, but Mrs. Dewal received me with politeness and hospitality.

Leaving the plain, the road soon became as bad as possible, to be capable of being travelled. Three and a half miles of it brought me to Droghen's plantation in a wretched solitude, from whence I had five miles farther of equally bad road, without an inhabitant to Fridges, a Scotchman. In the next three miles I passed three plantations, and then came to the bank of the Mississippi at Mrs. O'Brien's very pleasantly situated farm, from whence is a view down the river past Montesano to Baton Rouge.

A mile farther, parallel to the river bank, brought me to Montesano. This has been lately laid out for a town by Mr. Wm. Herreis from London, who is the proprietor, but I do not think he will succeed in his plan, as the country around is not sufficiently inhabited to support a town, and besides it is too near [310] to Baton Rouge, the seat of government, of the western division of West Florida. There is some prospect of his succeeding better in a saw and grist mill he is erecting, which is to be wrought by steam. It is on a large

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scale, and a vast deal of money has already been laid 339 out on it (I have been informed, upwards of thirty thousand dollars) yet it does not seem to be in great forwardness.<sup>215</sup>

<sup>215</sup> It may be observed here that the steam power used by Mr. Herreis (as I am informed) is on the English principle, which is said to cost much more than the improved steam power by Oliver Evans, of Philadelphia which costs for a thirty horse power about three thousand dollars. It is said that a Mr. Cohoon, of the state of New York, has even simplified Mr. Evans's steam principle, so much that a thirty horse power will not cost more than twelve hundred dollars for its complete erection.— Cramer.

It is called only four miles from hence to Baton Rouge, but the badness of the road made me think it eight, perhaps six may be the true distance. I passed some small neglected French plantations on the left on the summit of a range of low hills, which extend from Montesano, while on the right I had a swamp, out of which the cypress has been cut, between me and the river, the road being very bad, through a natural savanna of coarse grass, intersected by deep ravines, and miry sloughs.

### CHAPTER LIII

Baton Rouge—Gumbo—An Irish-French-Spaniard—The governour—Mrs. O'Brien's—Journey on return—An American camp—Extensive prospect—Tomlinson's.

Arriving at Baton Rouge, on enquiry I was informed that Madame Le Gendre's was the [311] most respectable auberge, I accordingly stopt there, and found a number of genteel men, Frenchmen, Spaniards, English and Americans, with about a dozen of whom I sat down to supper, quite *a la Francaise*. The table was well covered with different made dishes, and a variety of vegetables, among which the most conspicuous, was a large dish of gumbo, served by the hostess at the head, which seemed to be a standing dish, and much in repute, as almost every one was helped to it. It is made by boiling ocroc until it is tender, and seasoning it with a little bit of fat bacon. It then becomes 340 so ropy and slimy as to make it difficult with either knife, spoon or fork, to carry it to the mouth, without

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the plate and mouth being connected by a long string, so that it is a most awkward dish to a stranger, who besides, seldom relishes it, but it is a standing dish among the French creoles, as much as soup and bouilli is in France, or the *olla* in Spain.

A bed was prepared for me in the front gallery or piazza, where Madame Le Gendre assured me I should be less troubled with mosquitoes than in the interior of the house, and that I should also find it more cool and agreeable. I mention this as a *trait* of French character, particularly the female, to make a virtue of necessity, and to turn even their inconveniences to advantage, for notwithstanding her assertion that it was solely *pour l'accommodation de Mons. l'Etranger*, had there been any other place for a bed in her small house, one would not have been prepared for me in the gallery. The mosquitoes were sufficiently ennuyants to make me rejoice at perceiving the first dawn of day, when I hurried on my clothes, and sallied out to view the seat of government of the western division of West Florida.<sup>216</sup>

<sup>216</sup> The name Baton Rouge (Red Stick) is supposed to have been derived from a tall cypress tree, which, having been stripped by the lightning to its red wood, formed a prominent landmark. The town was first settled by the French about 1720, but remained an inconsiderable hamlet, even after the accession of eighty Acadians (about 1730). The British, while in control of West Florida, built a fort and established a garrison here, which was surrendered by Colonel Dickson to the victorious Spanish under Galvez, in 1779. Baton Rouge was incorporated as an American town in 1817, and became the capital of Louisiana in 1850.— Ed.

About half a dozen tolerably good frame (or wooden) houses scattered on an extensive plain surrounded on three sides by woods at a little distance, first [312] made their appearance, while a dirty little town of 60 cabins crowded together in a narrow street on the river bank, penned in between the Mississippi and a low steep hill descending from 341 the plain, filled up the fourth side. I walked through the village—it is a right French one—almost every other house being a petty shop for the sale of bread, tobacco, pumpkins

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and taffia (or bad rum) distilled at the sugar plantations a little lower down the river. It is matter of astonishment how so many shops of the same kind find customers. I observed two tolerably well assorted stores, one kept by a Frenchman, the other by Mr. Egan, an Irishman, to whom I carried an introductory letter from Mr. O'Connor, which ensured me a friendly and hospitable welcome.

I breakfasted with him, and then went to view the fort on the plain above the north end of the town. It is a regular square with four small bastions at the angles. The ramparts are composed of earth thrown up out of a small dry ditch or fosse which surrounds it, and are crowned by a stoccade of pickets. A few small guns mounted, point to the different approaches, and also command the river, but it is a work of very little strength, and not capable of much defence against a prepared enemy.

I returned to my friend Egan's, who accompanied me to the house of Don Gilbert Leonard, the contador (or collector) to whom I had letters of introduction. The affectation of importance which this gentleman attached to his offer of accompanying me to government house, as soon as his *excellency the governour* should be visible, was matter of amusement to me, who had been accustomed to see less ceremony observed in introductions to men of infinitely greater importance. He excused himself from asking me to dine with him, as he said his family were all indisposed, but any other time that I should be in Baton Rouge, he hoped to have that pleasure. He promised [313] to call on me about eleven o'clock at Mr. Egan's, as soon as he had made himself up for a visit to the governour, and he 342 begged leave to retire to dress, although the changing of a silk morning or dressing gown for a coat, was all that was necessary, he having evidently bestowed some time on his person just before our arrival.

During the short time we remained at his house, Don Gilbert led the discourse to the politicks of the day, reprobating in most warm terms, the folly of the Spaniards for endeavouring to emancipate themselves from the chains of Napoleon—ascribing it to their being instigated to it by the artifices of that enemy of mankind *Britain*, to which country



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he declared himself a sworn enemy. It is worthy of remark, that all this opinionated and ill informed self consequence, proceeded from a son of Irish parents, who had arisen to his present station in a Spanish provincial government, from an obscure situation in life, by a chain of fortuitous circumstances. As he had volunteered himself to be my Ciceroni to the governour, I awaited him at Mr. Egan's some time later than the appointed hour, which tardiness was of course to give the visit additional consequence. We at last proceeded together, and not finding the governour at home, I told him, I would put him to no farther trouble, but would myself wait upon his excellency on his return from his promenade.—He made his bow, and I was again a free man.

About one o'clock, I found the governour, Don Carlos de Grandprè at home. He gave me a polite reception, and while his written permission to remain six months in the country (a ceremony all strangers are obliged to go through, previous to making a permanent settlement) was preparing, he entered into a conversation on agricultural topicks, and appeared to be a well informed, and well bred man. He avoided touching on politicks, but Don Gilbert's sentiments on [314] that subject are supposed to be his, he being a native of France, and of course naturally partial to his 343 country, whether ruled by a Capet, by a mob, or by a Napoleon.<sup>217</sup>

<sup>217</sup> Don Carlos de Grandprè was a Frenchman, who held important positions in the Spanish service. In 1779, he aided Galvez in his capture of British Florida, and was left by the latter in command of the fort at Baton Rouge. In 1788, he commanded the Natchez district, but made himself unpopular to the American inhabitants, whereupon he was superseded by Gayoso de Lemos. Upon the latter's promotion to the governorship of Louisiana, Grandprè was again detailed for Natchez; but on account of the protests of the inhabitants, was removed in favor of Minor. When Louisiana was transferred to the United States, Grandprè was commandant at Baton Rouge. The American inhabitants of this district began a revolt, which Grandprè severely repressed. Upon the successful revolt of the same province in 1810, a son of the commandant was killed while defending the post

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of Baton Rouge. During the British advance against New Orleans, Grandprè sided with his former enemies, and boarded one of their warships. His later history is unknown.— Ed.

After a friendly and unceremonious dinner with Mr. Egan, I left Baton Rouge on my return, not having any curiosity to explore any more of the country than I had hitherto seen, the cream of which I considered to be the Bayau Sarah settlements.

Returning again through Montesano, I arrived at Mrs. O'Brien's a little before dark. It being too late to proceed any farther that night, I stopped and requested room for myself and horse until morning. My request was complied with according to the general custom of the country, but in such polite terms, and it introduced me to so agreeable a society at supper, that I congratulated myself for not having had time to go farther. The family consisted of Mrs. O'Brien herself, and her daughters Mrs. Flood, wife of doctor Flood of New Orleans, Mrs. Saunders, and Miss O'Brien. Two gentlemen from Orleans joined us after supper, which was an additional motive for self-congratulation. As they were travelling my road. They as well as me were strangers to Mrs. O'B.

It is impossible to travel in any part of this new country after dark, as the roads are only bridle paths, which are so 344 darkened by the woods through which they lead, that the adventurous traveller must inevitably lose himself.

On Thursday, 8th September, I proceeded with my two companions before the family were stirring, and we arrived at Mr. Duwal's on the Great Prairie, time enough to sit down with the family to breakfast. We afterwards stopped to bait at Mr. Carters, and then went on cross Thompson's creek to Mr. Perry's, where we found Messrs. Duncan and Gamble, lawyers from New Orleans, at dinner. Chairs were placed for us of course, and after partaking of Mr. Perry's hospitable [315] meal, I went on to doctor Flowers's—separating from my companions, who had each different friends to visit in that part of the country.

Next day, the 9th September, I went to Capt. Percy's to dinner, and spent the remainder of that day and night there, and on the 10th, after dining at Mr. O'Connor's I retraced my

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journey across the line into the Mississippi Territory, and passing through Pinckneyville, I entered Capt. Semple's plantation, and rode nearly two miles through it before I came to the house of the proprietor—passing in the way two different negro quarters, and the whole road resembling several I have known through the demesnes of the nobility in Europe, in its variety—through woods, lawns, pastures and cultivated fields, on the whole the most beautiful plantation to ride through of any I had hitherto seen in this western country.

I had to regret the absence of my hospitable host and hostess, who were on a visit at Mrs. Trumbull's, Mrs. Semple's mother. I was however well taken care of—and proceeding next morning, I deviated a little from the road to visit the camp. As I approached it I met several negroes returning home from a market which is kept there every Sunday morning. On my arrival I was much surprised with a village, differing from any I had ever before seen. 345 Twenty-four large huts faced a wide open space cleared for a parade, in front of which is held the market. In the rear of these, with a narrow street between, are ten very snug and well furnished cottages, appropriated for the officers, who reside in them, some with their families, and some *en garçon*. But the most remarkable circumstance is that the whole camp is constructed with cane (the large reed) in such a manner as to render every dwelling perfectly tight and warm. They are all floored with plank, and the officers' quarters are glazed, and have each a little [316] garden; and there runs through the whole an air of neatness, propriety, and cleanliness, that I have seldom seen surpassed. The situation is on the slope of a very high hill, and the whole country for some miles round, particularly towards the Mississippi, is nothing but a continuation of steep and broken hills, covered with forest timber, and an impenetrable cane brake, except in a few places, where some adventurous settler has found a small spot, not too steep for the plough, or where narrow paths of communication have been cut through the canes.

Having gratified my curiosity with a view of this little encampment, I went on to Wilkinsonburg, and spent the rest of the day with my friend H—.

On Monday, the 12th September, proceeding at early dawn, I took a wrong trace about five miles from Fort Adams, by which I was taken two or three miles out of my road, but coming to a plantation, I had some compensation made me for my *egarement*, by receiving directions for another road to Buffaloe creek, by which I cut off five miles, with the additional satisfaction of having only eight miles without a house, instead of twelve by the main road. I had hills on my right hand, covered with the usual variety of forest trees, and a thick cane brake underneath, while on my left, a gloomy and malignant swamp extended to the 346 Mississippi, some miles distant. I breakfasted at Smith's who keeps a tavern, and a ferry over Buffaloe creek, three miles below the toll bridge on the other road. I had three short miles of a bad and miry road to Ellis's plantation, and four from thence along a ridge to major Davis's, where I again came into the main road. A mile farther brought me to Big Jude's, a free negro woman, settled on one side of a broken plain, which seems to have been a plantation at some distant period back, but by the washing away of the soil, it now only affords nourishment to a short herbage, [317] seemingly very proper for sheep. From hence is a very extensive view over the surrounding forests—in which far to the westward may be seen a line formed by the Mississippi, making a great curve that way. Ellis's heights and the chain of hills running from thence to the eastward of Natchez terminate the view to the northward, while Loftus's heights do the same to the southward. Extensive prospects occur so rarely in this country of forests, that when a traveller happens to meet with one, he feels wonderfully cheered, although he sees nothing but a horizon of woods, which, particularly when without their leaf, in the winter season, have a very sombre and gloomy appearance, a little inequality of horizon where a hill happens to bound the view, being the only variety; but after emerging from the thick forests and cane brakes, in which he has been long buried, he feels an expansion of the whole system which is extremely pleasing.

The road is hilly but good, through a pleasant wood, chiefly of that superb tree the magnolia or American laurel, clear of underwood and cane, and passing several small plantations four or five miles from Jude's to the Homochito.

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Being ferried across that charming little river, I had a good road through a pleasant country tolerably well settled five miles to Mr. Tomlinson's. I had a letter to him from 347 my friend H—, which was no sooner delivered, than both he and Mrs. T. vied with each other in their friendly attentions to me. They insisted on my not going farther that night, and manifested the greatest friendship for the writer of my introductory letter, by the warmth and kindness of their hospitality to me.

### CHAPTER LIV

Return to the northward through Natchez, Greenville and Port Gibson—Bayau Pierre—General remarks on climate, soil, water, face of the country, manners, productions, &c.

On Tuesday, 13th September, I set out early, after returning thanks to my kind host and hostess. At two miles I passed Mrs. Hutchinson's on the right; one mile farther, Mr. Abner Green's on the left; three quarters of a mile beyond which, I left Mr. Poindexter's, member of congress from this territory, on the right.

I stopped for a few minutes at Mr. Dunbar's—sometimes known and addressed by the title of Sir William Dunbar, I know not on what foundation. He is a native of Scotland—is a gentleman of literature and philosophical research—is esteemed rich—and occupies one of the most tasty and best furnished cottages I have seen in the territory.

Passing three or four other large plantations in sight of the road, six miles more brought me to St. Catharine's creek, now an inconsiderable brook, but in floods an impassable torrent; crossing which I had two miles and a half to Col. William Scott's, where I stopped and dined with Mrs. Scott, the Col. being from home.

After dinner, taking the road through Natchez, I went to Mr. Blennerhasset's, where I supped and slept.

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Wednesday, 14th, after breakfast, Mr. Blennerhasset 348 accompanied me to Natchez, where we made a few visits, in doing which we called on Mr. Evans, whose niece, Mrs. Wallace, a young and gay widow, and his eldest daughter, favoured us with a few tunes on an organ, built for him by one Hurdis, an English musical instrument maker and teacher of musick, [319] then residing in Natchez. The instrument was tolerably good, and ought to be so, as it has cost one thousand dollars.

I returned home with Mr. Blennerhasset, and next morning very early, proceeded through Washington, Sulserstown and Uniontown to Greenville, and from thence by a tolerably good road, in a northerly direction, twelve miles to Trimble's tavern, where I put up for the night. I was much impeded in my progress for the last two miles, by the effects of a hurricane, which had happened about a year before, and which had blown down by the roots, or broken off the tops of all the trees in its way—levelling every cabin and fence that opposed its passage, but like the generality of the hurricanes (which happen frequently in this climate and always from the westward) not exceeding half a mile in breadth. Trimble's family had like to have been buried under the ruins of their cabin, not having had over a minute to escape to the outside, and throw themselves flat on the ground, when it was blown down. Those gusts are very tremendous, being always accompanied by thunder, lightning, and torrents of rain, but from running in such narrow veins, they are very partial, and therefore not so much dreaded as those general ones which sometimes devastate the West India islands.

Next day I proceeded nine miles in a northerly direction to Port Gibson, on a western branch of the Bayau Pierre. This little town of twenty houses is the capital of Claiborne county, and is esteemed the most thriving place in the territory, notwithstanding it is extremely unhealthy, from the 349 proximity of some stagnant ponds, and the annual inundation of the Mississippi, which swells Bayau Pierre and causes it to stagnate for from four to six months, every year. The ponds might be drained, were the inhabitants not so

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entirely occupied by business and [320] pleasure, to which two pursuits they devote the whole of their time.

It is thirty miles from Port Gibson to the Mississippi, following the windings of the Bayau Pierre, through a very hilly and broken country, but it is only fourteen miles by the road. As when the waters are up the bayau is navigable for large craft, that season is the most bustling time in Port Gibson, the storekeepers then importing goods and exporting cotton. On the subsiding of the waters, the sickly season commences, and lasts with little variation from July to October, inclusive. This is more or less the case over the whole territory, particularly on the banks of the Mississippi, and in the neighbourhood of swamps and stagnant ponds. The driest seasons are the most unhealthy. The prevailing malady is a fever of the intermittent species, sometimes accompanied by ague, and sometimes not. It is rarely fatal in itself, but its consequences are dreadful, as it frequently lasts five or six months in defiance of medicine, and leaves the patient in so relaxed and debilitated a state, that he never after regains the strength he had lost. It also frequently terminates in jaundice or dropsy, which sometimes prove fatal.

All newcomers are subject to what is called a seasoning, after which, though they may be annually attacked by this scourge of the climate, it rarely confines them longer than a few days. Every house in Port Gibson is either a store, a tavern, or the workshop of a mechanick. There is a very mean gaol, and an equally bad court-house, though both are much in use, particularly the latter, as, like the United States in general, the people are fond of litigation. Gambling is carried 350 to the greatest excess, particularly horse racing, cards and betting—a wager always deciding every difference of opinion. On the whole, Port Gibson and its neighbourhood is [321] perhaps the most dissolute as well as the most thriving part of the territory.

I dined at my friend doctor Cumming's,<sup>218</sup> who lives on his fine plantation near the town, and taking a S. W. road of thirteen miles, I arrived in the evening at Bruinsburg.

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218 Dr. John Cummins was born in Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, in 1780. Having studied medicine with Dr. Rush of Philadelphia, he emigrated to Mississippi Territory to engage in the practice of his profession, settling first at Port Gibson; later having married a daughter of Judge Bruin (1804) he removed to the plantation on Bayou Pierre, where Cumming visited him. He endorsed heavily for Burr and Blennerhassett, losing by them about \$65,000. Burr's maps left in his care are important evidence of the destination of his expedition. Dr. Cummins was called to Richmond in order to testify at the Burr trial, and afterwards attempted to recover some of the money he had lost, but with no success. Removing to the parish of Concordia, Louisiana, he lived the life of a wealthy cultivated planter—being especially interested in literature—until his death in 1822. The details of his history have been kindly furnished by his granddaughter, Mrs. T. C. Wordin, of Bridgeport, Connecticut.— Ed.

I shall here conclude my tour, with a few general observations.

The climate of this territory is very unequal, between excess of heat during the principal part of the year, when the inhabitants are devoured by mosquitoes, gnats and sandflies, to excess of cold, in the winter nights and mornings, when a good fire, and plenty of warm woollen clothing are indispensibly necessary, though the middle of the day is frequently warm enough for muslin and nankeen dresses to suffice.

The soil is as various as the climate. The river bottoms generally, and some of the cane brake hills, not being exceeded for richness in the world, while some ridges and tracts of country after being cleared and cultivated for a few years, are so exhausted, as to become almost barren.

Water is very partially distributed—it being scarce, 351 unpleasant, and unwholesome, within seven or eight miles of the Mississippi—and it being fine and in abundance from that to the eastward to the pine woods, which generally begin at from fifteen to twenty miles distance from the river.



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The face of the country is also much diversified—a dead swampy but very rich level borders the Mississippi the whole length of the territory and West Florida, from the Walnut hills to Baton Rouge, with the exception of some ends of ridges, or bluffs as they are called, at the Walnut hills, the Grand and Petit gulphs—Natchez and Baton Rouge. The flat or bottom is in general about two miles broad, though in some places nine or ten. The different water courses, [322] which run mostly into the Mississippi from the eastward have each their bottom lands of various breadths, but all comparatively much narrower than those of the Mississippi. The intervals are composed of chains of steep, high and broken hills, some cultivated, some covered with a thick cane brake, and forest trees of various descriptions, and others with beautiful open woods devoid of underwood. Some are evergreen with laurel and holly, and some, where the oak, walnut and poplar are the most predominant; being wholly brown in the winter, at which season others again are mixed, and at the fall of the leaf display a variety of colouring, green, brown, yellow and red.

On approaching the pine woods, the fertility of the soil ceases, but the climate becomes much more salubrious—that will however never draw inhabitants to it while a foot of cane brake land or river bottom remains to be settled.

The pine woods form a barrier between the Choctaw nation and the inhabitants of the Mississippi territory, which however does not prevent the Indians from bringing their squaws every fall and winter to aid in gathering in the cotton crop, for which they are paid in blankets, stroud, (a 352 blue cloth used by them for clothing) handkerchiefs, and worsted binding of various colours, besides other articles of manufactured goods, which are charged to them at most exorbitant prices.

The cotton crop requiring constant attention, and children being useful in gathering it, the bulk of the inhabitants cannot afford to spare the labour of their children, so that education is almost totally neglected, and perhaps there are few people, a degree above the savage, more completely destitute of literary acquirements. But as they grow up, they can find time

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for attendance at courts of law, horse races, and festive, or rather bacchanalian meetings at taverns, where bad whiskey is drunk to the greatest excess. Notwithstanding [323] this proneness to dissipation, to the neglect of manners, morals and property, there is a semblance of religion, so that any noisy sectarian preacher may always be sure of having a congregation, if his time of preaching is known a day beforehand.

With respect to the productions of the territory, cotton is the staple, and since the disappearance of specie it serves in lieu of money. The river bottom lands generally yield from eighteen hundred to two thousand pounds to the acre, the uplands about a thousand. Maize or Indian corn is produced on new land in the ratio of seventy or eighty bushels per acre, well attended. Horses, horned cattle, hogs and poultry might be raised in any quantity, yet cotton so entirely engrosses the planters, that they are obliged to Kentucky for their principal supply of horses and pork and bacon.

Wheat would grow well, but it is not attended to, so that all the wheat flour used, comes down the Mississippi. The middle states supply a quantity of salted beef, and the southern ones rice, which might also be raised abundantly.

When not destroyed by a frost in April, there are abundance 353 of early apples and peaches; but the climate is too cold in winter for the orange or lemon to the northward of La Fourche, on the Mississippi, below Baton Rouge.

The woods abound with bear and deer, which are sometimes killed and sold by the Indian and white hunters. Wild turkeys on the hills, and water fowl of every description in the swamps are abundant, besides smaller game both four footed and feathered of various descriptions. But the chase, either with dogs or the gun is so laborious an occupation, from the difficulty of getting through the cane brakes and underwood, that one seldom meets with game at the tables of the planters.

[324] The Mississippi, the smaller water courses, the lakes and ponds abound with cat fish of a superiour quality, and a variety of much more delicate and finer fish, yet one seldom meets with them, any more than with game.

In short, the tables of all classes of people have as little variety to boast of as those of any other civilized people in the world. Coffee, although double the price that it is bought for at New Orleans, is by custom become an article of the first necessity, which the wife of the poorest planter cannot do without, and it is of course the most common breakfast. Milk is used to excess, which I have reason to think is an additional cause of the prevalence of bilious disorders.

Proper care and conduct, might in some degree correct or guard against the effects of the climate, and prudence and a well regulated economy, might procure to the inhabitants of the Mississippi territory, almost every comfort, convenience and delicacy, enjoyed in the most favoured countries upon earth.

END OF MR. CUMING'S TOUR

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*[325] In order to complete the description of the Mississippi, we subjoin the following, being Extracts of Notes of a voyage from Pittsburgh to New Orleans, thence by sea to Philadelphia, in the year 1799, made by a gentleman of accurate observation, a passenger in a New Orleans boat, who has been polite enough to grant us his manuscript for this purpose.*

*Mr. Cuming having stopped at the Bayau Pierre, we commence this narrative a little above that river, in order to shew the state of the settlements of the country at that time.*

February 9. This evening we made a good landing on the Spanish shore, with the river even with the top of the bank. When we had got our boat tied to a tree, I took a walk on the shore, and found it covered with herbs, briers, blackberries and oak trees, all in leaf.

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I measured the leaf of a sycamore tree and it was twenty inches over. The evening was calm and clear, but the air rather cool, the new moon looked beautiful.

Feb. 10. We proceeded early and got ten miles before sunrise. At half past one o'clock we came to a part of the river where some little time before there had been a hurricane; it overspread an extent of about half a mile in breadth, and crossed the river in two places about one league apart. The tops of the trees had been twisted off, others torn up by the roots and hurled into the river, some lying with their roots above the bank, and their tops in the river. The route it had taken was clearly perceptible, and how far it extended on each hand. Its appearance was like the wreck of creation, or the subsiding of some general deluge. Over this whole extent there was not the least vestige of a tree left, the deserted stumps excepted. At four o'clock, after taking a circuitous [326] route in a very long bend of the river, the vestiges of this hurricane again appeared. It had 355 taken a north east course, spreading destruction in its train; even the elastick cane brakes were torn up and extirpated.

Feb. 11. At half past seven arrived at the mouth of the Yazoo river. It has a beautiful appearance, rising in the mountains of Georgia, and taking a south west course, empties itself here. Our expectations were now raised on seeing once more the dwellings of men, having floated *six hundred miles* through savage nations, without seeing a dwelling of civilized people, and were not a little pleased with discovering over the tops of the trees at a remote distance the Walnut hills, upon which is a garrison and some dwellings of United States' citizens. When opposite the garrison the flag was hoisted as a token for us to bring too, which we obeyed. Mr. M—'s boat was a mile ahead, but was labouring hard to make the shore, knowing the necessity of coming too, he landed, but was obliged to let loose again, and left us to offer an apology to the commandant. All along the bank we saw numbers of Indians of the Choctaw nation, men, women, and children, decorated with beads, broaches, deer tails, buffaloe horns, &c. We had no sooner landed than the whole garrison was in an uproar, making preparations to fire upon Mr. M—'s boat.

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The sergeant came down to inform us of the intention of the garrison. Mr. E—, the owner of the boat in which I was, replied that that boat was his property, and the garrison saw the endeavours of the men to land, but without effect, that he was ready to give the necessary information respecting her and cargo, and if any damage was done, he knew where to apply for redress; this spirited reply quieted the mind of the sergeant, and the storm of the garrison subsided. We tarried here a few hours, sold some [327] apples, cider, &c. and then dropped down about four miles where we landed.

Feb. 12. Two hours before sunrise we resumed our voyage, 356 overtook two other boats for Natchez, met a large keel boat rowing up with twenty oars working, and the men were singing and shouting at a wonderful rate, I suppose the effect of their morning dram, being informed each man gets three every day.

At 12, we took our canoe and got a quantity of neat Bamboo canes, which we spent the day in trimming. At 5, after passing the mouth of Bayau Pierre, we entered the Grand Gulph, a place formed by a large bluff or high land on the east shore, and a short point of land on the opposite side. The river here is very much contracted, on each hand there are prodigious whirlpools, between which the current runs.

Feb. 13. The country is now a little more agreeable, being partly settled, nor are we in danger from sawyers, they being chiefly swept away by the large rafts of timber taken down every season to Natchez and Orleans, for the purpose of building, &c. The banks of the river are now lined with that beautiful species of cane called fan pernato, or lettania, the stem is of an oval form, and when twisted, makes a handsome walking stick (some of which we got), its top is formed like a fan, and is used for that purpose by some, when dried and bound. Peach trees in blossom were scattered along the banks. Half past 5, we came in sight of Natchez, a town situated on a high hill, about a quarter of a mile from the river. This is in the territory of the United States; here is a garrison, the country round

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is rich and fertile, thickly inhabited, the climate favourable for producing Indian corn, figs, indigo, cotton, &c.

Feb. 14. I walked up into town after breakfast, found it contained about one hundred houses, and [328] beautifully situated, the inhabitants however are much incommoded for the want of water in the summer; staple commodity 357 cotton, which when separated from the seed and packed in bags, fetches twenty dollars per 100 lbs. There are fig trees in every garden, the ground covered with perpetual green, except when burnt up in the summer by the heat of the sun. There is a beautiful Roman chapel, and a formidable garrison about a quarter of a mile below the town. The hills were every where covered with wild pepper grass, which furnishes the town with excellent sallad. Within a few miles I am told improved plantations may be purchased at from two to ten dollars per acre, and unimproved lands at 50 cents. The head quarters being removed from Natchez to Loftus's heights, fifty miles lower down the river, we concluded to loose our hold and drop down to that place, which we reached about two o'clock next day, but were not able to make a landing until two miles below the garrison. We collected our papers, and with difficulty from the badness of the route up the bank, we reached head quarters, and inquired of the centinel for the general (Wilkinson.) After waiting a few minutes the general came out of his tent; recognizing us, and after a few compliments, he insisted on our walking in and dining with him, which we accepted. We found him surrounded by his officers, after introducing us to them, he ordered each of us a chair, one on his right hand and the other on his left, he made some inquiry about our Pittsburgh friends, conversed on politicks, theology, &c. and observed that the soldiers were full of money, having just been paid off, and if we had been so fortunate as to have landed at the camp, we might have made great sales. After taking a few glasses of wine I requested to speak to the general in private. Having informed him of my business, and shewed him my documents, &c. I requested him to oblige me with a [329] letter of introduction to the governour at New Orleans, which he 358 promised he would have ready the next morning. On taking leave of the general for

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the evening, he ordered a periogue to convey us down to our boat where we arrived in safety.

Feb. 16. The general's barge came down for some apples, cider, and onions, in it we returned to the camp and dined with doctor C—, and went with him to the general's, who received us politely, and who furnished me with a letter to the Orleans governour as he had promised, together with the papers I left in his hands. I took my leave and returned to the boat.

Feb. 17. Having the general's periogue still with us, Mr. E. and four others rowed her up to the camp, and got his business settled with the captain. This and yesterday had been wet and disagreeable.

Feb. 18. At 4, A. M. we left Loftus' heights camp, with an encrease of two passengers for New Orleans. Half past nine, we passed the mouth of Red river, which comes in from the Spanish shore, and which is almost full of alligators. We floated during the night about sixty miles, and on

Feb. 19. We entered the settled parts of the banks of the Mississippi. At 7, we met two large perioques from New Orleans. The men called to us in French, and asked where we were from, we answered from Pittsburgh. The country here is generally low and flat, and all along the banks are beautiful plantations. The river is here and for one hundred and fifty miles above New Orleans, kept within its bounds by artificial banks raised sufficiently high for this purpose, called the *levee*, a step very necessary, as the country on either side is lower than the surface of the river. These banks were raised at an enormous expense by order of the Spanish government. At 2, we crossed the mouth of Bayau Sara river, two miles from which resides a Mr. [330] Bradford [since dead] greatly celebrated in the late western 359 insurrection, in Pennsylvania.<sup>219</sup> A little above this river, on the opposite shore, is a Roman church, at a settlement known by the name of Point Coupée, which signifies a point cut off.<sup>220</sup> At half past three we proceeded with difficulty, owing to high

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winds, and getting a little alarmed we made shore. Half past six, P. M. we came to the head of two islands both of which stood athwart our way; they are the more remarkable being the last in the Mississippi, except below New Orleans. Between these islands the navigation is dangerous, but a safe and good passage for boats or vessels of any burden may be had on either side. During the night we floated a considerable way, but were driven by the wind to the eastern shore. Our canoe getting entangled in the limbs of a tree, we lost it.

219 David Bradford was a native of Maryland, who removed to Washington County, Pennsylvania, in 1781, and two years later was made deputy attorney-general for the county. His speeches greatly inflamed the mob element in the Whiskey Rebellion, and he was considered the head of the movement; hence, when amnesty was proclaimed for those who laid down arms, Bradford was omitted therefrom. He succeeded in escaping, first to Kentucky, where public sentiment shielded him, then to Bayou Sara, where he obtained a large land grant from the Spaniards.— Ed.

220 Point Coupee is the oldest settlement on the lower Mississippi, having been made by some wandering Canadian trappers as early as 1708. Bienville established this place as a military post, before the commencement of New Orleans.— Ed.

Feb. 20. At 5, A. M. we got imperceptibly into an eddy, and were detained in it about an hour. We were now much amused with the many beautiful plantations which covered the banks on both sides of the river. On the east side is a handsome Roman chapel called Manshack, about thirty leagues above Orleans.221 At 10, the wind rose and

221 The importance of Manchac began with the English occupation of West Florida, when a fort was built at this point (Fort Bute) to control the pass of the Manchac (or Iberville) River. It was the centre of an illicit trade up the river, so that the expression “by way of Little Manchac” became proverbial with the people of New Orleans to express any form of smuggling. Willing took possession of Fort Bute for the Americans in 1778, and it was later



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garrisoned by the Spanish. Jackson closed the route through the Manchac River in 1814, to prevent British occupation and it has never since been reopened.— Ed.

360 blew violently, the river much agitated, our boat rocked, and it was with difficulty we could retain our footing, we rowed hard to make the lee shore, which we accomplished at half past ten, opposite a small but neat house on the western bank, which was occupied by a French family, chiefly of females. They came to our boat, purchased some apples, and we made out to understand them. I took a walk upon the bank, found the garden full of herbs in flower; by invitation I went to the cottage, and in my way picked up a sprig of parsley, the family observing me smelling it, the mother of the children spoke to one of them, and she ran into the garden and fetched me a nosegay of various potherbs and flowers, which was a treat so early [331] in the season—add to this, in consequence of something said to her by the mother, the little female presented me with about a quarter of a yard of green riband, with which she tied the posy. I tarried about twenty minutes and returned to the boat. The wind having subsided, we pushed off. At 4, we got into a whirlpool, in which we were detained a considerable time; this eddy was two miles in circumference, and the quantity of drift wood in it was astonishing. After much difficulty we extricated ourselves and regained the current. As we had now a very quick point to turn, called Judas's point, we were forced to the opposite shore, and dashed against a heap of drift wood. Mr. E. jumped out on the logs, fixed his shoulder against the boat, and with the hardness of pushing and thrusting, the blood flew from his nose; by these efforts however we got her off, but no sooner were we out of this difficulty than we were drawn into a second eddy; after taking a round in it we got out into the current again, and proceeded. During these disasters, it rained, thundered, and lightened prodigiously. A few miles lower down, we got into another eddy, and were actually floating round in it without having observed our 361 awkward situation, until called to and informed of it by a person on shore, who advised us to land until the next morning, which we did. It thundered, lightened and rained all night, notwithstanding we slept comfortably.

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Feb. 21. We were again blown on shore, but the wind abating and shifting in our favour we proceeded. We saw for the first time oranges on the trees hanging in great plenty. The wind rose in the evening and dashed us against a tree, the storm continued and we were detained until

Feb. 22. We walked through the fine orange groves, plucked some fruit, and pushed off, and continued floating through a country lined with small plantations, and beautiful houses screened from the [332] sun by orange trees, whose fruit we saw hanging every where in the greatest abundance. Having floated nearly all night we landed two leagues above New Orleans.

Feb. 23. We thought it adviseable to tarry here until sunrise, on account of the probable difficulty of making a landing at the city.

At 7, we pushed off. Here indeed the banks of the river have a beautiful appearance, elegant houses encompassed by orange groves, sugar plantations, fine gardens, shady avenues, and the river covered with multitudes of market boats rowing, some up and others down, all tend to enliven the views of the passenger, and form a scene truly delightful.

At a quarter before ten we landed at the city, and after collecting and packing up my affairs, I went on shore with captain Payton, of the United States' army, who had accompanied us from the camp at Loftus' heights. We went in search of lodgings, and after seeing the captain safe, he being sick, I walked to Madam Shaboo's, an Irish lady, who kept a boarding house, chiefly for English and Americans. She had about fourteen boarders at this time, English 362 and American merchants, sea captains, &c. They were very polite, viewed me obliquely, and no doubt considered me an eccentric character. After dinner I went in quest of Mr. Clark,<sup>222</sup> to whom I was recommended for advice and assistance. He conducted me to Mr. Lanthois, who I found indisposed. Leaving him I went in quest of Mons. Gourhon, with whom I also had private business. Walking afterwards on

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the levee with Mr. Clark, I was a little surprised by a gentleman coming up behind me and catching hold of my hand—it was my old friend doctor Lacassigne. I had been wishing to see him, he being of a turn of mind somewhat philosophical, and could interpret for me, and instruct me in the French language, and having confidence in him, he [333] was a valuable friend and companion to me while at Orleans. From the long confinement to the boat, I found my hams, ancles, and knees so weak I was obliged to retire from our walk to my lodgings to rest.

222 Daniel Clark was the richest and most prominent American in New Orleans. He came to America from his native Ireland to assist his relative, Colonel George Croghan, in the conduct of Indian affairs, serving as a clerk to the latter. At the close of the Revolution, he removed to New Orleans and became a Spanish subject; but was deeply involved in the plots and intrigues of the Americans. Clark acted as Wilkinson's agent throughout, and served Burr on behalf of his principal. He was chosen member of the first legislative council of Louisiana Territory, but out of dislike for Claiborne, the governor, declined to serve. The first legislature of Orleans Territory elected him congressional delegate, and he was in Washington when Burr was arrested. Later, he turned against Wilkinson because of the latter's duplicity to all his accomplices. Clark died in New Orleans in 1815.— Ed.

At 4, I got my documents, with general Wilkinson's letter of introduction to the governour, and after passing the guards, was introduced into the presence of his excellency.<sup>223</sup> After examining my papers, he asked me if I had a friend who could assist me in negotiating my business; I replied I had,

223 The governor of Louisiana at this time was Don Manuel Gayoso de Lemos; for a sketch, see Michaux's *Travels*, vol. iii of this series, p. 81, note 155.— Ed.

363 then said he, you must apply to your friend, and if you find any difficulty, I will redress your grievances, I bowed, thanked him, and took my leave, feeling well pleased so far.

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Sunday, Feb. 24. After breakfast I went to Mr. E—'s boat, who I found selling apples wholesale and retail, to a crowd of people on the shore. Not relishing this kind of throng of business on a Sunday, I soon retired to my lodgings. And here I must remark, that there is no distinction or difference made by the inhabitants between a Sabbath and any other day in the week, only the stores are fuller of purchasers on the former, the stalls in the streets covered with merchandize, the mechanicks engaged at their work, women seen sewing, and at my lodgings, the female slaves were ironing linen in the publick room. After dinner, Dr. Lacassigne called on me and we took a walk around the skirts of the city. On our way to the upper fort we saw vast numbers of negro slaves, men, women, and children, assembled together on the levee, drumming, fifing, and dancing, in large rings. Passing by the taverns or coffee houses, you may discover gentlemen playing at billiards, and as these tables are all exposed to publick view by reason of the large wide doors being left open, no one need be at the trouble of entering in to satisfy [334] his curiosity. We traversed round the whole city, which afforded me much amusement.

Feb. 25. In company with the doctor I went up the river half a mile to the house of Mr. Sarpe, which was situated in a handsome garden of considerable extent, in which were fig trees in abundance, pomegranates, and a large grove of orange trees. And what a little surprised me was to see three stages of the progression of vegetation on the same tree at the same time, that is, the blossom, the green fruit, and those yellow and fully ripe, which was the situation of the orange trees in Mr. Sarpe's garden. I had 364 not been made acquainted with this fact before, and therefore was obliged to shew my ignorance on the occasion. Dr. Lacassigne kept his residence here, and had his room detached from Mr. Sarpe's house, but in the same garden. It was surrounded with palisadoes of cypress and lined within by orange trees, whose fruit suspended on all hands. The door opened to the river, over the top of the room was an electrical conductor, the point of which was elevated three yards above, but divided at the ridge of the house, and ran down each side of the roof and sides of the wall into the ground. Owing to the extreme heat of the climate the air is more frequently impregnated with electrical fluid, the clouds more frequently charged and

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discharged, the explosions louder, and the preparations to ward off the effect produced by it more general than in colder climates. The doctor's apartment was furnished with a table, two or three chairs, two beds, and a handsome library, composed of the Encyclopedia, the works of Voltaire, Rosseau, and a variety of other works, mathematical, astronomical, philosophical, French and English. Knowing that I walked with a stick, the doctor had prepared two, of the young orange tree, and presented them to me.

[335] Feb. 26. Paid Mr. E—a visit and found him still busy in selling off his apples, &c.

March 1. Having a fifteen hundred gallon still consigned to me for sale by Mr. S—, of Pittsburgh, I walked into the country with the doctor to a Mr. Delongua's, a distiller of rum, to see if he would purchase it.

Sunday, March 3, went in company with Mr. Buckley to the Roman church, found it elegantly ornamented, and upon the whole to exceed my most sanguine expectations.<sup>224</sup> The service was conducted in a manner as bespoke the conductors

<sup>224</sup> The cathedral of New Orleans was built by the Spanish on the site of the older French parish church, which was burned in 1788.— Ed.

<sup>365</sup> to be no novices. After baptising an infant in a closet near me, the sermon was introduced by singing, in which a number of boys and men were engaged, accompanied by the soft sound of an organ, after which, one of the priests, (there being three) delivered in the Spanish language a discourse on the sanctification of the Sabbath. The energetick manner in which this was done, gave me reason to believe he felt the force of his own arguments, and the necessity of a reformation of the Sabbath day in New Orleans. The service was, as is usual among the Romans, performed in Latin. It concluded with singing, reading, 'c. and I returned to my lodgings.

At 3 o'clock, P. M. six or eight of the boarders with myself and the doctor took a walk about two miles from the city to view an Indian encampment of the Choctaw nation. We had a shade of full bearing orange trees, to the gate which we had to pass, near which

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marched a centinel to guard a fort a little below, detached from the palisadoes which surrounded the city. Outside of the gate we saw a large circular shade for drying and manufacturing bricks, under which were upwards of fifty Indians of both sexes, chiefly intoxicated, singing, drinking, rolling in the dirt, and upon the whole exhibiting a scene very disgusting. We soon came to another company of [336] ten men sitting in the middle of the road, all intoxicated, amongst them was one standing, with a bottle of rum in his hand, whose contents he alternately administered to the rest, first by shaking the bottle and then pouring part of its contents into their mouths. We proceeded, and in our way out, we met numbers of Indian women with large bundles of wood on their backs, first tied together and then held by a strap carried over their foreheads. Thus loaded, they proceed to the city, while their husbands, (if they may be allowed this appellation) are spending their time in indolence and intoxication. 366 We saw numbers of other women sitting on the ground making baskets, mats, and sifters for Indian corn. The children were entirely naked. The chief part of the men and women that were engaged (for some of them were sober) were also naked, except a piece of cloth which the men wore for decency, and a remarkably short petticoat worn by the women; in every other respect they were entirely naked. They were thickly encamped in the fields, on the road, and in almost every direction, some in small cabins covered over with a shrub like a large fan, called latania, others seated on the ground and exposed to the heat of the sun. We walked about among them for an hour, and returned to the city, where we found upwards of one hundred negroes of both sexes assembled on the levee, fiddling, dancing, and singing.

Monday, March 4. Settled some private business, and some I could not get settled, for some men are not honest, and others disposed to equivocate, such I found Mons. G—n, who I should be glad to call by a better name than v—n or r—I. With whom, however I found Mr. Daniel Clark, merchant, very useful to me in getting my business settled. I wrote to Mr. Peacock of Philadelphia by captain Bradberry.

[337] Thinking about homeward, I visited the brig Guyoso, in which I intended to sail to Philadelphia. Captain Mason politely gave up his berth in the cabin to me. Mr. E—and four

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of his men were to go in the same brig, having sold out his cargo to Mr. M—. Mr. E—being a good provider, we engaged him to lay in stores for the cabin.

Having two hours to spare, it may not be amiss to make a few remarks as to the situation of New Orleans: It is situated in 29° 59# north latitude, 14° 53# longitude west from Philadelphia. The city is built in an oblong square, parallel with the river, which runs here nearly north and south. Its bed is remarkably deep, but owing to the astonishing quantity of water which it receives and conducts to the sea, this scooped cavity is filled and sometimes overflows its banks and inundates the country for miles, hence the city is low and flat, and the adjacent grounds damp, of which the following circumstance is an evidence. In digging the graves for the dead, before they are dug sufficiently deep, they are filled with water, and the coffins are generally held just below the surface until a quantity of sand and gravel is thrown on to sink them to the bottom. The city is surrounded by a deep ditch, and pallisadoed on its interior bank with picketed cypress. This barrier takes its route round those sides of the city exposed to the land, and joining the river above and below the town, and is guarded by three tolerably strong square forts. There are two gates leading to the interior of the country, guarded by mounts raised on each side, upon which, cannon are planted. There are also two other gates about one mile asunder, the one up, the other down the river, whose entrance is guarded by the most formidable cannon, with some of their mouths pointing to the river. Between these two gates are five row galleys, stationed opposite to the governor's house, which are always kept in order and manned [338] ready for action. The streets are laid out in a straight line from the river to the ditch and palisadoes, and cross each other in parallel lines. The principal part of the original plot of the city is built upon, particularly that next the river. There is a space of 50 yards between the river and the front row of houses, which has a beautiful appearance. The houses in general are not more than one story high, some two, and a few three stories; the rooms are lofty, and the doors very wide, to admit a free circulation of air, which in this warm climate is very necessary.

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The channel of the Mississippi, though very deep, and 368 upwards of a mile wide, would not admit the astonishing body of water to which it serves as a conduit, had not nature and art combined to aid this element in its descent to the ocean: the first in having made a number of outlets, by which a considerable quantity of the overplus water is carried off into the swamps and low lands, thence in channels to the sea: the second in forming a number of mill races cut through the levee. On these races saw mills are erected for sawing plank, boards for building houses, and others for making sugar boxes, which are cut in proper lengths and exported to the Havannah, where they are bartered for excellent sugar. It is worthy of remark that the plantations along the banks of the Mississippi from Natchez to New Orleans and still lower down, were formerly appropriated to the culture of indigo and rice, but the demand for these articles, particularly the first, being on the decline, the attention of the planters is now turned to that of sugar and cotton, both of which articles bid for making excellent shipments, and consequently remittances for dry goods and other articles imported from Europe.

The houses are in general neat, and some elegant. There is an elegant Roman church, with a nunnery, in [339] which the females are instructed and prepared, some for active life, others for the veil, which is not unfrequent here.<sup>225</sup> I observed one day while standing in the street a little distance from me, a priest walking with hasty steps on the levee carrying the host, and three or four other persons carrying candles in lanthorns; these were followed by a file of musketeers with bayonets fixed. I was a little struck with surprise

<sup>225</sup> The convent of the Ursulines is probably the oldest building now extant in the Mississippi Valley. It was first occupied in 1734, and employed as a seminary for instructing young women. After the battle of New Orleans, the Ursuline nuns cared for the sick and wounded, and received the public thanks of General Jackson. The convent was removed to the suburbs in 1824; but the building is still used as the (Roman Catholic) archiepiscopal palace of New Orleans.— Ed.



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369 prise at this parade, and more so on seeing the inhabitants kneeling down as it approached. While I was satisfying my curiosity in observing these people at a distance, the remark of a certain poet struck me with peculiar force:

Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies, And catch the manners, living as they rise.

Monday, March 11. Having got my box and trunk examined at the custom house, and my mattress and blankets on board the brig Guyoso, I took my station in the cabin, where I slept as well as the mosquitoes would permit.

March 12. At 12, we set sail, receiving three cheers from a number of American merchants, supercargoes, and seamen, assembled on the shore, to whom we replied in the same manner. Half past three o'clock, we passed the English turn, five leagues below New Orleans. Wind rather ahead. At 4, we passed an old fort called St. Mary, on the right going down. At 7, dropped our anchor and went to rest.

March 13. As soon as day broke, we were pestered with astonishing swarms of mosquitoes. At six, went on shore for wood, in getting which the mate got his foot cut very badly; wheat flour was applied to the wound, by direction of a prescription book the captain had, and the foot bound up. Set sail at eight, having been detained by the fog. At six, [340] came to an old Spanish garrison, called the Plaquemines, here the flag was hoisted as a signal for us to bring too, which we obeyed. The captain and supercargo went on shore in a boat, and produced our passports. The captain soon halloosed to us to drop the cage anchor. In this we discovered the ignorance of the Spaniards, for they informed the captain the water was but fifteen fathoms deep, and it proved upwards of thirty, which circumstance gave us a great deal of trouble.

March 14. Detained by the fog till nine o'clock. Beat 370 down and tacked, the wind being ahead at one o'clock the river was still covered with a thick fog. The ocean on each hand visible from the main-yard, and on the right hand side we saw the South West pass, one of the outlets or mouths of the Mississippi to the gulph of Mexico. Ahead we saw the South

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and on the left the South East pass, there being three principal passes to the sea. At three o'clock we came to these mouths, and the fog mislead us into the South pass, and we did not discover our error until Mr. E—and myself for amusement went up the shrouds upon the maintop and discovered ahead an island. As soon as this was proclaimed, the brig put about, and after stemming the current for an hour we got into the South East pass, which turns off gradually to the left, and appears to be well exhibited in Jefferson's chart, printed in London 12th May, 1794. At 5 o'clock we ran on a shoal on the right hand side of the South East pass, from which we got off without damage at six o'clock, when we dropped anchor.

March 15. At 7, went upon deck and found the morning very damp and raw, a thick mist covered the river, and obscured the land from our view. In a half an hour the fog blew over and we could clearly discover about two miles to the light house, at Balize, and a vessel riding at anchor a little above it. [341] At nine o'clock came to an anchor opposite the Balize. Here we took our long boat on board and prepared for sea. At one o'clock P. M. the pilot came on board, anchor weighed, we put about, and was under way in a few minutes. But we were soon enveloped in a thick fog, and obliged to return to our late station and drop anchor again.

In the evening I was much pleased with the beauty of nature as exhibited by the setting sun reflecting its rays upon the clouds in the western hemisphere, which were beautifully tinged with a fiery red. The fog had cleared away, 371 and there being nothing to interrupt the prospect, it was delightful beyond description.

March 16. At six A. M. the pilot came on board; at seven we despatched him again, and we now entered the gulph of Mexico, our course directly S. E. The brig rolled and we got sea-sick. Latitude 27 and 46.

March 17. In the evening saw numbers of beautiful flying fish endeavouring to escape from the pursuit of their inveterate foe the dolphin.

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March 18. Strong N. W. breezes, lat. 25 55. The 19th, 20th and 21st, head winds, much rolling and tossing, sickness encreased. The 22d, fine weather, becalmed in the afternoon. At 7, more flying fish skimming the surface of the sea, indicating the approach of dolphins, to take which the captain, he being an adept in this business, made preparations, and caught one weighing 13 pounds, which was cleansed and set apart for to-morrow's dinner.

March 23. Saw to the leeward five sail of British ships of war, one of which was the sloop Stark, 16 guns. After chasing another American ship, she came after us; we knew it was in vain to flee, therefore backed our sails till she came up. She spoke us, sent a boat on board, took our captain and supercargo, and the brig's papers. After examining them, [342] and keeping us two hours in suspense, we were suffered to depart. We were now in lat. 23. 32, six miles off the isle of Cuba.

We steered N. W. by N. knowing this direction, aided by the gulph stream, would bring us to the Marter's reef on the Florida shore. At one, dined on our dolphin, a delicious dish. At four, having passed the tropick of Cancer, saw a beautiful tropick bird, with a long divided tail, all over white, shaped like a pigeon, but longer. In the evening we tacked and steered east, the gulph stream still pushing us forward.

March 24. A British privateer, from Province, with 372 twelve guns, paid us a visit, and after the usual compliments of boarding us, and scrutinizing our papers, &c. &c. and finding *all* the property on board belonging to American citizens, on this account we were permitted to depart in peace, otherwise we should have seen the isle of Providence without doubt. Another schooner appearing to the windward, while the lieutenant was yet examining our papers, hastened him to his own ship, when he immediately gave chase to it. At 12, we came again in sight of isle of Cuba, about four leagues off. By the high lands and lofty mountains we knew it to be that part of the island called the bay of Hundor, or Honda.

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March 25. At 6, we saw to the windward a ship belonging to Savannah in Georgia, from Jamaica. She had been driven by the current and contrary winds to a remote part of the bay, and detained upwards of 30 days. Most of her hands were sick and in great distress. We this day experienced a terrible storm, which continued the most of the night. There is something tremendously awful in the approach, and raging of a storm at sea, accompanied by dreadful peals of thunder, quickly following each other, and the quick flashes of lightning bursting in streams from the dark and heavy loaded clouds pouring [343] down rain in torrents. This was the case now, and we prepared for it. It was the most dreadful storm I ever experienced, and I could not forbear singing a hymn, applicable to our situation, namely, “ *The God that rules on high, and all the earth surveys* ,” &c.

March 26. Fine clear morning, with a smooth sea. A sight of the island of Cuba afforded us a pleasing prospect, and its high and mountainous banks exhibited a most romantick scenery.

At 3 o'clock, were agreeably entertained with a fine view of the city of Havannah, and the Moro castle. We were 373 warned of our approach to it by two hills called in the chart the Maiden's Paps, on account of their representing the two breasts of a woman. These two hills, though five leagues in shore, are plainly discoverable six leagues before you get opposite to them, and as they are due south of Havannah, we began to look out for the city, and with our glasses soon discovered its lofty towers and white buildings, of which there appeared to be a great number; the strong castle and battery which guard the city were also in view. From the Havannah we steered eastward, with a view to see another hill called the Pan of Matanzas, from which we were to steer north.

March 27. From the top-mast saw several keys or islands to the south east. Saw a large shark playing and rolling along side, and a big turtle.

March 28. Being out of the gulf stream, we were all day becalmed in lat. 23. 27, opposite the keys on the west end of the great Bahama bank. Saw swarms of fish, and birds trying

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to catch them as they came to the surface of the water. During our being becalmed, I heard murmurs of certain individuals as to the *cause*. One says this is too much—another, we have some devilment on board, &c. &c. The breeze springing up in the evening we again hoisted sail, [344] and during the night had like to have run on some keys, but fortunately discovered them in time to tack about.

March 29. Lat. 24. 21. The gulf stream carries us three knots an hour, but no wind. Saw a large shark along side, for which the captain threw out a bait of pork; as soon as the shark saw this he dived, and turned his white belly upwards, then gradually rising in this position to take the bait, which he missed, and in turning again the hook caught him by one of his fins, or broad pieces projecting from his side which assists him in swimming, and as the cord was 374 strong, the captain and three others drew against him, and after a few flounces, got him along side and drew him upon the quarter deck. After beating and thumping the deck like a fury with his head, tail, and fins, the captain laid him for dead by repeated strokes with the pole of an axe on the head. He had a small fish called a sucker adhering so closely to him that it could scarcely be separated. This small fish was shaped like a cat-fish, and under its head was a large round substance by which it adhered, or held itself to the shark. The shark being opened by the cook, its bowels taken out, and eighteen inches of its body next the tail (that being the most delicious part) cut out, and its tail cut off, it was then thrown overboard; and what surprised me most was that it instantly swam under the brig, and we perceived it swimming off on the other side as far as our eyes could distinguish an object under water.

March 30 and 31. Gentle breezes, sailed however about six knots an hour, being assisted by the gulf stream. I had now read over all my books, among which I found the most pleasure in the delightful pages of Baxter's *Saint's Rest*. My chief companion in the cabin was a Frenchman of the name of Branie. We reciprocated in improving each other in our several languages. I found this extremely [345] useful to me, for I was thereby enabled to count, and ask questions of business, and for almost any thing I wanted. At 12, lat. 27. 22.

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April 1. At 12, lat. 29. 43. Quantity of sea-weed—high sea—large shark skulking on the star-board side—numbers of herring hogs playing around us. At nine A. M. the clouds assumed a threatening aspect, wind, rain, thunder and lightning unite and rush upon us with fury. The sea also seemed to enter into the combination against us. In alternate succession we were raised to the clouds, and the next moment apparently sunk to the bottom of the sea. In 375 the cabin we were all struggling to keep ourselves from being dashed against each other. At half past ten the storm ceased, and a bowl of grog sent upon deck to treat the sailors. Lat. 31. 6. The storm again commenced at one, and continued until 12 o'clock at night.

April 3. Head winds and cloudy, had no observation to day. The night produced such sudden gusts of wind, as nearly to throw the brig on her beam ends.

April 4. In the afternoon saw two ships outward bound, steering S. E. High and contrary winds. Lat. 33. 10. Another dreadful storm was now preparing to attack us. At two in the morning was called upon deck by the captain to view appearances, which were indeed dreadful. The masts were now all naked, the sails being furled except a small part of the main sail. The sea swelled, roared, and by the friction of the vessel acting against the saline and fiery particles with which the sea is impregnated, it appeared to vomit forth or emit streams of fire, from the light of which, and that from the light charged circles with which the gloomy clouds were environed, we could perceive something of our situation. The ragings of the storm continued until

Saturday morning, 7 o'clock, April 6. When we flattered ourselves with a calm, but in this we were [346] disappointed, for a hurricane, of which the last was but a prelude, was now preparing. At 8, the wind shifted from E. to N. One of the oldest seamen saw the approach of the storm and gave the alarm. All was on deck in a moment. It came roaring and foaming upon us most tremendously. A cotton bag of 317 lbs. which was suspended over the quarter rail by strong ropes, was blown up and lodged inside of the rail. The seas broke over us, and I must confess I expected nothing but a watery grave ere long, for

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which I bethought myself, composed my mind to prayer, 376 recommending my family, and my fellows to the protection of heaven. In two hours however this dreadful scourge abated. Not having been able to take any observation, we supposed ourselves a few miles to the south of cape Hatterass, off the coast of Carolina.

Sunday, April 7. A fine clear day, not a cloud discoverable, the sea calm and smooth. With the approbation of the captain I offered thanks to heaven for our late deliverance. Observation 35. 25. In the morning saw a brig to windward making for shore. She appeared to have been labouring under the same if not more difficulties in the late storm than ourselves.

Monday, April 8. The wind sprung up from the west and we shaped our course for Philadelphia. At 12, lat. 36. 48. Seven or eight knots an hour.

April 9. In expectation of making the light house at cape Henlopen by 4, A. M. we had the preceding evening made every preparation, the watch was fixed, the lead and line for sounding during the night. At 12, we got soundings in 25 fathoms water. Sounding was continued every hour and at 4, A. M. had 14 fathoms. At 11, a pilot boat boarded us. At 12, we were opposite the capes of Delaware, and the light house fair in view. A head wind blowing up, the pilot steered us over to cape May, and intended [347] to make cape island, but was prevented, therefore continued along the Jersey coast, and passed the two mile and five mile beach, and at four o'clock P. M. anchored in seven fathoms water about two miles from shore opposite seven mile beach. The evening was exceedingly cold, after having come immediately from so warm a climate; this was very disagreeable to us. We retired however to the cabin, amusing ourselves by recounting the difficulties of our voyage.

Thursday, April 11. Dropped anchor at 3, P. M. 20 377 miles within the bay of Delaware. Friday 12th, the wind failed and we dropped anchor again a little below Reedy island. At

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10, A. M. tide being favourable we raised anchor and continued tacking, and at 6 o'clock dropped our anchor about four miles below New Castle.

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